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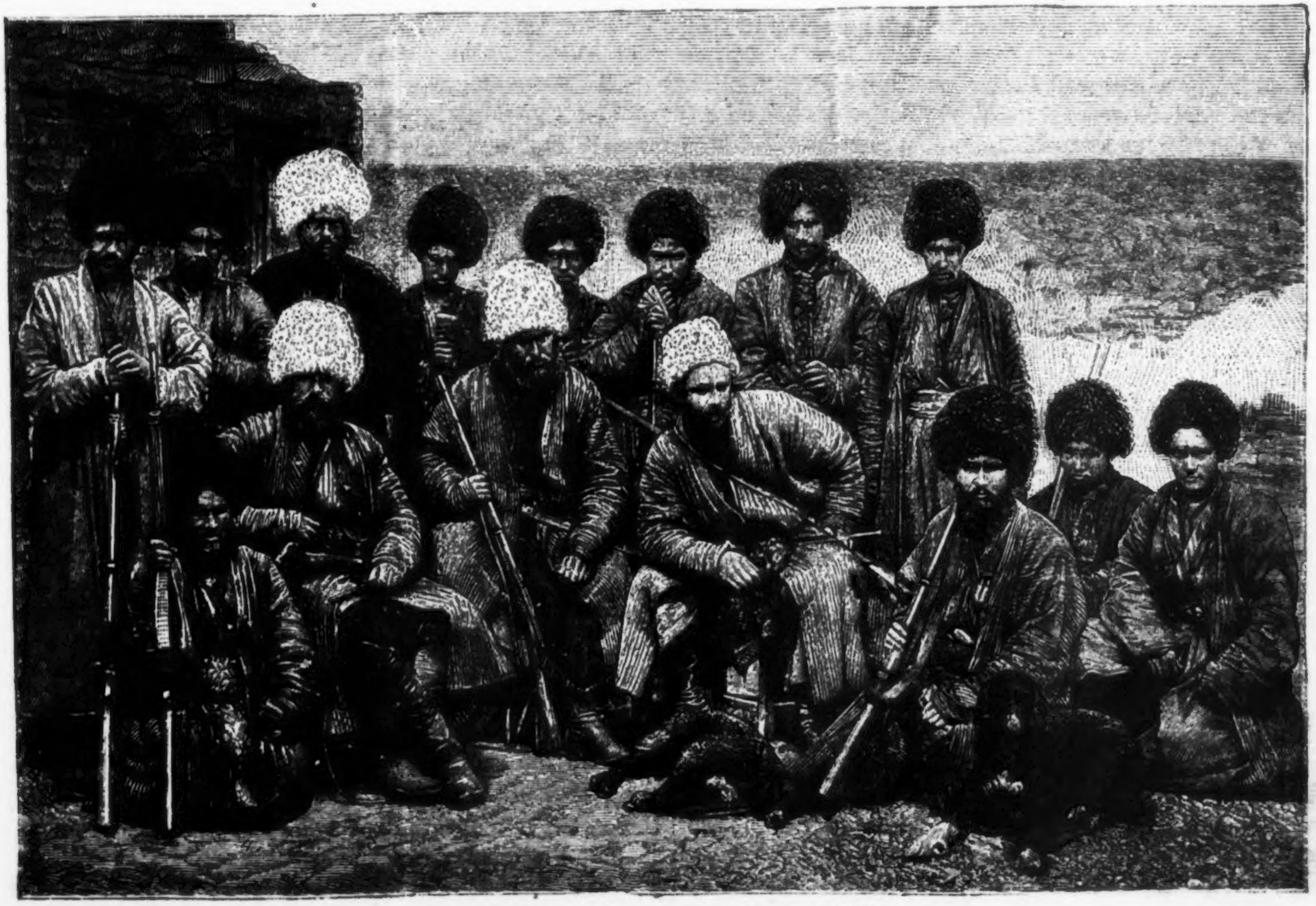
RUSSIA'S LATEST ANNEXATION—MERV.

By Norton Rutherford.

Far-seeing politicians have long since resigned the hope of establishing moral Chinese walls on both sides of the unabsorbed Central Asian region to prevent the pioneers of England and of Russia crossing the borders of the two empires and roaming over the country intervening between them. Sooner or later the two empires will touch each other in Asia, and until this is accomplished there will be a succession of such enterprises as carried Mr. O'Donovan to Merv and Gospodin Lessar to the Afghan outposts of Herat. England's official policy in India is to prevent Englishmen from wandering about Afghanistan ; and if this has been successful hitherto, the circumstance is due less to the wishes and the instructions of the Government than to the fact that Afghanistan is so well known, that no incentive exists to provoke the traveler to cross the Indian border. The case is different with the new Russian province beyond the Caspian. Outside it lies a region more or less unexplored, and which, consequently, cannot but provoke the curiosity of enterprising Russians. To expect Russians to suppress this feeling out of respect for a policy of apathy on the Indian border for which they entertain no esteem, betrays an ignorance of human nature inexcusable in any political writer or statesman. No matter how much England may be offended, Russian pioneering operations may be expected to continue until the Cossack confronts the Sikh. And now that Merv has been annexed to Russia, it may be destined to become the "cockpit of Asia."

In the year 1879 a "punitory expedition," consisting of 20,000 men with 15,000 camels, under General Lazareff, was sent out by Russia to chastise the Tekke-Turcomans ; but the real object of the expedition was Merv, an important post, from which both Medshed, in Persia, and Herat, in Afghanistan, are readily accessible. The Ameer of Afghanistan, Shere Ali, who regarded



RUSSIA'S FIRST EXPLORERS OF THE MERV OASIS.

Beloochistan as a tributary province, and saw in the annexation of the tributary a preliminary to the conquest of the suzerain, displayed a disposition to seek a Russian alliance. On the 22d of July, 1878, a Russian Ambassador, General Stolyetoff, appeared in Cabul, with a suite of several officers and a guard of Cossacks, while a larger escort remained in waiting on the frontier; and on the 5th of September General Kaufmann received a return embassy from the Ameer in Tashkent.

This was a breach of the understanding by which a sort of neutral zone had been established between the English and Russian possessions in Asia, and was afterward explained by the Czar's Government as part of their preparations for war at a moment when war with England seemed imminent. At this time English inquiries at St. Petersburg were answered with prevarications and denials, and when the fact of Stolyetoff's mission was at length admitted, it was explained as a mere act of courtesy on General Kaufmann's part, for which the Central Government was not responsible.

Simultaneously with these intrigues in Cabul an expedition against Merv was in preparation, which, if it had been successful, would have enabled Russia to seize Herat, and contend for the mastery of Afghanistan on equal terms with England.

With the uprising of the Afghans, who relied on Russian assistance; the massacre of Major Cavagnari and his suite, and the campaign of General Roberts, the readers of the Popular Monthly are doubtless familiar. The Liberal Government (Mr. Gladstone's), which came into power in April, 1880, decided to abandon the "scientific frontier," and retire within the former boundaries; but the task of getting out of the country proved almost as difficult as that of getting in had been. General Roberts had to fight inch by inch, and until little by little the remaining positions in Afghanistan were surrendered to the natives; and at last abandoning Candahar, the English troops retraced their steps across the Bolan Pass, leaving the Afghans to their own devices. And here is the fruit borne on the upas-tree: $80,000,000 made a burden on the already embarrassed Indian exchequer; 50,000 lives of friend and foe wasted; and the bitter hatred on the part of the natives toward England, which time had been gradually wearing out, revived. Russia could not have wished for any greater success.

In the meantime Russia had not been idle. General Skoboleff undertook a campaign against the Akal-Tekkes, and after some fierce fighting captured their stronghold, Geok Tepe. The Russians annexed the conquered territory, and sending out their surveyors, escorted by Cossack cavalry, pushed on their frontier as far as Askabad, on the Persian border. This was in direct violation of the spirit, if not of the letter, of Prince Gortchakoff's assurances to Lord Loftus, the British ambassador, in 1874. England protested, and Skoboleff halted. But his object had been completely gained. He had established the Russian base at the other side of the Caspian, at Krasnavodsk, and built a line of railway as far as Bami, on the border of the Akal-Tekke oasis, just conquered—a purely strategic project—thus obviating the necessity, in future, of camel-trains crossing these waterless steppes.

Having gained the Akal-Tekke oasis, with which they now had railway connection, the Russians found themselves impregnably planted in the heart of Southern Central Asia, and it was merely a question of time when Merv, like a ripe pear, should drop into their grasp.

Merv, and not Balk, Cabul or Herat, is the real key to India for Russia. Once holding Merv, she can advance on any of those places at her chosen time, with secure communications behind her and abundant supplies.

The indifference of the British Government with regard to Russia's annexation of Merv may be attributed to the transfer of England's political centre of power from the Bosphorus to the Nile. England has now secured all the chief stations on the sea road to India, and thus reduced the neutrality of the Bosphorus to a matter of secondary consideration. She has, therefore, ceased to be the implacable opponent of Russia at Constantinople which she once was, and consequently has so much the less fear of Russia's opposition to all amicable arrangements in Central Asia, on the northern frontier of India. Egypt, and not Constantinople, is now England's key to her Eastern possessions, and this key the British Government will eventually put into its pocket.

Thanks to the evacuation of Candahar, England stands in this position in regard to the Key of India: that though she may protest, she cannot enforce compliance with her wishes. Had she retained Candahar she could have held over Russia's head the threat of occupying Herat, in the event of the railway being pushed menacingly in that direction. That power is gone from her for ever. The Gladstone Government flung it heedlessly away, together with all other fruits of the millions sterling invested in the Afghan war. The threat to occupy Herat is a weapon which is now in Russia's hands. Before a single Sepoy could arrive before Herat to defend it, Russia, thanks to the Transcaspian Railway and her new position on the Perso-Turcoman frontier, could be mistress of the place an entire fortnight, any fraction of which period would be sufficient for her troops to put the fortress in a condition to resist an English siege; while at the same time Russia could pour reinforcements into Herat from the Caucasus a clear month in advance of English succor arriving on the scene from Great Britain. In this manner, Herat is already more within the control of Russia than within the control of England; and each mile further the Transcaspian Railway advances, the more the Key of India passes under her influence.

Of course, the Russian authorities do not trumpet abroad the military and political advantages they are aware they would derive from the construction of the Herat Railway. It would arouse the hostility of England to the scheme if they were to be so impolitic as this. Their support to the project is based upon the "commercial advantages" to be obtained by the construction of the line; advantages arising not merely from the tapping of the commerce of Central Asia, but from the acquisition of the overland trade with India.

This is the El Dorado that the promoter of the Russo-Indian Railway, General Annenkoff, holds before his countrymen in his *brochure*, "The Akal-Tekke Oasis and Roads to India." The overland trade of India, he says, has always enormously enriched the countries through which it has passed. It is within the power of Russia to tap it. If she constructs her section to Herat, England, he believes, will readily extend her Indian system to the same point from the mouth of the Bolan Pass, a distance of 599 miles. From Sibi to Candahar plans exist of a railway the late Beaconsfield Administration intended to construct had it remained in power. From Candahar to Herat the country, although mountainous in parts, is infinitely easier to traverse with a railway than the section from Sibi to Candahar. Consequently, there exists no natural obstacle to prevent the construction of the 1,122 miles of railway necessary to join the Indian railway system at Sibi with the Russian railway system at Kizil Arvat. Such a junction would establish direct railway communication, not only between St. Petersburg and Calcutta, but also between London and the capital of India. And there is this to be said on behalf of Annenkoff's scheme: the railway would be a real overland railway. There would be only three short breaks of sea—from Dover to Calais, from Sebastopol to Poti, and from Baku to Michailovsk, each only of a few hours' duration, the whole of the way; and in this respect it would surpass the Euphrates scheme, with its sea-voyage to Alexandretta on the one hand, and from the Persian Gulf to India on the other. Such a superiority seems to General Annenkoff so marked, that he is sanguine enough to believe England would readily support his scheme, and run on her Indian railway system to Herat, to join the Russian line. In a recent conversation he even expressed a belief England would use the railway to send her reliefs to India. "I strongly think so," he said, on that occasion. "I do not speak officially, but I think no difficulty would arise. At any rate, the line could be used by officers and merchants, the journey from England to India only occupying nine days."

We cannot say we share his views as to the willingness of England to send troops to India through Russia, or the readiness of Russia to allow them to pass through her territory; but there is very little doubt that if the line were constructed it would attract a very large amount of the passenger traffic that now passes through the Suez Canal. This point, however, need not be discussed, because Russia, in projecting the extension of the Transcaspian Railway to India, is not influenced in the slightest by considerations of pounds, shillings and pence, and it would therefore, be simply throwing time away to argue what the probable traffic would be. All Russian and English experts of note are agreed that the possession of Herat by Russia would imperil England's hold upon India, and render an occupation of Constantinople feasible. By spending ten millions of dollars to extend the Transcaspian Railway to Herat, Russia would virtually annex the Key of India, and enable her statesmen to keep Calcutta and Constantinople in a perpetual flutter.

When the Russian scheme is completed there will be railway communication between St. Petersburg and Calcutta, broken only by the thirty-six hours' sea run from Sebastopol to Poti, and by the twenty-four hours' run from Baku to Krasnovodsk. The only assailable points along the line will be the short stretch across the Black Sea, and the section closest to India.

England, on the other hand, cannot establish similar overland communication between London and Calcutta. In time of war, the short cut across the Continent followed by the mails would be closed to her reinforcements. Her troops would have to be conveyed by sea round to the Mediterranean, and thence to Kurratchee *via* the Suez Canal; or else deposited half way at some point opposite Cyprus, and thence conveyed by means of an overland railway to the Persian Gulf, to be there shipped again and carried on to India. If it be affirmed that the reinforcements would be exposed to a flank attack from the Russians at Kars in passing along the Euphrates Valley, it may with equal truth be pointed out that this is a defect that applies equally to the transport of troops by sea to India. When Russia completes her land communications with India they will be self-inclosed and unassailable. England's sea communications, on the other hand will always be open to attack every inch of the way by the cruisers of the enemy.

Russia will soon be nearer to India than England herself. But a good deal will have to be done ere any attempt can be made to obtain possession of Sarakh. Meanwhile there is an *idea* of constructing a new road from Merv to Herat! Not a bad idea, by any means, as read by Muscovite lights.

It is a noteworthy fact that the ground now separating the Russians and the English in Asia has, over and over again, been crossed by immense armies, a fact proving its passableness to-day. From the invasion by the Persians, under Darius, more than five centuries before the Christian era, every successive wave of invasion that swept the plains of Hindoostan always proceeded by way of Afghanistan. The Turcomans pointed out to O'Donovan the spot where local tradition says Alexander the Great encamped on his way to India. We know that Alexander entered Balk (Bactra), crossing the Hindoo Koosh into Cabul, and thence proceeding southward, passed the Indus at Attock, a route now much used, into the Punjaub. Tamerlane crossed, with his hordes, at the very spot, more than seventeen centuries later. Genghis Khan, Mahmoud of Ghuzni, Sultan Baber, and Nadir Shah, all took the same road. And there is nothing to prevent the Russians from marching over the same track, when they see fit, unless, which is not likely, a larger Anglo-Indian force can be brought to stop them. Certain it is now, that when the Russian and English interests clash once more, Central Asia will be the theatre of the greatest conflict it has seen for centuries. Just as Russia, in all her recent wars with Turkey, strikes the enemy in Asia and Europe simultaneously, she will next time meet John Bull in India, as well as at Sebastopol.

In compensation for the annexation of Merv, Russia now offers to make her Central Asian possessions free to English merchants, who are now excluded, provided England furnish the money to build a canal from the Sea of Aral to the Indian frontier. This is something like inviting a man to help in making the rope that is intended to hang him. It would furnish more of an outlet for Russian products than a channel for the introduction of English commerce; and, besides, Russia may have an idea that she would have canal, India, and all, by-and-by. This offer may be better understood when we remember that only last year a Ural merchant discovered a waterway, through the Merty-Koultouk, leading from the Volga to the Sea of Aral. General Tchernaieff then went over the same way, and verified the navigability of the route. Russia, by means of this canal, would find a free waterway uniting her directly with India.

The English, as a counter-move, now threaten to seize Herat, though what advantage that can be to them they themselves cannot explain. Had they grasped Herat before the Russians seized Merv, they would have accomplished a master-stroke, as they might then have made it next to impossible for Russia to gain a footing on the eastern side of the Bactrian desert. They could then have met the Russian forces after a toilsome and dangerous march over a desert expanse, and to defeat them would be to destroy them.

But, by the possession of Merv, that danger for Russia is removed, and she can now mass all her resources in the Merv oasis, close to Herat, and can bring them forward at her leisure by the new military route from the Caspian. She need not wait in case she should want reinforcements, as she has an army of 200,000 men, on a peace footing, in the Caucasus. And there is no enemy to interfere with her line of march from the Caucasus to Merv. Besides, should England meet Russia in Herat, and suffer a defeat, what effect would it have on the Indian populations behind her? Herat is at present only an empty stable; the horse is at Merv. And if the English now hasten to lock the door of the empty building, the

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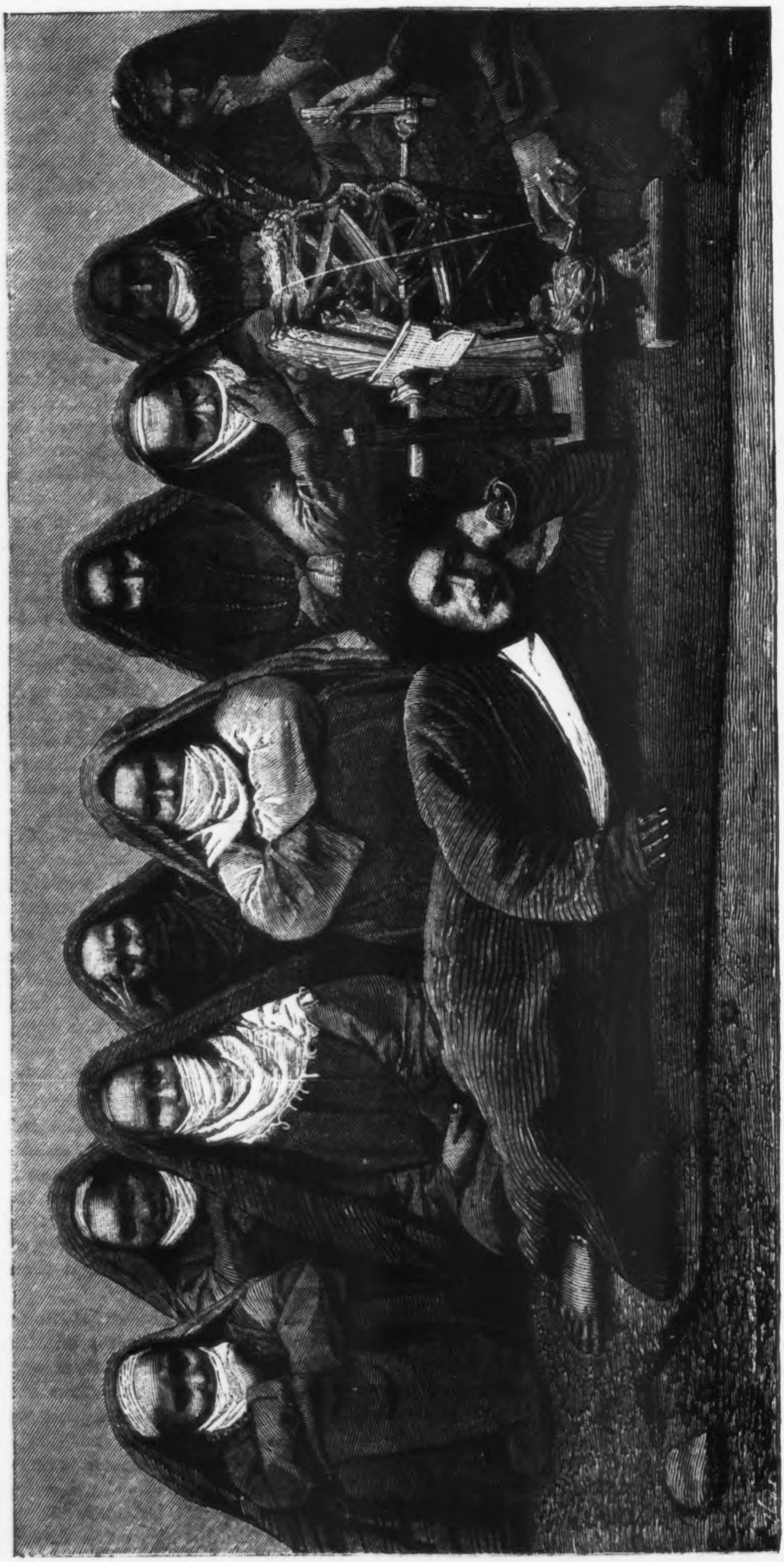
Russians are not likely to open it.

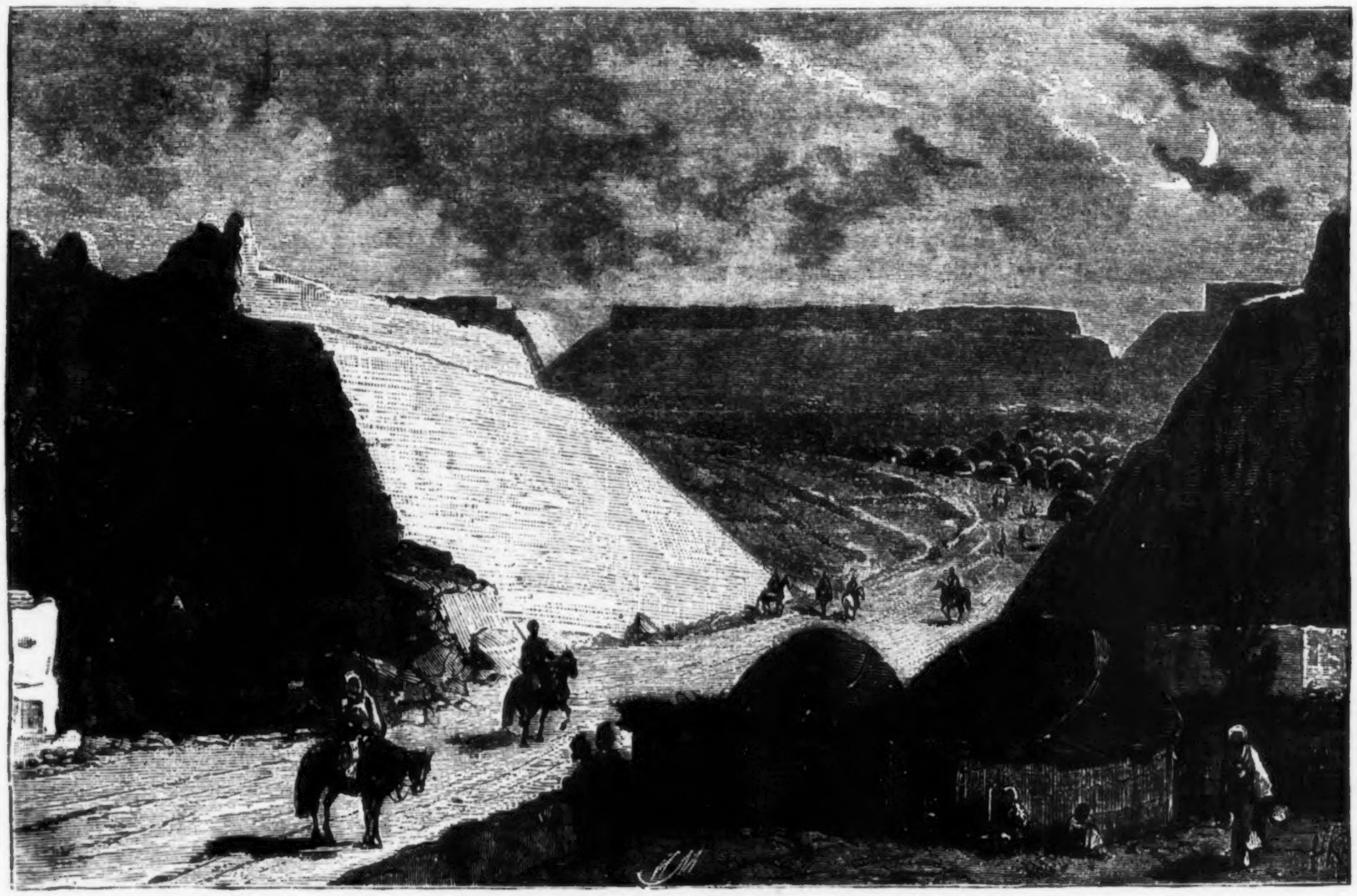


TYPES OF THE WOMEN OF MERV.

The Merv oasis is not a natural oasis, as it appears to be on first inspection from the surrounding wilderness. The soil and the vegetation are exactly the same throughout the entire expanse stretching to the north from the Atak right up to the borders of Bokhara and Afghanistan. The whole of this expanse, including, of course, the sandy patches, which also exist in the Merv oasis itself, might be made to have the same aspect as Merv by simply running through it a sufficient number of irrigation-canals from the Atak, the Tejend, the Murghab, and the Oxus, Such canals, in an abandoned form, are met with everywhere, and at one period watered the whole of the country, now waste.

Even with its artificial irrigation and settled population, the Merv oasis is far from being as well cultivated as, for instance, the oasis of Khiva. The abundance of water in the Oxus at Khiva does not account for this, since there is plenty of water in the Merv oasis. The fact of the matter is, the Tekke-Turcomans do not know how to put three bricks on one another; they are not such skillful gardeners; they are awkward in handling tools, and, more than anything else, they are far from being so industrious as the Khivans.

Like the Khivan oasis, that of Merv consists of a clayey plain, intersected here and there by sands. In length and breadth it is about forty miles, and its area, therefore, is about 16,000 square miles. The River Murghab divides this expanse into almost two equal parts, northeast and southwest. At the entrance of the river into the oasis is constructed the immense dam of Kaushid Khan, which diverts the water equally among the two sections of the oasis by means of two main canals: the Otamish and Tokhtamish. The small

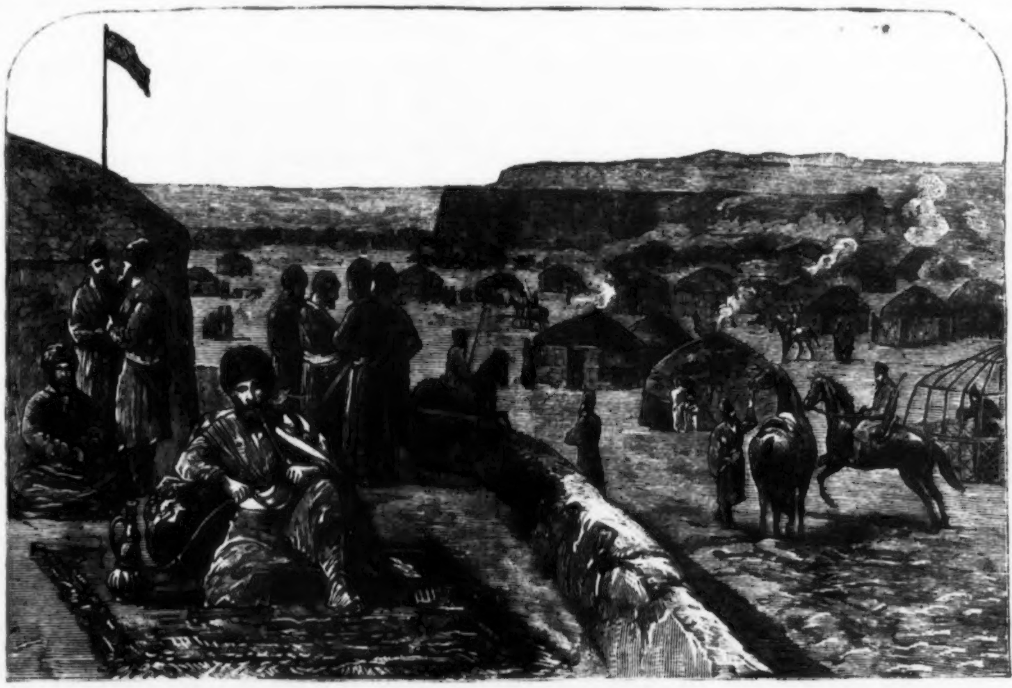


THE NORTHERN GATE OF THE FORTRESS OF MERV.

remainder of the water left flows along the natural channel of the river.

Each of these two canals distributes water throughout forty-eight leading arteries (four more are now being constructed), which in their turn feed hundreds of irrigation-canals, thus covering almost equally the entire expanse of the oasis with a network of water. The whole of the land between the canals is surrounded by clay walls, and covered with crops of wheat, *ajevena* or sorgo, sesame, rice, cotton and barley. Many gardens produce a marvelous number of water-melons and sweet melons, and here and there orchards and vineyards are found.

Amidst such conditions dwell the semi-settled population of Merv, occupying *aouls* or *obas*, consisting each of groups of 200 or 300 kibitkas. For the most part, three or four kibitkas form smaller groups pitched alongside their own portion of land. Here their owners train against the walls of their field-towers, or their clay cabins, the apricot or the mulberry-tree. Such are the features of the landscape at Merv.



THE FORTRESS OF MERV.

The Mervli purposely exaggerate their numbers. They try to make everybody believe that they comprise 100,000 kibitkas, and themselves are persuaded that this figure is only 20,000 too high. Collected information estimates the population at 46,000 kibitkas, or 230,000 souls. Of this number 36,000 kibitkas belong exclusively to the Tekkes, whom Kaushid Khan brought with him from Sarakh to conquer the present oasis. As conquerors they exercise authority over the whole of the land and canals. The remaining 10,000 kibitkas consist of casual arrivals from the Akal tribe, the Sariks, the Salors, the Ersaris, the Atas, the Mahteems, the Yomoods, the Midjioors, the Khodjas, the Shikhs, and, lastly, twenty-six Jewish families. All these, except the Jews, hire land and water from the sovereign tribe. The Jews occupy the position of pariahs, and, as everywhere, concern themselves only with trade.

The Merv-Tekkes consist of four principal clans, the Sitchmaz, the Bakshi, the Vekeel and the Beg. The first two form the Otamish half, and occupy the southwest portion of the

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oasis; the latter two, the Tokhtamish, dwelling upon the remainder. These clans are further subdivided into twenty-six branches, each with its own name, and dwelling in separate communities.

The principal occupation of the people is agriculture and cattle-rearing; if we omit foraying, which, until recently, was the chief pursuit of the Merv-Tekkes. A few artisans are to be found, such as smiths, bootmakers, saddlers and silver-workers, but they are all of them inferior tradesmen. This cannot be said of the women, who are famous, far and wide, for their embroidery and carpets.

Hospitality is regarded as a sacred duty by the Merv-Tekkes. Any guest, no matter his creed or nationality, may rely upon immunity from danger for himself and his belongings directly he is beneath the roof of the first hovel he meets on the way. But, apart from this and their wonderful bravery, there is no other sympathetic trait in the people.

It is unnecessary to point out that until recently everybody lived by robbing and stealing. The Merv-Tekkes bitterly regret the wane of the *aleman*, or foray, and on that account look upon the neighborhood of the Russians as a savage dog regards his muzzle. They are inhumanly cruel. One had only to look at the Persian slaves here to assure himself of this. These unfortunates were taken prisoners after the destruction of the Persian army, in 1860, and since then, a period of twenty-two years, have languished in chains in the vain hope of being some day ransomed.

At Merv there were, until its annexation to Russia, several hundreds of these poor wretches, for the most part broken-down old men, who were in despair of ever being liberated. Thick and heavy chains, about three-quarters of a yard in length, confined their legs together, and barely allowed them to move half a foot at the time.

Besides being cruel, the Merv-Tekkes never keep a promise or an oath if it suits their purpose to break it. Neither relationship nor friendship keeps them from pilfering and stealing.

In excess of this, they are liars and gluttons. They love sweets more than children do. No matter how much sugar and how many biscuits are served up with the tea, whatever is left over is carried off to the visitor's pocket without any ceremony. They are frightfully envious; they have no notion of decency or shame; and finally, among all the Turcomans there is not a people so unattractive in every respect, morally, as the Tekkes of Merv.

Let us add to this, that the license of individual will is carried to an extreme, and gives rise to dangers not only in the oasis, but everywhere around it. Eternal quarrels exist between the branches of the various clans, and there is an utter absence of any organization to keep a check upon disorder. Free caravan intercourse and regular trade with the oasis will not be possible until Merv rests at the foot of Akal—in plainer words, at the foot of Russia.

We have just spoken of foraying as having diminished. This is true, since the arena of the former raids has been largely restricted of late, and the *alemans* can no longer assume the huge proportions they used to do in times gone by, when Akhal was unconquered. Still, all the same, small raids continue to be conducted against the people of the Atak, and close to the frontier.

The oasis of Merv is considerable richer than that of Akhal Tekke. The population own 242 flocks, or about 160,000 head of sheep, and 26 herds of camels, or 7,800 animals. These figures are tolerably accurate, because the Turcomans know the number of flocks and herds of each clan, and as nearly as possible the number of animals. They themselves reckon, on an average, one horse to every four kibitkas, a donkey to every two, and a head of horned cattle to every one; on this basis there should be 11,500 horses, 23,000 donkeys, and 46,000 head of cattle.

With respect to agriculture, the following details will prove tolerably accurate: Two-thirds of the population sow on an average a *tchooval* (250 lbs.) of wheat to every tent. Wheat yields twenty-fold, and sorgo 200-300 fold. Of the latter, however, only one-third of the population sow seed at the rate of thirty-six pounds per kibitka; the remainder only sow about three pounds. Throughout the entire oasis it would scarcely be possible to obtain more than 36,000 pounds of this grain; the same also, with rice. The Mervis use an immense quantity of sesame oil with their food, but half of the seed from which it is expressed is brought from the Tejend and the Atak. The oil cake is used for feeding camels.

Silk is only slightly cultivated. Cotton is exported to the extent of 100 camel-loads, or 54,000 pounds. Water-melons and sweet melons serve as food for the poorer part of the population two-thirds of the year. A large area of ground is applied to their cultivation, and they grow splendidly here. Sometimes, however, the oasis swarms with frightful numbers of red beetles, called *kekene*, which, like locusts, destroy the entire melon crop. This was the case in 1881. There is also a disease called *sheere*, common to melons, which causes the plant to wither.

Grapes, peaches and apricots are the sole fruit obtainable at Merv, except the *tootoo*, or mulberry.

There are no regular stores at Merv. Those who wish to buy, and those who wish to sell, assemble twice a week, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, in the market-square between the fortress and the Murghab. Merv becomes quite lively on these days: all the roads leading to the bazaar swarm with riders and pedestrians. On such occasions camels and donkeys usually carry two persons a piece. Seven or eight thousand people assemble in the market-square, without a single woman among them, and all the animals are left tied to the walls of the fortress.

The entire crowd—some with ready-made shoes or clothes, others with wicker-baskets or copper or wooden vessels, others again with female ornaments, with falcons, with cattle, etc., circulate round about roofless inclosures, inside which traders expose, on the naked ground, Moscow chintzes, Persian sugar, opium, green tea, dried lemons, tobacco, Bokharan samovars, cotton, etc. But, with the exception of a few carpets and covers, there is nothing original or valuable for sale.

Mr. Marvin in his interesting book, "The Russians at Merv," thus describes a visit to the bazaar:

"We, that is to say, Kosikh and I, rode into this crowd in Tekke costume, accompanied by six djigits and preceded by ten foot-captains, furnished by Kara Kuli, and having huge staves in their hands. The bazaar was at its height, and at the outset we attracted no attention. After awhile, however, the cry of *Ooroos* (Russians) was raised in the crowd, and grew louder and more frequent the further we advanced. In this manner we rode through the bazaar, and turned to come back.

"By this time the swarm of inquisitives began to close round us on every side, pushing and pressing one another. Suddenly, without any warning, the crowd fell upon us with cries of 'Voor, Voor! Down with them! down with them!'

"The moment was a critical one. We grasped our revolvers. But the staves of the foot-captains cleared a path for us, and the crowd fell back. We then rode quietly round the rest of the bazaar without any further interruption, for the aim of those who had raised the cry had been accomplished. They had taken advantage of the tumult to lay their hands on everything they could."

The prices at the bazaar are as follows: A *batman*, or thirty-two *seeree* (seventy pounds) of wheat costs a Merv *kran*, or sixteen cents. In the Autumn it is to be had still cheaper than this. Rice costs nearly a dollar the *batman;* sorgo a *kran*, or sixteen cents; barley a *tenghe*, or ten cents; and cotton four *tenghes*, or forty cents the *batman*.

Let us take a peep at the inner life of Merv and the Mervese. Eating seems to be the main object of a Turcoman's life, and, provided he has an adequate supply of the better class of nutriment, he will remain inactive and indolent. He will not even go upon a *chappow* or *aleman*, those species of raids which, for the younger members of the community, have the double advantage of mingling pleasure and profit. At the bottom the Turcoman is not fond of fighting; he would much rather supply his wants by some other means, though he decidedly prefers raiding, with all its concomitant risks, to anything like steady labor in the fields, or other industrial pursuit.

The everyday life of a wealthy Turcoman is a very indolent one. He rises a little before dawn, which he can well afford to do, inasmuch as he spends the best part of the middle of the day in siesta, and retires to bed at an early hour in the evening Having washed, and lighted his water-pipe, he sits smoking, awaiting the production of the hot fresh bread which the female members of the household are preparing; and then, having made his breakfast, and smoked again for half an hour, he talks with the people who drop in to arrange his ordinary matters of business, whether in connection with his flocks and herds, or his traffic with Meshed. The rest of the day is spent in the idlest possible fashion. Those who are compelled to work proceed, immediately after breakfast, to toil in the fields, or follow their avocations as sheepskin-dressers, shoemakers, or the like. At Merv, those who follow any occupation of this kind are few, indeed. Once a man passes the age of forty, he delegates all his work to the younger members of his family, and never dreams of doing anything himself. In the event, however, of raids or defensive fighting, men of comparatively advanced age deem it to be their duty to take part with the youngest in the necessary martial toils.

It often happens that a Turcoman's sons are so numerous that he cannot find occupation for them all upon the grounds which he cultivates, or in looking after his cattle while grazing. In cases like this, some of them either hire themselves as camel-drivers to and from Bokhara and Meshed, or else work at wages of two krans a day on the farms of some of the richer Turcomans, particularly at harvest and irrigation times. Should any one feel so disposed, he has always plenty of unoccupied ground from which to choose a site for the planting of crops on his own account; but as a younger son of this description can rarely raise the necessary funds for the seed, and at the same time support himself while engaged in the preliminary labors of cultivation and until his crops have ripened, such as these are few indeed.

It is only when a Turcoman marries, which he seldom does until he has accumulated or received from his parents some small capital, that he ever sets up as an agriculturist on his own account. He then purchases a house, a second-hand one, costing from seventy-five to a hundred krans ($15 to $20), and settles somewhere in the neighborhood of the secondary irrigation-streams branching from the Novur or Alasha Canal, accordingly as he belongs to the Toktamish or Otamish, and proceeds to dig a minor watercourse for the irrigation of the land, the cultivation of which he undertakes, which must be within the particular district inhabited by the clan or subdivision of which he is a member. Some, especially those inhabiting the western border of the oasis—the Sitchmaz, for instance—occupy themselves in collecting the tamarisk-trunks, which are to be procured in abundance in the neighborhood of Dash Robat. These are sold, sometimes in their natural state, and sometimes burned into charcoal, both on account of the convenience of carrying it in this form and of its inherent value.

The female members of the family are mainly occupied in household duties. They do all the cooking and fetching of water, and the daughters, for whom there is no other occupation, occupy themselves in the manufacture of embroidered skullcaps, carpets, shirts, saddle-bags, and socks of variegated tints for the better classes. The silk and cotton robes worn by the men and women are made by special persons. The women manufacture their own garments, the cloth being purchased from the merchants at the bazaar.

When a Turcoman is blessed with a large number of daughters, he contrives to realize a considerable sum per annum by the felt and other carpets which they make. In this case an *er*, or hut, is set part as a workshop, and three or four girls are usually occupied upon each carpet, sometimes for a couple of months.

Each girl generally manufactures two extra fine carpets, to form part of her dowry when she marries. When this has been done, she devotes herself to producing goods for the markets at Meshed and Bokhara, where the Turcoman carpets fetch a much higher price than those manufactured in Khorassan or beyond the Oxus. Sometimes these carpets are made partly of silk, brought from Bokhara. They are generally twice the size of the ordinary ones, which are made from sheep's wool and camel's-hair mingled with a little cotton, and are almost entirely of silk. They fetch enormous prices, as much as $250 being given for one measuring eight feet square.

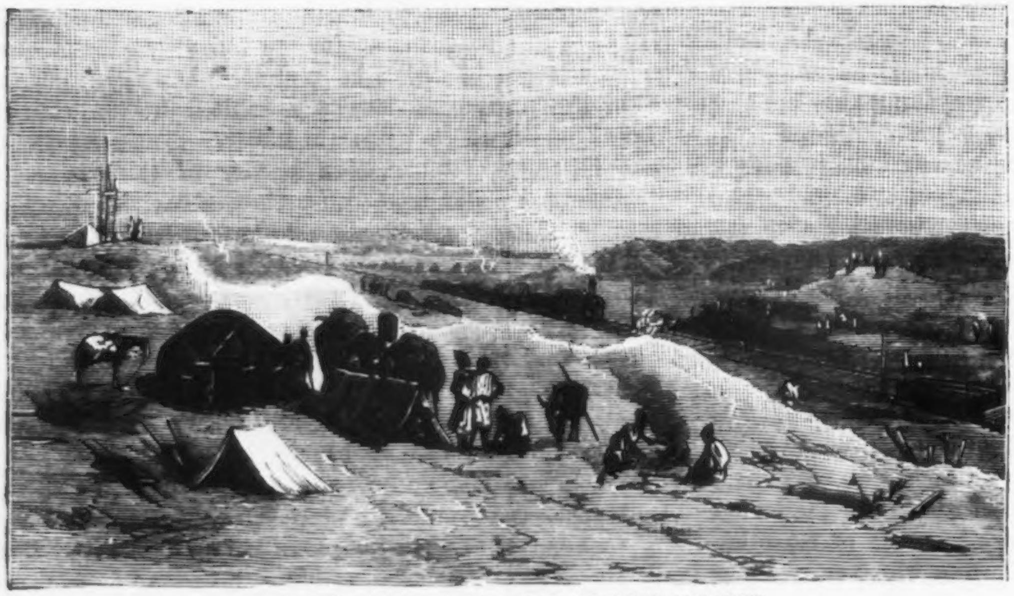
O'Donovan, in his fascinating story of "Merv," thus describes his entry into the "Queen of the World":

"It was a dismal morning when, after a halt in some grim ruins, we made straight for Merv, still distant sixteen miles. Our spirits were low; we were wet, tired and hungry. Much of the ground we passed was under water through the action of the irrigation-trenches, used in the cultivation of the ground, and altogether everything seemed depressing, when through the rain-mist beehive-shaped outlines were visible. They were the first *aladjaks* of Merv, and I strained my eyes eagerly to catch a sight through the fog of the domes and minarets which I expected to see looming athwart it above the embattled walls of the 'Queen of the World.'

"Here came a pause. Some of my conductors suddenly entertained doubts as to my nationality, and my motives for visiting them in their inner *penetralia*.

"'How could any one know that I was not a Russian?' 'What will our friends say when we bring him among them?' 'Who knows but he has a brigade of Cossacks at his heels?' 'What is his business here?' Such were the words I heard pass between them. The more considerate said, 'Who knows but that they will kill him at the first village?'

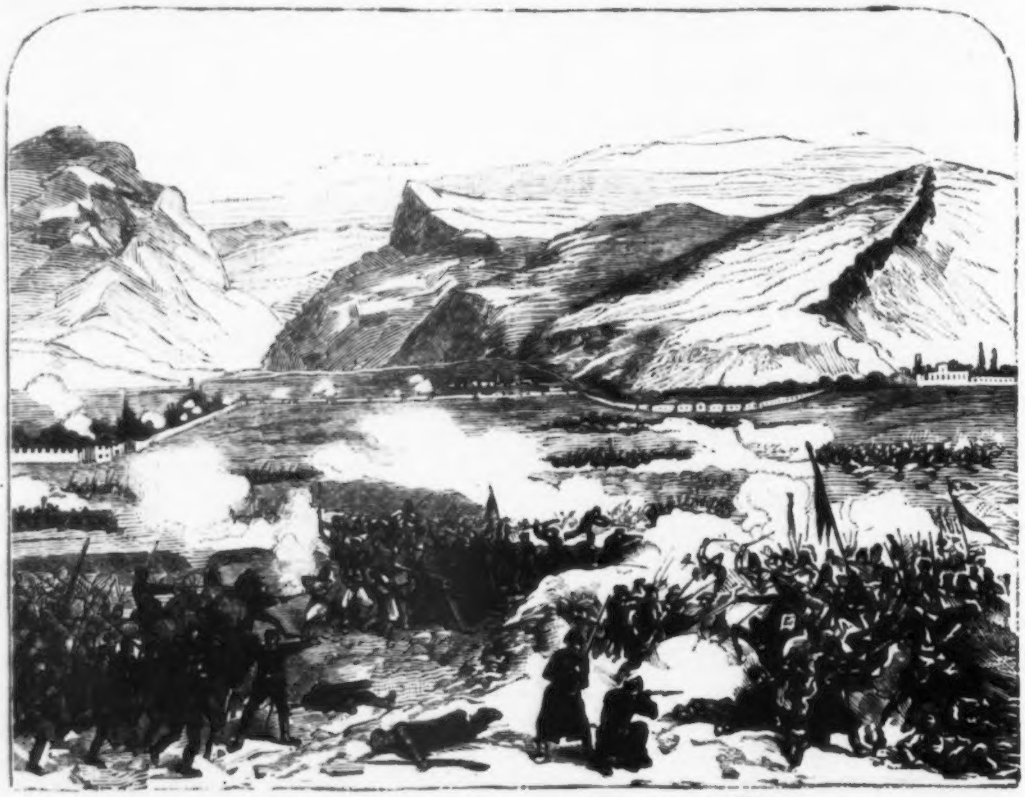
"For two long, weary hours we sat on horseback in the driving rain, our backs to the wind, awaiting the result of this field council. Some of the party looked daggers at me, and seemed inclined to solve the matter by there and then finishing me off; but the better-minded majority



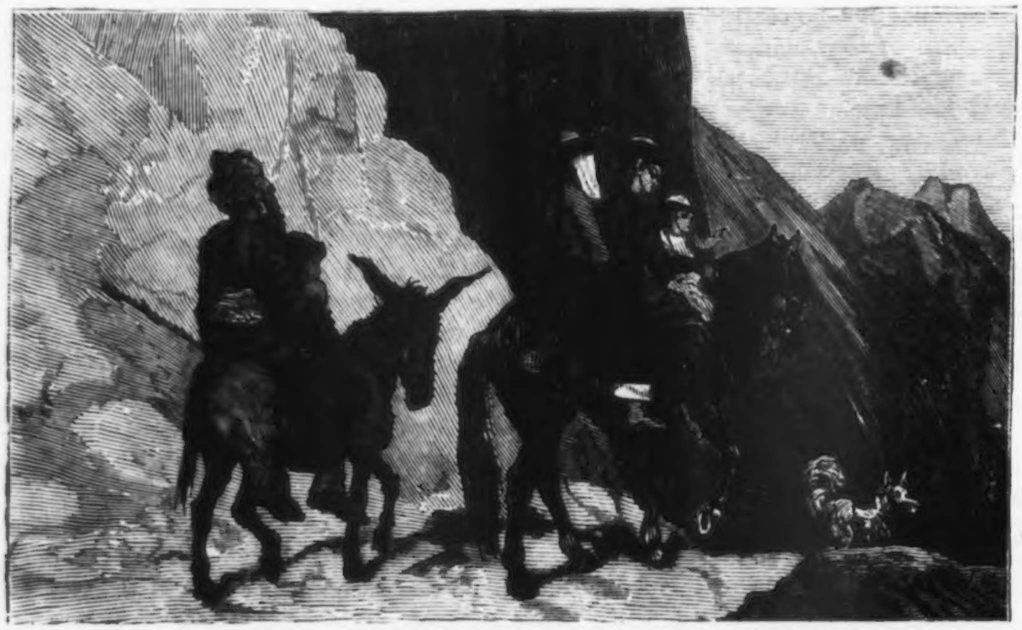
RUSSIANS LAYING A RAILROAD AS THEY ADVANCE.

seemed to get their own way. One of the latter rode up to me and told me not to be afraid—that all would yet be right, he hoped. He added significantly, that if all were *not* right, I should have only myself to blame for coming there.

"A decision was come to at last, and we rode straight to the first huts, which we could see faintly through the mist a mile or two off. A number of bales of silk, with some tobacco, tea, and other merchandise from Bokhara, lay around, for a caravan which had come from the latter place was on the point of re-starting for Meshed. A crowd of wild-looking people of both sexes, who were busying themselves with packing the bales upon camels, left their work to stare at myself and my cavalcade as I rode up—the women, with their draggled locks and rain-sodden, witchlike garments, perhaps the most weird of all. We were at the Bakshih village of Beg Murad Khan—one through which the caravans passed to and fro.



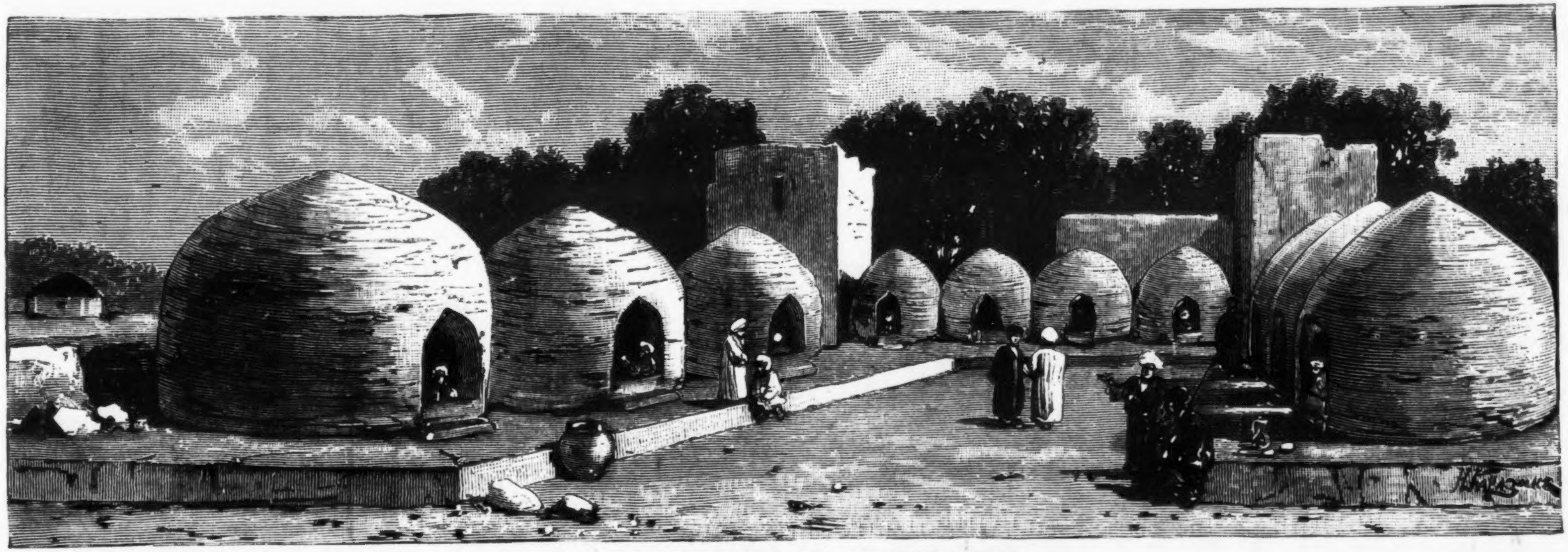
CAPTURE OF GEOK TEPE BY THE RUSSIANS, IN 1881.



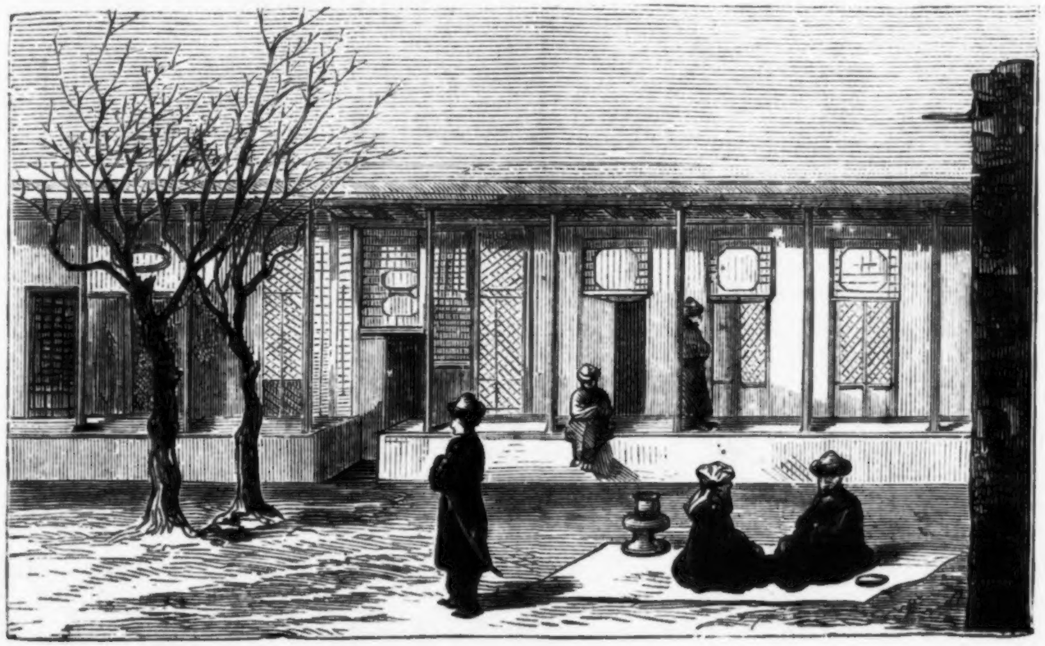
A TURKOMAN FAMILY IN THE MOUNTAINS GOING TO MARKET.

"There was new wonderment on all sides as to what kind of person I might prove to be, and all seemed to take it for granted that I was a prisoner. So far as my personal appearance went, I might have passed for anything. I wore an enormous tiara of grayish-black sheepskin, eighteen inches in height. Over my shoulders was a drenched leopard-skin; beneath which could be seen my travel-stained, much-worn ulster overcoat. My legs were caparisoned in long, black boots, armed with great steel spurs, appendages utterly unknown in Turkestan. A sabre and revolving carbine completed my outfit.

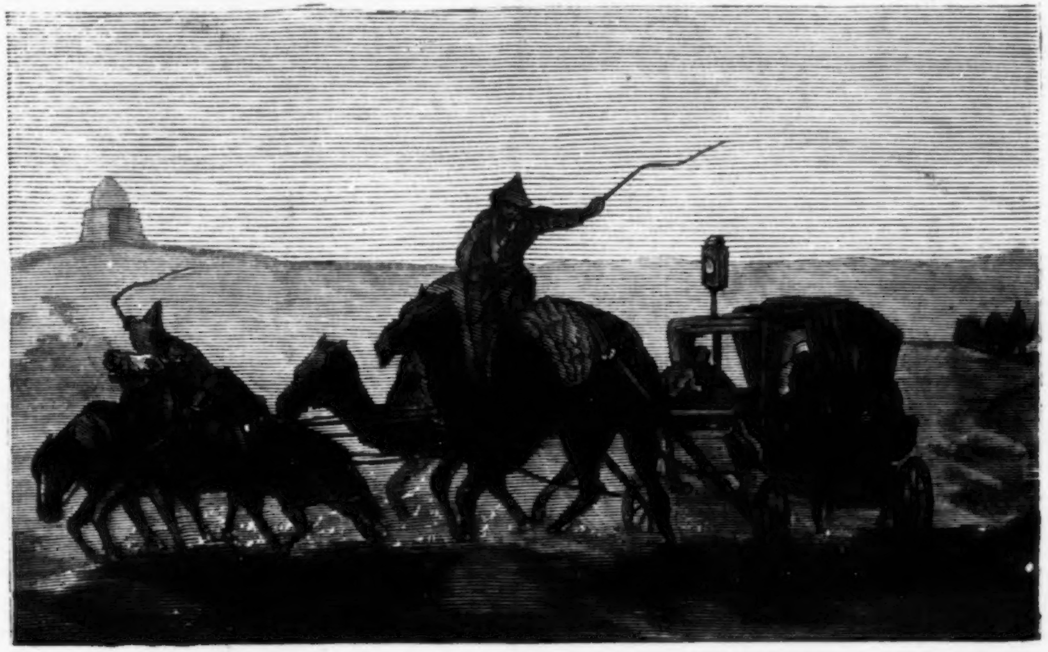
"I dismounted at the door of a hut to which my horse was peremptorily led. Here I was at last in the heart of the Turcoman territory. The circular beehive-house into which I was shown was instantaneously crowded almost to suffocation. Some one, after a prolonged struggle, pulled off my wet riding-boots;



VILLAGE OF KOUSCHAT KHAN, NEAR MERV, WITH SCHOOLS.



A GUEST-HOUSE IN ARTISCH.



TRAVELERS CAUGHT IN A QUICKSAND OF THE MERV DESERT.

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another substituted a lambskin mantle for my drenched leopardskin and overcoat. A bowl of scalding hot green tea, without sugar, and tasting like a dose of Epsom salts, completed my material comforts. I sat close to the fire, and warmed my shivering members. All the time, the assembled people were gazing at me with an eagerness of expression that no words could convey.

"Angry voices, reaching me from a hut close by, told me in half-heard words that the general opinion was not in my favor. 'Who knows but he is a Russian, and come to survey the road, and we will have an *aleman* (hostile foray) on our backs in forty-eight hours?'

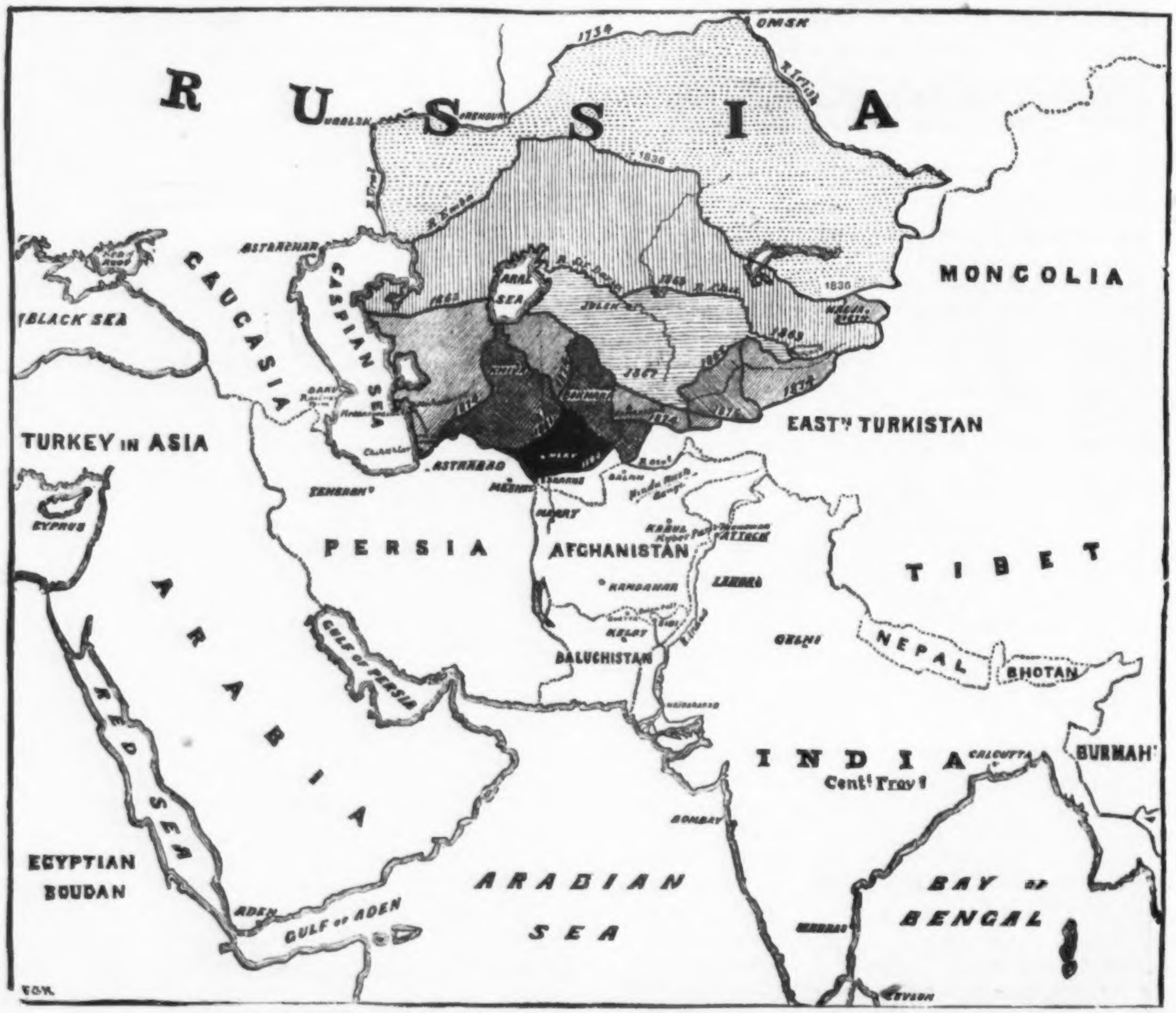
"At ten o'clock on the following morning I was ordered to mount my horse and proceed to headquarters—to Merv itself, the seat of the Tekke Government, that mysterious goal to which I had been so long looking forward. It was still raining, and the flat country presented a wretchedly dismal appearance. I was escorted by twenty horsemen, and preceded and followed by over 100 persons on foot. We rode in a northwesterly directions, crossing large and deep irrigation-canals, roughly bridged over by tree-trunks covered with brambles and earth, and floundering a good deal through flooded spaces. Then the weather began to brighten somewhat, and I was able to look round.

"On every side was an immense plain, here and there broken by extensive plantations of trees, and hundreds of groups of beehive-shaped huts, each group consisting of from 50 to 200 dwellings. The villages were usually from one to two miles apart. The ground was everywhere well tilled, cornfields and great melonbeds alternating. Another hour brought us to the banks of the Murghab, which I now saw for the first time. We crossed it upon a rickety bridge, supported on unhewn tree-trunks planted vertically in the river-bed, the roadway being four feet wide, and devoid of anything in the shape of a parapet. This structure was nearly fifteen feet above the surface of the river.

"I soon after found myself in the midst of about 200 huts, ranged in rows of 200 or 300 yards in length. In front of one of the foremost waved a small red banner, from a lance-shaft lashed to the top of a pole. This marked the residence of Kadjar Khan the Ichthyar, or executive chief, elected by the leading persons of the entire Merv district. Five hundred yards distant, to the northward, loomed a long line of earthwork, forming a front of a mile and a half in length, and shutting out the prospect in that direction.

* * * * * *

"Long before the sun was well above the horizon a surging crowd had gathered around my tent, the interior of which was also crammed with members of Merv society, all eager to interview the mysterious stranger who had fallen among them, as it were, from the clouds. They were, as a rule, the same sort of dressing-gown-robed, sheepskin-clad, gigantic-hatted beings as the


R U S S I A
1734
OMSK
R. Irtish
ORENBURG
R. Ural
R. Emba
1836
ASTRACHAN
CAUCASIA
CASPIAN SEA
ARAL SEA
1863
1847
1864
1867
1874
1876
1881
1884
MERV
KHIVA
BOKHARA
ASTRABAD
TEHERAN
MESHED
HERAT
BALKH
Hindu Kush
KABUL
Kyber Pass
ATTOCK
MONCOLIA
EAST'N TURKISTAN
TURKEY IN ASIA
BLACK SEA
CYPRUS
PERSIA
AFCHANISTAN
KANDAHAR
LAHORE
KELAT
BALUCHISTAN
DELHI
NEPAL
BHOTAN
TIBET
ARABIA
RED SEA
GULF OF PERSIA
INDIA
Cent! Prov!
CALCUTTA
BURMAH
BOMBAY
MADRAS
CEYLON
ECYPTIAN SOUDAN
ADEN
GULF OF ADEN
ARABIAN SEA
BAY OF BENGAL
FOX

THE RUSSIAN ANNEXATION OF MERV—MAP SHOWING THE ADVANCES OF RUSSIA TOWARDS INDIA IN 1734, 1836, 1863, 1867, 1874, 1876, 1881, 1884.

Yamud Turcomans whom I had met so frequently upon the Caspian shore. They invariably sat upon their heels in a kneeling position, their folded arms resting upon the fronts of their thighs, and gazed at me with the ludicrous eagerness which may be observed in baboons and apes when some unfamiliar object meets their eyes. I had been fast asleep, my head resting upon a heap of baggage, and my body covered over with a large sheepskin mantle, but these people waited patiently until it might suit me to let myself be seen, for it is an inviolable piece of etiquette among them never to disturb a sleeper.

"The manner of washing my face and hands called forth loud exclamations; and the operation of combing my hair seemed greatly to tickle their fancies."

A home in Merv is primitive enough. "The furniture is simple. The fire occupies the middle of the apartment, under the central opening of the dome. The half of the floor remote from the entrance is covered with a *ketché*, or felt carpet, nearly an inch thick. On this are laid, here and there, Turcoman carpets, six or seven feet long by four or five in breadth, on which the inhabitants sit by day and sleep by night. The semicircle next the door is bare of earth, and on it chopping of wood, cooking, and other rough domestic operations, are conducted. Round the walls hang large, flat camel-bags, six feet by four, one side being entirely composed of the rich carpet-work in which the Turcoman women excel. Ordinarily, all the household goods are packed in these bags, for transit from place to place on the backs of camels. When empty they form a picturesque tapestry.

"Besides the primitive horizontal handmill, or quern of our Celtic forefathers, and the *samovar*, which is in almost hourly requisition—for the courtesies of Central Asia require that every stranger be presented with a cup of tea immediately upon his arrival—nothing more exists in the way of household furniture. Hung on one side are the saddle and other horse-trappings of the master of the establishment, along with his sabre and musket. The horses are tethered by the fetlock close by the door of the *ev*, and in cold weather are covered by the Western Turcomans with a great cloth of felt.

"Within the roof, and near its top, hang a couple of lamb or goat skins, turned inside out and smoke-dried. The neck-aperture is kept widely open by four crossed sticks. These skins swing to and fro in the air-current produced by the fire, and are termed *toonik*. They evidently attached some mysterious importance to it, but were loath to explain. Near the doorway is sewn a piece of linen or calico, four or five inches square, forming a pocket for the reception of the bounties of wandering spirits. This they call the *tarum*. A horseshoe, too, is occasionally to be found nailed upon the threshold. These are the principal superstitious usages of the Turcomans. I was surprised to find how few they were."

* * * * * *

"I selected the ordinary Turcoman costume—a long crimson tunic of coarse Bokhara silk, with slender black-and-yellow combined stripe. Over this comes a light-brown flowing garment, of fine camel's-hair tissue. I next purchased an embroidered skullcap, a sheepskin hat, shirt, sash, wide white cotton trousers, and a pair of broad-toed slippers, of red stamped Russian leather. Stockings are rarely worn—never with slippers. When long riding-boots are used, the feet and ankles are swathed in a band like wrapping. In severe weather the enormous greatcoat, styled a *kusgun*, is worn. Sometimes this is replaced by a heavy mantle of woven sheep's wool. Thus equipped, though I was far from getting rid of the troublesome curiosity of my neighbors, I obtained much relief in this regard, and was enabled, in company with some acquaintances, to stroll about the village, generally with a following of 200 persons."

The immediate cause of Merv's submission may be briefly narrated: In consequence of Persia's complaints of Tekke depredations made in November of last year, the Governor of the Trancaspian sent several companies of infantry and two and a half squadrons of Cossacks and several guns to intimidate the Mervli, with orders for the detachment to halt within 120 versts of Merv. This display evidently frightened the Khans of Merv, and when M. Alikhanoff appeared in their very midst, surrounded by a Cossack escort and bearing a letter from General Komaroff to one of their chiefs, they all knew that the days of their independence were numbered. The offer of the recipient of the letter to persuade his fellow-Khans to go over to Russia, and General Komaroff's reply, laying down the conditions of their renouncing slavery and liberating their Afghan, Persian and Russian prisoners, were speedily followed by the whole tribe submitting.

While M. Alikhanoff was in Merv he studied with Yoosoof Khan, a boy of seventeen, brother of Maktoom Kuli, who commanded the Akal-Tekkes against Skoboleff, and who received the rank of Major when in Moscow last Spring, during the coronation festivities. The popular assembly which settled the point of submission to Russia met in the house of Yoosoof Khan's mother. The petition was drawn up in Jalar on a huge sheet of parchment, and was signed by all the Deputies who reached Askhabad by February 6th, accompanied by Colonel Maratoff, commanding the expeditionary corps which had been sent to the Merv frontier. The oath of allegiance was solemnly taken on February 12th, in the Governor's house, the Deputies swearing upon a copy of the Koran, which was brought by a Mollah from Geok Tepe. General Komaroff welcomed them in an eloquent speech. The oath was taken according to the usual form, and the act of submission was drawn up and signed by all present. This document and others relating to the same matters were brought to St. Petersburg by Colonel Maratoff.

The prisoners captured by the Mervli were liberated and Afghans and Persians returned to their respective countries. Of thirty-seven Russian subjects, twenty went directly home and seventeen to Askhabad. The cattle which had been taken from the Persians were sent to Khorassan.

COUNTESS MARY, THE LADY OF SLAINS.

The east coast of Scotland has fared less well at the hands of novelists and poets than the west, though there are wild seas and dangerous rocks, natural bridges and arches, sonorous caverns, etc., on the shore that looks across to Norway. And, as usual, each old house that occupies a spur of granite reaching seaward has histories of bygone marvels, romances, legends, call them what you will.

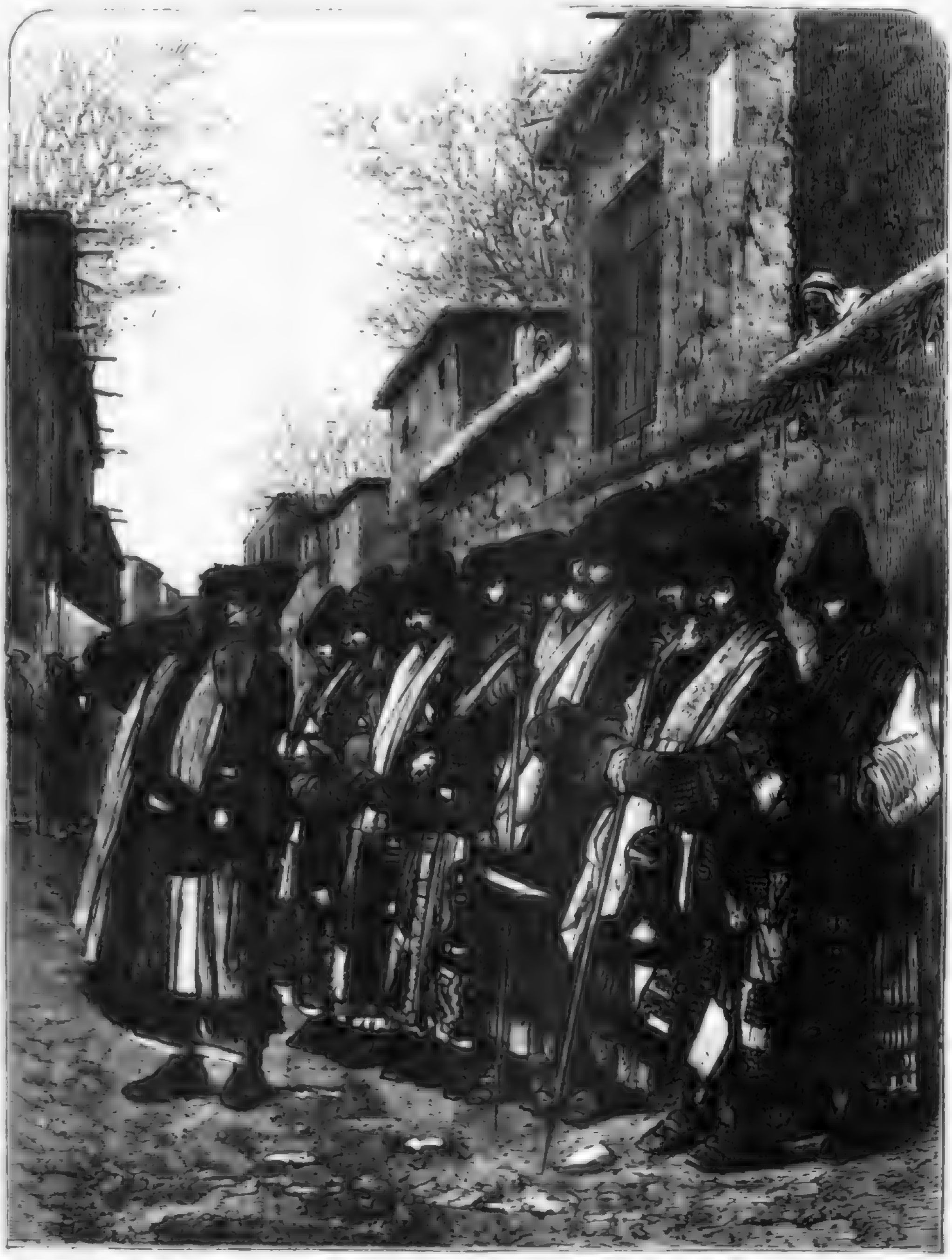
Slains Castle—the modern building, but nearly as massive as the remains of the ruined castle of the same name—did not look inviting on the drizzly day when I reached it. Anything more unlike the ideal of an English country-house could scarcely be found. No avenue, no trees, no lawn, no pleasure-grounds. A low, one-story granite pile, with that unusual feature, a basement; no vines or creeping-plants—bareness everywhere, for the winds in Winter are the chief thing with reference to which every arrangement, whether building or planting, is made.

XUM

The house is eight miles from Peterhead, in Aberdeenshire, a fishing-village and important local centre; but there are hamlets with scanty and coarse possibilities of provisions, should a snow-block or a prolonged storm at sea reduce the great house to extremities.

It was August when I saw the place, but fogs, like those on the Newfoundland Banks, were as likely to fall suddenly like a curtain as if it had been November.

Above the cliffs stretched moors just getting purple with heather-bloom, but the real beauty and character of the place were in the cliffs themselves, the red Aberdeen granite in masses, covered at the base with brown-yellow mats of seaweed.



RUSSIA'S LATEST ANNEXATION—MERV.—HOWLING DERVISHES IN TURKESTAN.—SEE PAGE 513.

Through the caves and over the peaks flew the countless gray-and-white seagulls, and rarely a sail, other than that of a fishing-smack, crossed the water in sight of the house, yet tales of a wreck close on that shore were traditionary in the family.

Inside, the house was as odd and unique as outside; the two wide corridors, glass-roofed, crossed it at right angles and met in a central circular hall, while narrow passages, like the spokes of a wheel, led to the rooms on the outer sides. This arrangement resulted in the inclosing, by the father of the present owner, of the original square courtyard.

The living-rooms all looked seaward, and their windows were often washed by the salt spray from the waves below. Here was told me the story of Countess Mary, and one or two more family tales, all more or less connected with the fixtures scattered through the house.

Countess Mary was, in her portrait, a large, masculine woman, anything but good-looking, dressed in a dark-brown and rather shapeless garment. She held in her hand a short, thick staff. The face, attitude and adjuncts were all peculiar, and one could not help asking who was the subject of this evidently valued family portrait.

"She was Lord High Constable of Scotland," explained my host. "You know the office was at one time hereditary in our family, and when Mary, eldest daughter of the twelfth Earl of Erroll, became, in default of heirs male, head of the family in her own right, the badge of the office, the white staff, came to her with the title and the estates.

"Later on her husband, on public and state occasions, carried the staff as her representative.

"She was more learned and efficient than she was beautiful, or even attractive; an excellent woman of business, and a vigilant 'master' and 'landlord,' also an exceptional linguist, for she knew Latin, German, Dutch and French, and I can show you books in those languages which she and her husband are said to have added to the library.

"The thing you would least expect to occur in connection with such a person was a romantic marriage. She was rich and homely, and that generally means interested suitors. Of these she had plenty, but she was too sensible—some said, too *hard*—not to see through them, and accordingly was perversely bent upon attracting a certain distant cousin, a good-looking, straightforward man, Alexander Hay, falconer, of Dalgaty, who had a small estate of his own, and refused to pay court to her.

"There is, no doubt, I suppose, that she really loved him, as well as respected him for his manliness. And now comes the romance, though it is only a family tradition, and not quite a proved fact. He had, frankly enough, though not very gallantly, spoken of her plainness of

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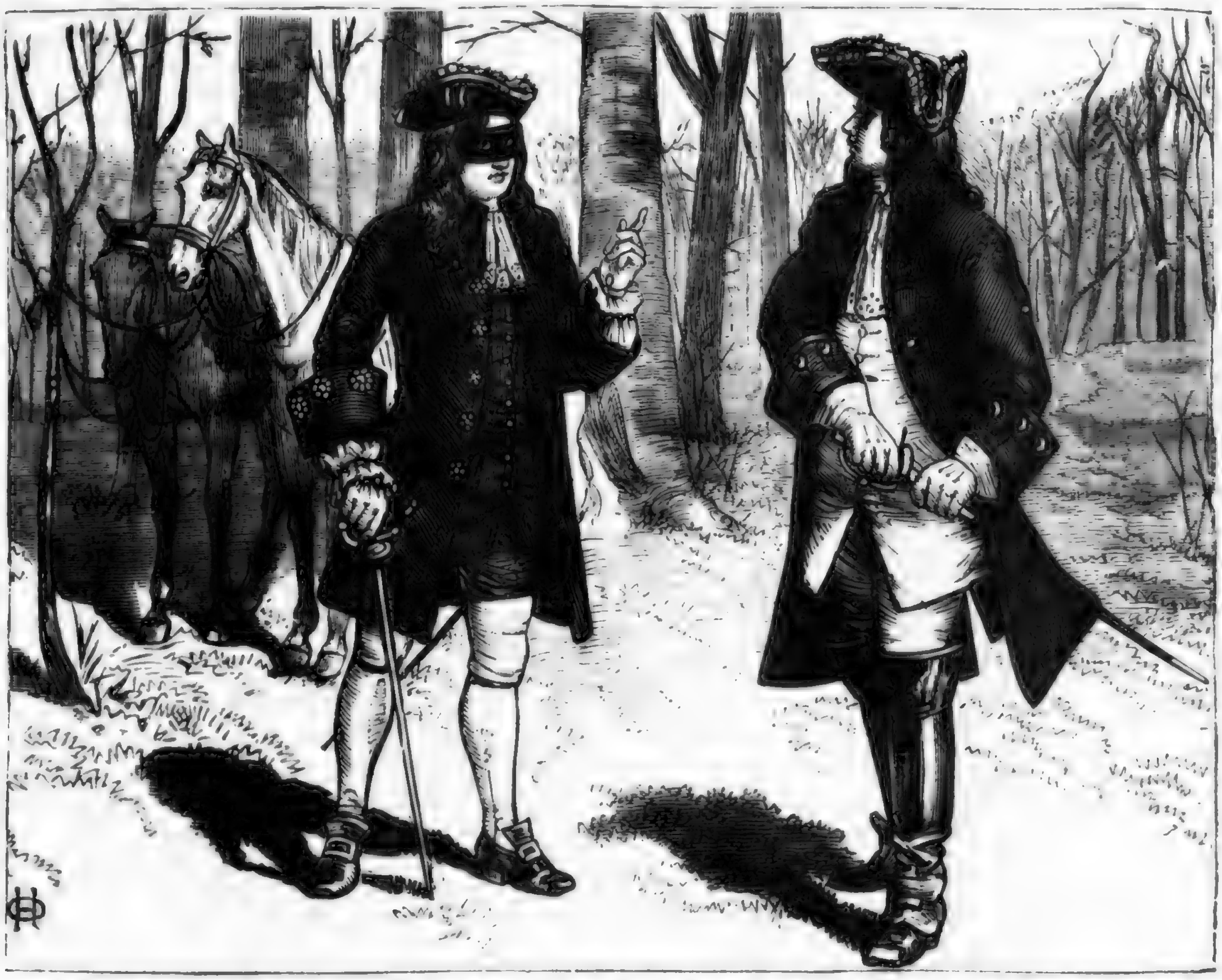

COUNTESS MARY, LADY OF SLAINS.—"SHE CAME MASKED TO THE RENDEZVOUS, AND SPOKE TO HIM MORE PLAINLY ABOUT HIS ABSENT SCOTCH COUSIN THAN SHE WOULD HAVE DARED TO DO FACE TO FACE, EVEN THOUGH STILL UNIDENTIFIED."

features as a drawback, and respectful as his words had always been, he had let it be understood among his companions that his wooing his homely cousin was out of the question.

"Tradition says again that this came to the ears of the Countess Mary, and that she vowed to make him change his mind. Some time after this he left the neighborhood of Slains, and went to London, whence news came of him, through fashionable rumor, as one of the 'goodliest' man at court, favored by the women; a man among a generation of fops or drunkards, honest and outspoken.

"What with opposition, indifference, absence and hearsay, Countess Mary loved Hay of Dalgaty more and more, but never did this love make her one whit less imperious, less quick at business, less watchful of her rights, or less attentive to her duties.

"Some months after Mr. Hay left, the countess went to England with one maid only. It was given out that she was going to Bath, the fashionable watering-place of that day, early in the eighteenth century.

"Now comes the pith of the romance, for when she got to London she is said to have dressed as a man, and made the acquaintance of Hay of Dalgaty at a coffee-house frequented by young men of dash and money. She looked better in her disguise than in her proper dress; but she bore herself as a rather grave and stately man, so that many of her fashionable comrades shunned her as a prig, and disliked her for her standoffishness.

"Alexander Hay, on the contrary, took a liking to his mysterious new acquaintance, whose behavior seemed a relief to him after the frivolous life of which he was fast getting tired.

"To be brief, the Countess Mary, in her character of chance acquaintance, skillfully, after a time, brought on a quarrel—that is, such an affair as gentlemen, in those days, thought it unavoidable to settle by a duel; but she made a strange request of her antagonist—namely, that he would meet her without witnesses.

"His knowledge of the supposed young man's grave and trustworthy character made him agree without more than a passing surprise or hesitation; and, accordingly, each came to the rendezvous unaccompanied by seconds.

"What passed is not exactly set down in the family legend. One account says that they crossed swords before she made herself known; another has it that she came masked, and spoke to him more plainly about his absent Scotch cousin than she would have dared to do face to face, even though still unidentified.

"Anyhow, they came to an understanding before they parted, and he returned to London, but was strangely reticent to his friends about details of the meeting, while the supposed friend and antagonist appeared no more either at coffee-house, racket-court or bowling-alley.

"The Countess Mary, in due time, came home to Slains, and several weeks after her return Alexander Hay rode over from Dalgaty Castle to pay his respects. In the end they were married, and lived happily for twenty-seven years.

"I can show you in the old church of Slains the tombstone of this devoted couple, with a fine Latin inscription on it, somewhat to the effect of Shakespeare's famous adjuration not to remove his bones. It says that under this stone 'are laid neither gold nor silver, nor any sort of treasure, but the bodies of the loving husband and wife, Mary, Countess of Erroll, and Alexander Hay, of Dalgaty, who lived twenty-seven years in peaceful and loving matrimony, and wished to be buried here beside each other, and pray that this stone may not be moved, nor their remains disturbed, but that they may both be allowed to rest in the Lord until He shall call them to the resurrection of that blessed life which they look forward to out of the mercy of God, and through the merits of the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.'

"So far the story of Countess Mary. Now come with me to the charter-room, and I will show you the place on the roll which bears the quaint heading. You shall read for yourself."

The charter-room is a small room off the library, where various precious old family documents, on parchment and on paper, printed and manuscript, with illustrations colored and otherwise, are kept, and also the many modern genealogical books, bearing reference to the family and its branches and connections.

What "Scotch Cousinship" entails, may be seen by the pile of literature, including county histories and histories of "parishes" and "hundreds," according to ancient land divisions.

Daniel Gurney, a famous Quaker merchant, whose representatives are financial powers to this day in Lombard Street (the Wall Street of London), married into the Hay family, and in a large family record of his own gives the Hays a large place.

This book my host showed me, turning to the well-thumbed part in which the legend of the Hawkstone at St. Madoes, Perthshire, is told.

This mighty boulder stands on the "marches" of what is known to have been Hay property, though the estate was lost centuries ago. It was said to have been set up to commemorate a defeat of the Danes at Duncarty, about nine hundred years ago, when, tradition says, the Hays were peasants.

"A Scotch army," began my host again, getting enthusiastic and poetical, "had fought the Danes all day, at terrible odds, and, almost decimated and cut to pieces, fled before them at last in despair, when they met Hay and his two sons plowing their field. These three men were of giant strength and courage, and saw at a glance what disgrace must come on their country—for King Kenneth III. was among the discomfited army—if the flight could not be turned to victory. The Hays armed themselves with the yokes and shares of their heavy plows, and stood with a few of the foremost runaways, blocking up the only pass through which the fugitives could escape. As the flying army came up they were thrown back on their pursuers, who were equally taken by surprise, and a new battle ensued, when the Hays, like giants, protected the King's person, and did the work of twenty men, encouraging the desperate Scots, till the Danes fled backward in their turn. The victorious army marched into Perth headed by the Hays, with their bloody yokes and shares carried proudly aloft, and the King made Hay Earl of Erroll, and gave him as much land as a falcon could compass at one flight. The bird (a falcon afterward becoming the family crest) made a circuit of six miles long and four broad, and alighted on the Hawkstone of St. Madoes, between Arole and Jay, and so began the family fortunes; but, as my Uncle Gurney reminds his readers, the Scotch 'prophet,' Thomas the Rhymer, was not far wrong in his poetical second sight—taught him, no doubt by the fairies, who are said to have enchanted and enslaved him—when he wrote of the Erroll lands these ominous words:

"'While the mistletoe bats on Erroll's aik (oak),
And that aik stands fast,
The Hays shall flourish, and their good gray hawk
Shall nocht flinch before the blast,
But when the root of the aik decays,
And the mistletoe dwives (fades) on its withered breast,
The grass shall grow on Erroll's heartstane,
And the corbie roup (ravens croak) in the falcon's nest.'

"All of which has happened—that is, figuratively—for the Hays lost all *that* land. The mistletoe, you know, was our badge, though now the bog-myrtle is. (Scotch families have such 'badges' in addition to crests, etc., and a silver brooch in the shape of the badge is often worn in the Scotch cap or bonnet.)

"'Before we go over to Countess Mary's tomb, however, let me show you this roll,' and he took from a cedar case, with ancient leather straps for hinges, a parchment, entitled 'The Copy of the Tabill (table) quhilk (which) ves (was) at Cowpar, of all the Erles of Erroll quhik ves buryd in the Abbey Kir thair,' and showed me in its proper place among names that covered 500 years' time, the name and titles of the heroine of the duel. Then we went to see the tombstone in the church, and also the rough block of granite preserved as the very stone on which old Hay, the conqueror of the Danes, is said to have sat down to rest after the battle of Duncarty.

"'You seem to be a race destined to strange things and daring acts,' I said to my host, who answered, lightly, 'Oh, that is a matter of course among all of us Highlanders!' To prove which he added, he would tell me of the silly foolhardiness of a friend of his grandfather, whose life-size portrait on horseback I had noticed in the dining-room. This man and horse are rather famous as a couple of well-matched dare-devils, and in London had been known to achieve, for a wager, the feat of leaping lengthwise clean over a long dining-table, full of guests at dinner, without touching a glass of wine, or brushing a powdered head. The Duke of N—— was not very young when he performed in this fashion, and, of course, never did such things except when he was not sober, which was the case on the occasion my host spoke of, when he rode round the dangerous precipice, the Bullers of Buchan, a mile from Slains, on a wild November night. It was dark, and he made the wager at dinner, after two bottles of wine. I had seen the 'Bullers' or boilers, yesterday, a cavern or hole, 200 feet deep, with the sea churning and frothing below, a narrow, high arch, letting in the waves, and jagged walls rising to the mouth, the edge of which was broken into the narrowest ridge round the rim of this frightful 'boiler.' A sure-footed man would look twice before he crawled round that treacherous edge, but the duke and his horse—which it was natural the country-people should whisper was the devil—rode round it that very night, and did it within eight minutes, the rider merely swearing a deep oath and calling for another drink the moment he set foot again on firm ground. The portrait of the horse is splendid, and, as far as the animal was concerned, that night's ride did him credit."

"'Whose is that other portrait?' I asked. 'A great contrast to the dare-devil duke, is it not?' And I pointed to a boy of fifteen, fair-haired, in a cricketing suit, with a bat in his hand.

"'Ah, that involves another tragedy,' said my host. 'He was my uncle, and was killed at Quatre Bras, in 1815. He was an ensign, and was carrying orders from one part of the field to the other, and almost the first gun that was fired killed him. After the fight some Belgian peasants were found by our soldiers gathered around him, gravely disputing if he was a British officer or an angel in disguise; he lay there looking so fair and sweet. If he had lived he would have been Earl of Erroll, though the title, even in his time would have come to him sadly short of its belongings, for his spendthrift father got rid of no less than twelve separate estates. Well may the "raven croak" over the descendants of the energetic 'Countess Mary.'"

THE PEARLY PALACE:

A LEGEND OF THE LURLEIBERG.

"OH! guard thee from the Lurleiberg,
And from the dread Gewirr,"
Said the boatman's wife, "for the Lurlei's song
Is fatal to all who hear.

"The words sung by the Lurlei nymph
Like ghostly spells will be,
To draw thee from this human world,
From thy little child and me."

Said the boatman: "I've no heart for love,
But the love of wife so dear,
And can safely guide my boat along,
Were a hundred sirens near."

Streaming tears from her sweet sad eyes
Gently he wiped away;
Then gayly kissed his little child,
And hastened to the bay.

The wife fell at the Virgin's feet,
And prayed intent and long;
The man sailed to the dread Gewirr,
Singing a careless song.

He neared the brow of the Lurlei,
And he smiled and jested then;
"Come out, ye wily nymphs," he cried,
"Ye are match for no true men."

Only a sighing voice he heard,
As of some sweet soul distressed;
Only a plaintive wail that seemed
The wail of a human breast.

"Shall I steel my heart to this," he said,
"And win a coward's name?
No! not to *fear* a drowning girl,
But to *dare* a witch I came."

He leaps toward the golden hair,
Toward the snowy arm;
"Fear not," he said, "but trust to me,
I'll save thee from every harm."

The golden hair twines round his feet
And round his powerless hands;
Never were fetters half so strong
As those slender silken bands.

Down from the sight of earth and sky,
Through the waters blue and dim,
To the witching home of water-god
Those fetters are dragging him.

Down to the dripping coral caves,
With roofs of stalactite,
Where hang a thousand shelly lamps,
Shedding a roseate light.

Down to the pearly palaces,
Where crystal waters rolled,
A crimson seaweed carpeting
O'er floors of gems and gold.

There were gorgeous wreaths of opal,
Set in ground of glassy jet;
Not an inch but could well furnish
To a queen her coronet.

Amber, carnelian, sardonyx,
Turquoise and malachite,
Were wreathed in jewelly chaplets,
Ever dewy, fresh and bright.

There were sounds of sweeter singing
Than the softest vesper prayer;
There were perfumes of such bouquets
As only kings prepare.

A maiden fair as Summer,
And fresher than the Spring,
Kneels to the humble boatman,
As to the lord the king.

"Drink, and be monarch and mast
Of a palace paved with gold:
Drink," she cried, "and inherit
Pleasure and wealth untold."

He holds the cup in his fingers,
He trembles and tries to pray,
But he cannot remember the Credo,
Though he said it yesterday.

Like a drunken man he staggers,
Half reluctant, half inclined,
When a sound of distant voices
Rouses his drowsy mind.

The monks of St. Goar are chanting
Their Aves at even-song,
And the breeze that rose with sunset
Beareth the chant along.

To the ground the boatman dashes
The cup of enchanted wine;
From his breast he draws an image
Of the cross and form divine.

He prayeth a Paternoster,
As only believers pray,
And before the prayer is ended
The nymph hath fled away.

A tremor ran through the arches
Of chrysolite and spars,
The twinkling lamps of jasper
Dropped down like shooting stars.

Vanished the ruby goblets,
The perfume of costly meat,
The sounds of fairy music,
The glancing of fairy feet.

And up to the sights familiar,
Through the waters blue and dim,
To the home of his wife and darling
Strange hands are bearing him.

And a voice, though the voice of no fairy,
Whispers straight into his ear,
"Not in thine own strength venture
Again near the dread Gewirr.

"No power hath the nymph of the Lurlei,
Or any sprite or fay,
To enchant a soul immortal,
If he only trust and pray.

"But never again with singing,
With jesting and scorn come here,
To tempt the spirits of darkness,
Ever too ready and near!

"Come humbly in faith of heaven—
And pray as thou rowest along,
Then no Lurlei nymph can wile thee
With ever so sweet a song."

And no more in derision
Did the boatman go that way,
But crossed himself by the Lurleiberg,
And not once forgot to pray.

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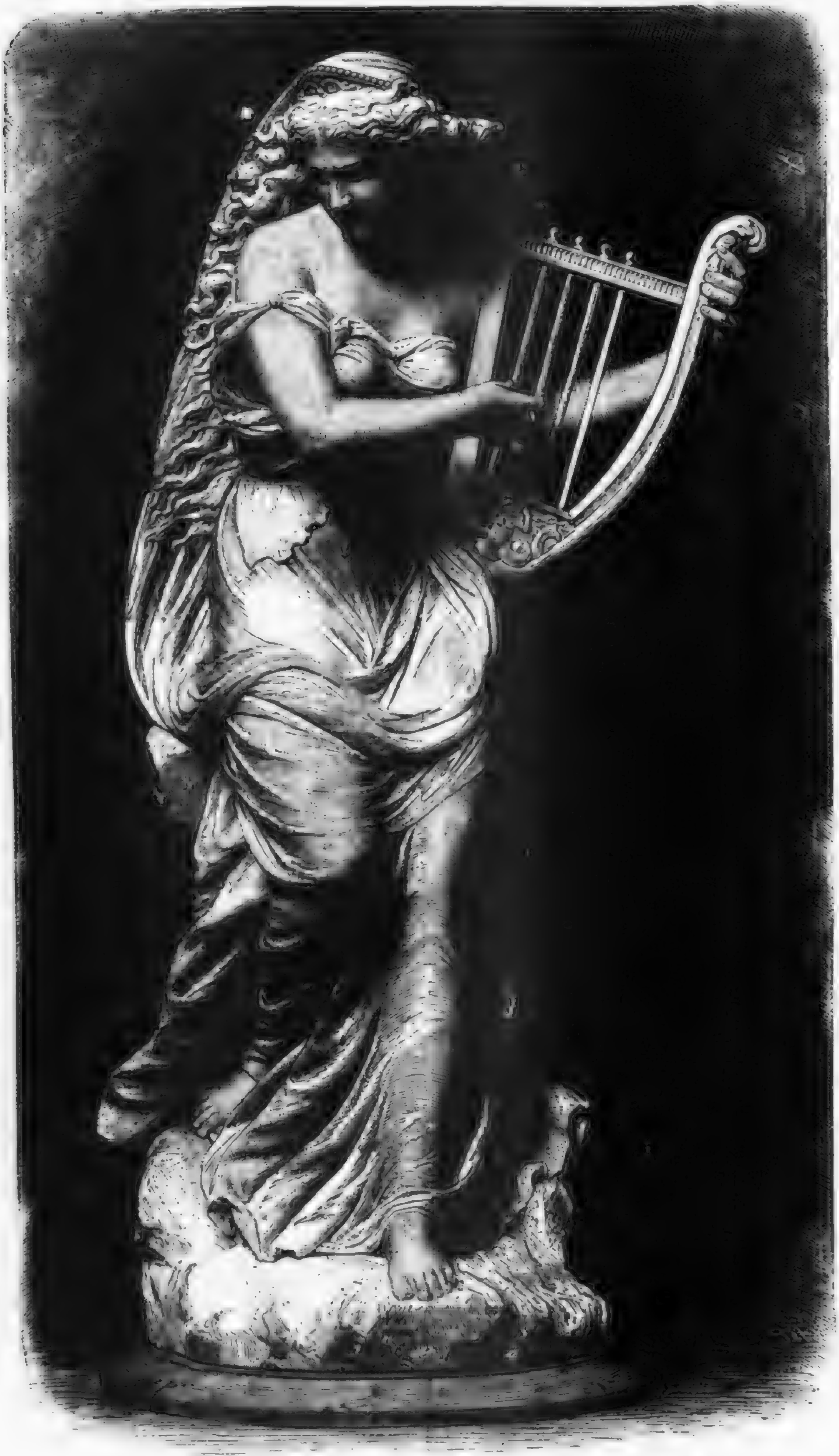
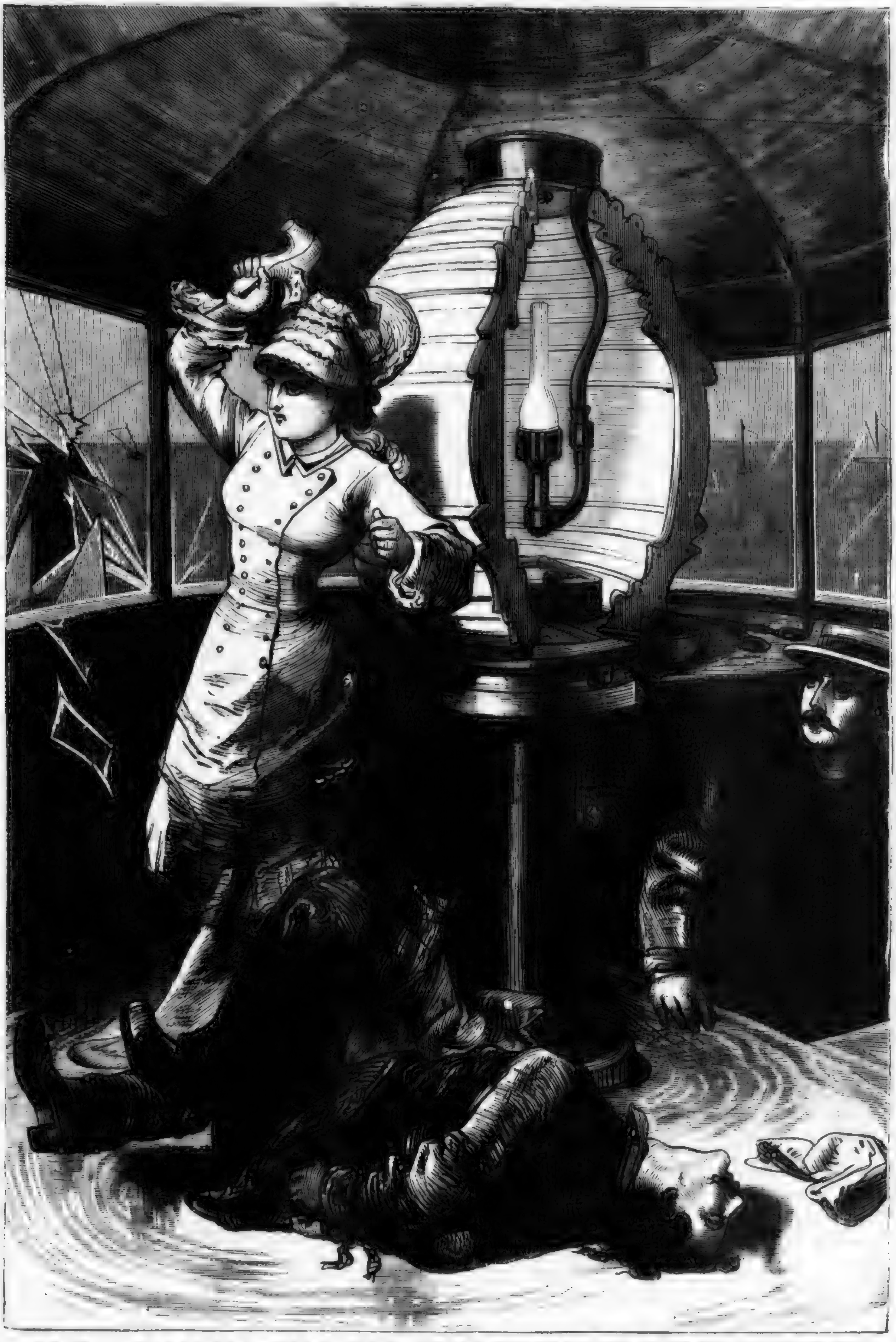


THE LURLEI.—MARBLE STATUE BY ROBERT CAUER.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 527.



A MAN'S PITIFUL HATE, AND A WOMAN'S HATEFUL PITY.—"IN AN INSTANT SHE HAD TORN OFF THE BOOT, AND APPLIED THE LITTLE HEEL SO SHARPLY TO THE THICK PLATE, THAT IT SHIVERED BENEATH THE STROKE."--SEE NEXT PAGE.

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THE BOATMAN.

By Charles Mackay.

The bridegroom smiled a happy smile,
The bride was sweetly blushing,
And o'er the water's tranquil breast
A sound of bells came gushing.
The bridesmaids laugh'd, or watch'd the light
Upon the ripples quiver;
But shadows dimm'd the boatman's face
Who row'd them o'er the river.

Slow fell his oars: his thoughts were sad:
"'Tis eighteen years in Summer
Since o'er the stream I row'd the bride,
New-born, a fairy comer.
The bells rang gayly, as to-day,
As to the font they brought her;
And sire and mother wept for joy,
At christ'ning of their daughter.

"And now once more across the stream—
May all kind thoughts possess her!—
I row the bride and bridal guests,
And pray that Heaven may bless her.
The sun shines bright, each heart is light,
The laugh rings loud and merry,
And shouts of welcome from the shore
Come booming o'er the ferry.

"A third time she must cross the flood,
With Death, our lord and master;
May I ne'er see that mournful day!"—
Row, boatman, row us faster!
Row, boatman, row; your oars are slow,
Time flies, and Love is pressing,
And you shall earn a double fee,
Besides your lady's blessing.

A MAN'S PITIFUL HATE, AND A WOMAN'S HATEFUL PITY.

It was dull and lonely at the Cottage by the Sea that Summer, partly in contrast with the previous Summer, which had been the blossom of Leila Crandon's life, partly because she was not so well as she had been in all the three-and-twenty previous years of her life, and partly because her fellow-sojourners at the Cottage were very uninteresting persons, even including her respected father and the maiden aunt who had never filled the place of mother to Leila, although she loved to *pose* in that attitude.

So when Mr. and Mrs. Alwyn, of the indigenous gentry at North Island, somewhat timidly invited the party at the Cottage to join them in a sail to Rhodis and a picnic under the shadow of the lighthouse, Leila at once accepted, and finding nobody else of her party young enough to care for picnics, or worldly-wise enough to know that one's own set is the last place in which to amuse one's self, she placed herself under good Mrs. Alwyn's chaperonage, where she figured much as a young hawk might, foster-mothered by an astonished hen, and went.

On board she was "made acquainted" with several bouncing girls, some of them rustic, shy and satisfactory, and one or two electro-plated in city boarding-schools, and so spoiled for the station in which it had pleased God to place them without being fitted for any other; two or three men, funereal of aspect in presence of a stranger, but unbending in rural jocosity behind the mast or in sly corners with each other, and the soncy lasses who had not learned that it is ungenteel to be merry and natural.

Besides these, was "my brother Tom," as Mr. Alwyn presented him; "Cap'n," as the rest of the men hailed him; Captain Alwyn, as Leila learned his name from his sister-in-law.

Sitting and dreamily watching him from the seclusion of her sun-umbrella, as he took the chief share in getting the unwieldy barge off from shore and out in the open bay, Leila thought she had never seen a handsomer man, or one who would make a better model for the ideal pirate, with his crisp curls of dark hair, heavy brows, and great gloomy brown eyes; clear, dark skin; handsome, cruel mouth, shaded by a mustache, brushed out in the Spanish style; and quick, athletic figure.

"How do you like the looks of my brother Tom, Miss Leila?" asked Mr. Alwyn, presently, as he came to sit beside his prime favorite among all the annual invaders of his native island.

"I should like him for the captain, if I were passenger on board a burning ship, and I wouldn't like him for captain if I were ringleader on board a mutinous ship," replied Miss Crandon, sententiously, and Mr. Alwyn slapped his broad, brown hand upon his knee, declaring, with his jovial laugh:

"That's it, that's it, Miss Leila! Hit it right square on the head, *as* usual. I'll have to tell Tom that."

"Not to-day, please, Mr. Alwyn, unless you want to cut me off from speaking with your brother."

"That's just what I don't want, Miss Leila, for I most particularly want you to speak to him, and get acquainted with him, and like him. He's a splendid fellow—he is now, though I say it myself—and he's been badly used, though I don't know that I ought to say anything about it; but still, to you——"

"Please don't. If it's a secret of your brother's, why should I know it? If it were you now, Mr. Alwyn—if anybody had been using you badly, I should take the intensest interest, and want to know every particular, and get so indignant—you can't think."

And Leila, who took great delight in teasing and bewildering this middle-aged, stolid and most honorable admirer, by Saracenic charges upon his solid phalanx of heavy artillery—never ready to receive him, but always elaborately firing a response long after the enemy was out of sight—laughed so merrily that Mrs. Alwyn smiled in placid homelike good-humor, and "Cap'n Tom," leaning against the foremast, turned, and, from beneath his bent brows, looked more critically than he had yet done at his brother's companion.

A slight, graceful and promising figure; a head carried well up and back, with a profusion of golden hair arranged in braids and curls whose feathery tips blended inextricably with the sunshine; a skin so fine and close that neither wind nor sun nor salt-water could tarnish its creamy whiteness; gray-blue eyes, generally languid, sometimes disdainful, sometimes sparkling—as just now—with fun and merry malice; a mouth almost too ripe and tempting, were it not for the pride standing sentinel over its bright beauty, and a chin so soft and white that one longed to feel it nestle in the hollow of his palm.

Captain Alwyn noted every point of beauty, even to the dazzling hand slipped for a moment from its glove to arrange the refractory gypsy-hat, and covering itself again with a haste that told of at least one dear vanity; and the slender arched foot, shod so elegantly yet subtantially.

He looked at all, listened for a few moments to the sweet, high-bred voice and musical laughter, and then, with an impatient sigh, he moved yet further forward, and throwing himself down at the bow of the boat, lay staring over into the water.

Presently, two of the rustic maidens invaded the little forecastle-deck, and began the sort of attack usual with such artless aspirants for the notice of one of the sterner sex—as:

"Say, Tom, you look kind of lonesome up here. I guess you've lost something overboard—haven't you?"

"Maybe it's his heart," suggested the second, rather bashfully.

"*His* heart!" retorted number one, with a sprightly giggle. "He ain't got any—everybody knows that!"

"Most too much load for'ard there, Tom!" called out Mr. Alwyn, from the stern of the boat. "Here, you come and steer, and I'll set those girls to work guessing a riddle I heard last night!"

"Sorry to leave you, Belle and Kitty, without knowing how you settle it about my heart; but Mark is captain this trip, and I have got to obey orders and take my trick at the helm."

"I hope that Boston girl won't sit quite so close to you as she does to Mark, or you won't have room to move the tiller," replied Kitty, spitefully.

And the young man moved aft with a smile upon his lips not quite so agreeable as their usual expression.

"Don't move, Miss Crandon!" was his first remark, in taking the seat vacated by his brother. "There's plenty of room, and she trims better with all the weight we can get in the stern."

So Leila Crandon, far too highbred for prudery, sat where she was, and Tom Alwyn, partly from natural courtesy, partly to pique the girls who, from time to time, cast envious and jealous glances at his companion, quite exerted himself to entertain her, and found it no difficult matter; for Leila understood the art of discovering a man's leading thought and favorite topic, and making it for the time being her own great object of interest; one, probably, among many reasons for her popularity among all sorts of persons.

So she and Tom Alwyn talked of cyclones and typhoons, and the pirates of the Indian Ocean, and the icebergs and winter-vanquished explorers of the Arctic Ocean, and the Malays who run amuck, and the hardy Greenlanders who pine among the Summer lands and seas, and prefer walrus-ball to pomegranates; and just as they were inhaling with rapture the odor drifting down from boatloads of violets upon the Mediterranean Sea, and about to hear of the gardens where they grew, and the fragrant laboratories where they are expressed into the perfumes that beauty loves, the cheery voice of Mr. Alwyn again hailed his brother, this time most reluctantly.

"We're most in, Tom. You'd better run her into the cove while we get in the foresail."

"We shall have to leave the violets drifting down before the wind until we are ashore on Rhodis Island, Miss Crandon," said Tom, showing his white teeth in a smile which shone as well in his somewhat sombre eyes, lighting them to singular beauty.

"A very pleasant fellow that," said Leila to herself, as she picked her way up the path to the grove lying between the landing and the lighthouse, "and, what is a little odd, he doesn't especially admire me, or feel the least desire for a flirtation. It might be his grandmother he was talking to. All the better, it saves me a deal of trouble."

But in spite of this philosophical reflection, Miss Crandon was not displeased to find that in the arrangement of the guests around the picnic feast so prettily spread beneath the balsamic evergreens, Captain Tom's seat was beside her own, and she graciously afforded him room upon the gray maud serving her as a carpet, a favor received with as much graceful *nonchalance* by the handsome sailor as if he had always breathed the air of the *salons*.

"Shouldn't you be making yourself generally useful, Captain Alwyn?" inquired Leila, a little piqued at his indifference to his privileges.

"Why, no, I don't think so," replied Tom, stretching himself into a luxurious attitude. "These girls are well accustomed to take care of themselves, and there are other men here. If I am in your way, however, I can retire."

"How absurd! Can you give me some coffee, do you think?"

And so, half agreeing, half jarring, the two made acquaintance, and found the business so entertaining that, when the company dispersed to swing, to gather the delicious mountain raspberries, to fish or to saunter, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that these two should still remain together, and saunter through the wood, until, arriving at a great rock overhanging the sea, they seated themselves in face of a lovely view, where island and water, and sky and floating gulls, and one white-winged vessel gliding before the wind, made up a picture to make an artist despair of imitation. The talk had come round to loves and hates, and the man was saying:

"Both are follies. Love, the most foolish of the two. I have known both as heartily as most men, and the love has burned itself out, leaving no capacity for further folly in that direction."

"And the hate?" asked Leila, curiously.

"The hate is burning hotter every day. I'm afraid sometimes to think of what alone would slake it."

"That is horrible, Captain Alwyn, and your look and voice are still more horrible."

"Excuse me. It's not the way of your silken world to indulge in such feelings, far less to announce them in the presence of ladies; but I, you know, come of another——"

"Don't sneer, please, but tell me, if you choose to do so, why you hate so bitterly. What, in your eyes, is the unpardonable crime?"

"Treachery—the crime of Judas, the villain who was trusted, and who betrayed his trust and sold his Friend with a kiss. Is there anything worse?"

Leila Crandon's face darkened swiftly, as if the question had penetrated some inner wound, and she answered, bitterly:

"No. There is nothing worse than to betray a trust."

"Well, then, I will tell you a story. There was a man, young, ardent, full of faith and hope, and confiding fully in those he loved, to do by him as he would have done by them. He loved a young girl, the only child of a widow, poor like himself, and he only waited for the time when, by his own toil—he was a seafaring man, by-the-way——"

"I understand who he was, yes."

"Well, he only waited for the time when he should be able to make a home both for the girl and her mother, who was delicate, and needing much comfort.

"He had a liberal offer to go upon a long voyage—a voyage consuming more than a year's time—but, with the proceeds, he would be able to marry, and after some

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hesitation he resolved to accept, in spite of the tears of his beloved, who vowed that she should die of grief in his absence, while the invalid mother complained of the suffering they must both endure in losing his care.

"To meet this last need, the simple-minded sailor finally resolved to call upon a friend, a man for whom he had once been able to do a considerable service, and who had many times declared that he could not rest until he found means of repaying the obligation.

"This he now had, for he was a lawyer by profession, lived in the same city with the widow and her daughter, and had no ties of family to interest him. I suspect he was himself engaged to be married, but he was so secretive, and I so afraid of prying, that, although we were intimate friends, I knew nothing of his affairs. He consented to go and live with the widow and her daughter, and to look after their affairs, helping them by advice, or in any way that seemed called for. And so the sailor left him, and went upon his voyage."

Here Captain Alwyn paused for a moment, and sat looking moodily out upon the waters, where the crisp waves curled before the noontide breeze, and the schooner crept stealthily in toward the shore.

Leila did not speak; her gaze was fixed also upon the sea, and the little vessel drifting toward them, and the light of other days burned gloomily and dully in her unseeing eyes. Alwyn resumed:

THE BOATMAN.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 530.

"Two or three letters came—little, simple, pretty love-letters, that the poor fool kissed and cherished as so much proof of his innocent darling's constant love, and then a letter from the lawyer saying that a distant relative of the girl's was dead, and she was his heiress; one or two more from herself, and then nothing.

"It was because his vessel had been so delayed by contrary winds and accident, the sailor told himself; nothing was more uncertain than correspondence when one was afloat; of course his Mamie had written, and of course the friend was caring for her, and all was right. But still those days and nights in the calm tropic seas were very long, and the anxiety, as each port drew near, was very sickening, and the disappointment in finding no letters was very keen.

"At last the course lay homeward; the Atlantic slipped behind us league by league, port was reached, the formalities of landing passed, the vessel delivered into the owner's hands, and then the poor trusting fool was at liberty to fly to his beloved.

"They were all gone from the old house; but a letter was awaiting him—a letter from the—the Judas-friend. You can guess its contents, I dare say. Yes, the mother had died, the girl was alone; she found that she had mistaken her feelings toward me—toward the sailor, I mean—and the amount of all the rest of the fine phrases was, that they were married—had been married two months, or more—and that both felt it would not be best to see their friend—yes, Miss Crandon, they had the audacity to use that word!—it would not be best to meet their friend just at present, until time had shown him that the change was all for the best, and that it had been no real harm to him, and so on, and so on, and they had left the city, and should spend, perhaps, a year in traveling. I can't repeat all the pitiful stuff, but that was the amount of it, and when I reached the end, and folded that letter to put carefully away, I folded into it an oath that shall yet be kept. That was five months ago yesterday, that day was, and I've been looking for them about all that time. A few weeks ago I came down here to see my brother, who is all that I have left of kith or kin; but I can't stay—it kills me to lie idle. I shall start again in a few days, and renew my search until I find them."

"And then?" asked Leila, breathlessly, and as if far more than curiosity in the affairs of a stranger prompted the question; Captain Tom made a gesture of impatience.

"Only fools and braggarts announce intentions such as mine, Miss Crandon. What do you see?"

For Leila's eyes were fixed in a half-terrified, half-incredulous stare upon some object beyond and behind her companion's head, and as he spoke he turned and looked in the same direction. He saw the schooner so prominent a point of beauty in the view, and now evidently making for the same landing where lay their own barge, while a group of pleasure-seekers clustering at the stern were evidently making ready to go ashore, probably with the same idea of picnicking and amusement.

Somewhat apart from the rest stood a man, one hand grasping a reed-point of the mainsail, his figure swaying easily with the movement of the craft, while, shading his eyes with the other hand, he scanned the scene before him.

It was upon this figure that Leila's eyes were fixed, and Captain Tom's followed them, rested there a moment, and then a change, swift and terrible, passed over his face, and even his figure, which contracted and intensified like that of a wild animal who suddenly beholds his prey.

"Armstrong!" whispered he, half rising, but Leila's grasp upon his arm detained him.

"I knew it was Bryce Armstrong who was your enemy," said she, in a hard, restrained voice. "But if you have cause to complain of him, I have more. He *was* engaged to a young girl before he abandoned her for the sake of stealing your love and her wealth, and that girl was called Leila Crandon. Your wrong is great, no doubt, but what is it to mine? You are a man; you can struggle, you can resent, you can revenge, or, at least, you can go out into the world, all over the world if you like, and so forget, while I—a girl—what is left to me but to sit down, disgraced, tarnished, set aside and abandoned, the jeer and scoff of those who envied me before, my whole life blighted, and yet without the privilege of complaint, or even of open suffering—bound to affect carelessness and gayety and ease, no matter what may lie just beneath the surface. No; your wrongs, your sufferings, are nothing to mine, and by their merit I claim this man as my own. You shall not touch him. Come, let us retreat before he sees us."

A SLOVACK GIRL.

She quietly withdrew from the rock, and, retreating just within the shelter of the grove, stood watching the passengers of the schooner as they came ashore by means of a lifeboat. The man she called Bryce Armstrong lingered beside a figure reclining upon some shawls piled on deck. Upon this figure Captain Tom's eyes fixed hungrily, but it was impossible to distinguish the features sheltered beneath a thick vail.

"It is—it must be—his wife. He would not be bending over another woman in that fashion—not quite yet, surely," said he, mechanically obeying Leila's movement. "But even so, you would excuse and shelter him, I suppose. You women are so forgiving."

"Forgiving, do you call it? If I could choose, I would rather one I had loved should strike me dead at his feet than forgive me in the spirit I forgave that man!" said Leila, with such concentrated scorn in her voice that it roused the man beside her to a momentary forgetfulness of his own hurt.

"Yes," said he, steadily regarding her, "I believe your pity would be harder to bear than your hate. But pity will not do the work for me that must be done before I can rest."

"Thank God, he is not coming on shore! He remains beside his wife, as a loving husband should," said Leila, in a voice oddly compounded of relief and scorn. "Captain Alwyn, you will not attempt to go out there?"

"No, Miss Crandon; I can wait a few hours longer after waiting many weeks and months. If he stays aboard the schooner we shall not meet to-day. Will you rejoin Mrs. Alwyn?"

He offered his arm, and led Leila back to the shaded nook where his sister-in-law sat, placidly knitting and chatting with such members of the company as chose to rest rather than ramble. Leila seated herself, and Tom threw himself upon the grass beside her, drew his hat over his eyes, and seemed to doze.

Presently some of the others joined them, including Mr. Alwyn, who proposed a party to visit the lighthouse. Leila, too restless in mind to be quiet in body, accepted the idea eagerly, and Tom silently rose to accompany her. Both, as they came out in sight of the cove where lay the schooner, glanced eagerly in her direction. The languid figure still reposed upon the shawls, under an impromptu awning, and beside it sat Bryce Armstrong, apparently reading aloud.

Leila heaved a sigh of relief, her companion one of impatience, but neither spoke, and the little party of five or six climbed the pretty woodland path toward the lighthouse, the bright dresses of the girls shining out from the evergreen shadows like the plumage of stray tropical birds. Beyond the wood lay a barren, rocky field, with the path to the lighthouse running through it, and as they emerged upon this the climbers, for the first time, became aware of the intense heat of the day, from which they had hitherto been sheltered by the grove. It had been very warm during the sail, in spite of the fresh breeze; but now, at about two o'clock, when the wind took its noonday *siesta*, and the sun had reached his height of fullest power, his rays beat down upon the bare rocks and the unshaded lighthouse with a furnace-like glare exceeding anything Leila, at least, remembered feeling before. She grew sick and faint, and, arriving at the lighthouse, declared that she could not think of ascending the stairs to the lantern, but would wait in the dwelling-house below while the others went up and returned.

The knock upon the door was answered by a weary-looking, middle-aged woman, with the anxious look in her eyes so usually accompanying deafness; and her first act, upon seeing the strangers, was to raise an old-fashioned ear-trumpet to her ear, saying, at the same time:

"Excuse me, but I can't hear a word without my trumpet. Did you want to see my husband?"

"No, ma'am; but we'd like to go up in the lighthouse, if you've no objection," replied Mr. Alwyn, adding: "I've been here several times before, but I always saw Captain Bruce—your husband, I suppose?"

"Yes. He met with an accident yesterday, and is confined to his bed; and my daughter, she's gone off to get help; and we've sent for John to come home and see to the light; but just now there's no one, only me, and he's in bed and can't stir hand nor foot. I went up in the lantern this morning to put out the light, and I see that the curtains was awful dirty, and so I took them down and am going to wash 'em, and I don't know but it'll be kind o' hot up there, the sun blazing so fierce right onto the glass; but you can go up and see, if you've a mind to. You've been up, mister, so you'll know how to lift the trap at the head of the stairs, and shut it when you're all in, or you won't have room to stand."

"Yes, yes, I know," replied Mr. Alwyn, cheerily. "We'll take a look up there, some of us. Miss Leila, I suppose you'll go in and sit down with Mrs. ——"

"No, no," hastily interposed Leila, as the deaf woman stood patiently looking from one to another, waiting until some one should again address her. "I won't trouble her, with her sick husband. I'll sit down in the woods and wait."

"There's a real pretty spot just beyond here, where those flowers grow you liked so much," said one of the girls, shyly. "And I'll go down there with you, if you've a mind to. I don't want to go up in the lantern."

"Thank you," replied Leila, cordially. "I should like, of all things, to gather some linnæa, and we may find some ferns. Don't wait for us, Captain Alwyn. We will look for our flowers, and pick our way back to the party at our leisure."

Captain Tom acquiesced with a silent bow, and as Leila and her new friend passed on to the woods beyond the lighthouse, he, with his brother and the two remaining girls, began the ascent of the lighthouse-stairs.

They terminated close beneath an iron trapdoor, and the elder Alwyn, raising it upon his brawny shoulders, clambered up into the lantern, followed by the girls, who exclaimed aloud as they were landed upon the iron floor beside their guide:

"Oh, my! oh, fury! Ain't it hot up here! Oh, Maria! don't it make you kind o' sick—so hot and glary?"

"It does so," responded Maria, putting her hands over her eyes, while Tom Alwyn, leaping up the last step, closed the trapdoor and stood upon it, laughing maliciously.

The effect was, indeed, terrific. Through the uncurtained windows poured the fervent rays of the midday sun, and striking the prisms and lenses of the Fresnel lamps in the centre of the place, were collected into more than one focus of concentrated heat and light, equal to burning-glasses of prodigious power.

The walls, ceiling and floor of the little chamber were all of iron, and from each of the heated metals radiated a glow, as if fire lay close behind. Even the floor was burning beneath the tread, and after something less than a moment of imprisonment, one of the girls turned so ghastly white that Captain Tom hastened to open the scuttle and lift her down the stairs into a cooler atmosphere.

"A man wouldn't live many minutes there!" exclaimed his brother, following as rapidly as gallantry to the other lady would permit. "Mrs. Bruce hadn't ought to take the curtains down such weather as this, if they were dirty."

"That's so. I'd ha' thought she'd ha'd known better," declared fair Maria, with much asperity, and the little party hastened down to the outer air.

Mrs. Bruce was nowhere to be seen, and Captain Tom, locking the door of the tower, was about to hang the key upon the nail whence he had seen it taken, when a glance toward the bay, shining almost at their feet, made him pause, turn suddenly greenish-pale, and hurriedly say to his brother:

"Go on with the girls, Mark, and I'll wait for Miss Crandon and Sally Burt."

"All right; but don't let Miss Leila go up into that furnace. It would be the death of her," said kindly Mark Alwyn, with an anxious glance in the direction Leila had taken.

Captain Tom muttered a reply and strode away, but no sooner were the figures of his brother and the two girls hidden by the undergrowth of the grove than he hastened back to the lighthouse, quietly stepped into the passage and changed his coat for a sou'west jacket hanging upon a peg, took the bandanna handkerchief from its pocket and bound it carefully around the lower part of his face, and pulled a big tarpaulin hat, also hanging upon the pegs, well over his forehead. Thus accoutred, he sat down upon the sunny doorstep of the house, his face leaning upon his hands, as if suffering from toothache and shivering with its incidental ague.

A slow and careless step crackled upon the sun-dried twigs of the field-path, and fierce joy shone in the downcast eyes of the man who sat waiting for his prey. The step came on, paused, and a shadow fell upon the sunny slope at the foot of the step. Captain Tom did not raise his head, but groaned impatiently.

"Good-morning, sir. Can I see the lighthouse?" asked a cultured, cunning voice, whose tones thrilled over the hardy seaman's nerves as the dentist's file over an inflamed tooth. Half glancing up, he muttered, surlily:

"Yes, I suppose so. I'm just about crazy with the toothache, and chills into the bargain, but I'll go up."

He rose as he spoke, and led the way, keeping his bandaged face turned as much as possible from the tall, slight, foxy-faced man who followed him, scarcely noticing the surly guide, for whose sufferings he felt no sympathy, and whose services he expected to repay.

Lifting the trap as he reached it, Tom stood aside, allowed the visitor to pass him, then followed up into the lantern, dropped the scuttle, and stood upon it. Blinded by the excessive light after the darkness of the passage, and stifled by the consummate heat of the place, the visitor placed his hand for a moment before his eyes, gasping aloud for breath as he did so.

In that moment [the handkerchief torn from Captain Tom's face was swiftly bound across Bryce Armstrong's mouth; in the next his arms were forcibly bent behind his back and pinioned there by a bit of rope, afterward secured to one of the iron braces of the frame of the lantern.

So far, neither had spoken, and although Armstrong struggled desperately, it was in silence; nor did he even know his assailant until, as he lay firmly bound and panting convulsively upon the heated iron floor, his enemy stood before him, the hat removed, the face uncovered, and said:

"You know me now, don't you, Bryce Armstrong?"

A convulsive start, a change of color, a hollow murmur from the bandaged mouth said that he did, and Alwyn, with a gleam of satisfied revenge in his eyes, continued:

"Your life would be very small payment for the debt you owe me; but I am not going to take even that; I am only going to leave you here for a while—an hour or so, I hope, for this is the last place they will think of searching, after our report of it. It *is* warm, just a little, isn't it? I hope you won't get sunstroke, or apoplexy, or anything of that sort. After an hour or so, I shall go off to the schooner and tell Mrs. Armstrong where you are, and how I left you. I dare say she will send some one to release you. Good-by."

As he spoke he raised the trap, passed down, and shot beneath the bolt that held it in place. Then he ran quickly down-stairs, locked the outer door, and replaced the key, the hat and the jacket upon their pegs in the house-passage, resumed his own, and coming out, found Leila and her companion just coming toward the house from the woods.

He joined them, and led the way as rapidly as possible away from the lighthouse, for his strained ear fancied to hear the muffled cries of his victim reverberating down the hollow of the stone tower, and he dreaded lest Leila's quick ear should catch the sound. Were she once removed, he had little fear of immediate discovery, for the deaf wife of the lighthouse-keeper could hear nothing, he himself was confined to his bed, and nobody else was in the house or likely to visit it, as both their own party and the one from the schooner had already done so.

Half way through the grove they met Alwyn, senior, coming to announce that the tide was going, and it was necessary to get under way without delay.

"The schooner can wait a while longer," added he; "for her little boats can get off at any time. Did that gentleman go up into the lighthouse, Tom?"

"What gentleman, Mr. Alwyn?" asked Leila, whose keen eyes had already told her that, although the slight figure lay among its wraps upon the deck of the schooner, the one seated beside it had disappeared.

"Why, the fellow that didn't come ashore with the others at first from the schooner. He hailed the boat a while back, and was set ashore, and we met him coming up toward the lighthouse when we were going down. He asked something about it, and I told him we'd just been up, but it was so everlasting hot and glary I didn't advise him to try it. He smiled in a conceited sort of way, as if he knew a lot the best, and went on."

"Did you see anything of him, Tom?"

"I saw a stranger in the woods," replied Captain Alwyn, briefly, and then with a bold leap down the face of the rock reached the sands, and kept along them to the spot where the boats lay. A few moments later, as he sat sullenly upon a boulder washed on three sides by salt-water, a light figure sprang to a place beside him.

"Miss Crandon!" exclaimed he.

"Yes. I must know what you know of that man!"

"What man?"

"There is no time for folly; answer me, God hearing you. Did you meet Bryce Armstrong in the wood?"

"No."

"But you met. You know where he is? Something has happened between you! Tell me, Captain Alwyn. Oh, do not keep me in suspense!"

Her manner was so imperious, her eyes so searching, her voice so penetrating, that Captain Tom shrank before them as he had never shrank before mortal, and his face was more than guilty, his manner almost cowardly, as he sought to evade the inquiring eyes so resolutely bent upon him.

"He was going to the lighthouse, your brother said," resumed Leila, watching the effect of every word. "And he did not go beyond, or we must have seen him. You remained at the lighthouse, you must have met him there. Did he go up into the lighthouse? Did you lie in wait for him there? Answer me, Captain Alwyn?"

"I will not answer you, Miss Crandon. Why should I? Are you the keeper of that woman's husband?"

He pointed as he spoke across the little reach of water to the schooner against whose low bulwark now leaned a sitting figure, looking toward the shore. At sight of him, Leila Crandon's face grew hard and cold, and she muttered, half aloud:

"To be sure. Why does not she look out for him? Why should I?"

"VANITY."

She turned to leave the rock, then suddenly turned back, answering her own question:

"Because he is our enemy, his life is sacred from our vengeance That is why you shall not harm him—that is why I must know that he is safe from you. Where is he?"

"I shall not tell you," replied Alwyn, sullenly, but his unconscious glance told for him, and Leila's quick brain caught and translated the glance.

"He is up there! You have entrapped him into that furnace they told me of, and you have left him there to die! Oh, shame, shame!"

She sprang away as she spoke, and Alwyn did not try to stop her. Slowly he followed. Swift as a doe she fled up the rocky path, through the wood, and across the barren field, where the sun blazed down so pitilessly, until she stood, breathless, upon the step of the tower, the latch of the locked door in her hand. The key? Yes, she had seen Alwyn placing it upon a nail in the passage of the house, as they came forward to the door—that and a hat; but, no matter now—the key! the key! Yes, here it was, just as she had seen it in that unconscious glance, and in another moment it was fitted to the lock, the bolt turned heavily, the door lay open, with the dark stairs beyond, and at the head the heavy iron trap—so heavy for her feeble strength; but, inch by inch, she raised it, placed her shoulders beneath, bore it up and laid it back against the wall, gasped as she breathed the first wave of the deathly heat, then sprang forward to the prostrate figure lying as one dead close beneath the concentrated rays of the Fresnel.

She snatched the bandage from his mouth, but the cord binding the arms was so stubborn for her little fingers, and the man showed no sign of life! She could not wait to call help. The windows? They were immovable!

She doubled her fist and smote one of them sharply, but the thick glass was stronger than that puny weapon. She glanced about her—nothing in sight, and she stamped with vexation. The click of the brass heel upon the iron floor shot, like an inspiration, through her brain, and in an instant she had torn off the boot and applied the little heel so sharply to the thick plate that it shivered beneath the stroke, and the free air came rushing through in a life-giving torrent.

The senseless form stirred as the delicious wave smote upon his lips, and the slow tread of a man's foot below gave additional assurance of succor.

It was Captain Tom, and, as his head appeared above the floor, Leila pointed to the body:

"Take him down to the air—get water—do all that you can to revive him. I shall say nothing to any one, nor are you to say that I was here."

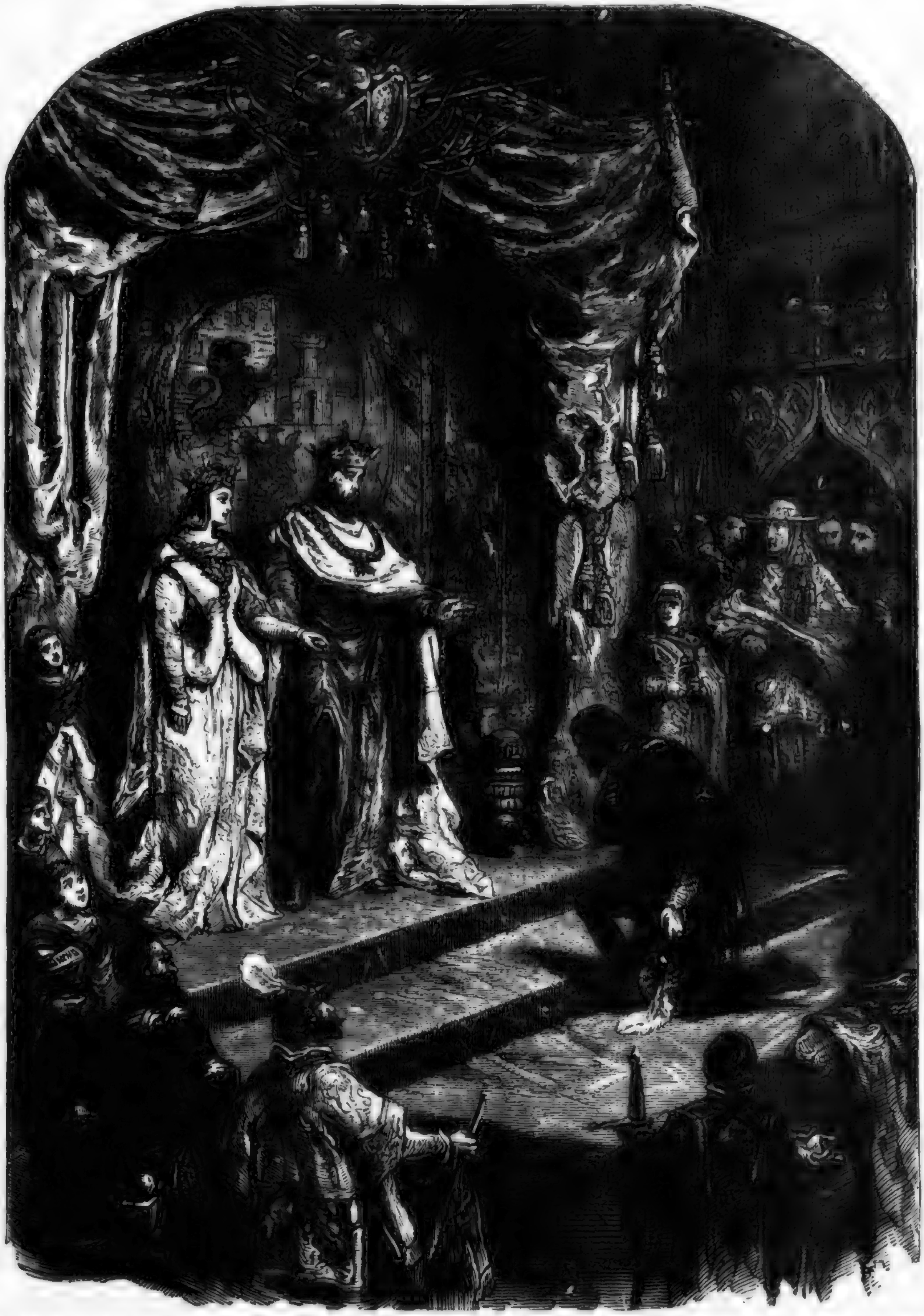
Then she fled down the stairs and into the wood, body and soul alike sick and overwrought.

Alwyn mutely and minutely obeyed her parting injunctions, and when his enemy once more stood, pale and tremulous, but safe, before him, he said:

"I didn't care whether you died up there or not. It was all the same as a murder. You may take any revenge you like, or can get a chance for. You owe your life only to a woman's pity, and that pity is so full of scorn, it's as bitter as my hate. What will you do?"

Bryce Armstrong stood for a moment glaring at his enemy with impotent rage and revenge; but the craven heart within was more powerful in its fear than all other emotions, and after a little he pushed past with an impatient gesture and some muttered, unheard words, and was gone.

Captain Alwyn followed slowly. His friends were already embarking, and he stepped silently into the boat. As they left the shore they saw that the schooner also was getting under way, and presently stood off on her own course.



THE ADVENTURES OF BOLD ALONZO DE OJEDA.—RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS BY FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Half way home Leila Crandon, for the first time, spoke to Captain Alwyn, who sat silently beside her.

"He has felt your hate and my pity. I wonder which will sting the deepest, or last the longest?" said she.

"God protect me from the last, now and ever," replied Alwyn, and then both relapsed into that silence so much more eloquent than words.

THE ADVENTURES OF BOLD ALONZO DE OJEDA.

The Treaty of Columbus with Ferdinand and Isabella was, in a sense, signed with the same pen that had subscribed to the capitulation of Granada; while not a few of the cavaliers who had fought in that memorable war crowded the ships of the discoverers, firmly believing that a grand new field of arms had opened to them.

Alonzo de Ojeda, a native of New Castile, was one of this numerous class. He had fought against the Moors when a youth, and had accompanied Columbus on his second voyage when only twenty-one years of age. One of his relatives, a Dominican friar, was one of the first inquisitors of Spain, and was an intimate of the Bishop of Fonseca, who had the chief management of the affairs of the Indies, which then included all the countries as yet known in the New World.

Ojeda, therefore, was naturally and easily introduced to the bishop's notice, who took him under his special protection. When he had accompanied Columbus he had taken with him a small Flemish painting of the Holy Virgin, presented to him by Fonseca, and this he had always carried with him as a protecting charm, invoking her at all times of peril; while to its possession he attributed his hitherto wonderful immunity from harm. When Columbus returned from his third voyage, with the news of rich discoveries, especially of the pearl-fisheries of Paria, Ojeda had no difficulty in obtaining from the bishop a commission authorizing him to fit out an armament and proceed on a voyage of discovery.

It does not appear that the sanction of the king and queen was asked on this occasion. The means were readily supplied by merchants of Seville. Among his associates were several men who had just returned with Columbus, principal among whom was a bold Biscayan, Juan de la Cosa by name. Amerigo Vespucci, the man from whose first name the title of America is derived, a broken-down Florentine merchant, accompanied the expedition. It does not appear that he had any interest in the voyage, or even position on board the ships. Ojeda sailed from Spain on the 20th May, 1499.

After touching at the Canaries, he made, for those days, a rapid voyage to America. In twenty-four days from leaving the islands he reached the New World, at a part of the coast considerably south of that discovered by Columbus, and after a little passed the mouths of several large rivers, including those of the Orinoco and Esquivo, rivers which freshen the seawater for many miles outside. They afterward touched at the Island of Trinidad, of the inhabitants of which Vespucci gives a number of details. He tells us that they believed in no religious creed, and therefore neither prayed nor offered sacrifice. Their habitations were practically caravansaries, built in the shape of bells (meaning, doubtless, with bell-shaped roofs), each holding from 600 to over 1,000 inhabitants. He adds that every seven or eight years the inhabitants were obliged to change their residences, from the maladies engendered by such close packing. They ornamented themselves with beads and ornaments made from the bones of fishes, with white and green stones strung together as necklaces, and with the feathers of tropical birds. They buried their dead in caverns or sepulchres, always leaving a jar of water and something to eat by the head of the corpse, as do some tribes to-day.

At Maracapana, on the mainland, the natives were friendly, and brought quantities of fish, venison, and cassava bread. They anxiously besought the Spaniards to aid them in punishing their enemies, the cannibals of a distant isle, and Ojeda seems to have rather liked the proposition.

Taking seven of the natives on board his vessel to act as guides, he set sail in quest of these cannibal islands, which are believed to have been the Caribs. After seven days he ran his vessels in near the shore of one which the guides indicated to be the habitation of their cruel foes, and a number of painted and befeathered warriors were seen on the shore, well-armed with bows and arrows, darts, lances and bucklers.

This show of war was calculated to rouse the martial spirit of Ojeda. He brought his ships to anchor, ordered out his boats, and provided each with a paterero or small cannon. Besides the oarsmen, each boat contained a number of soldiers, who were told to crouch out of sight in the bottom.

The boats then pulled in steadily for the shore. As they approached, the Indians let fly a cloud of arrows, but without much effect. Seeing the boats continue to advance, the savages threw themselves into the sea, and brandished their lances to prevent their landing. Upon this the soldiers sprang up in the boats and discharged the patereros. At the sound and smoke of these unknown weapons the savages abandoned the water in affright, while Ojeda and his men leaped on shore and pursued them. The Carib warriors rallied on the banks, and fought for a long time with that courage peculiar to their race, but were at length driven to the woods at the edge of the sword, leaving many killed and wounded on the field of battle.

Next day a larger number of the savages gathered on the beach, but, after a desperate fight, were routed, their houses burned, and many taken prisoners, which was probably Ojeda's principal object in attacking them. Many similar experiences followed, but in all cases, as might be expected, the Spaniards came out conquerors, scarcely any of their men being even seriously wounded. At one place over 1,000 Indians came off in canoes or swam from shore, so that in a little while the vessel's decks were crowded. While they were gazing in wonder at all they saw on board, Ojeda ordered the cannon to be discharged, at the unaccustomed sound of which they "plunged into the water like so many frogs from a bank."

Ojeda returned to Cadiz in June, 1500, his ships packed with slaves. But the commercial results of the voyage, after allowing for expenses, were so small that only about 500 ducats remained to be divided between fifty-five adventurers.

Alonzo de Ojeda had gained nothing by his first voyage, but had earned an honorable reputation as an explorer. His patron, the bishop, recommended him in 1502 once more to the royal favor, and a grant was made to him of a considerable tract of land in Hispaniola, and the government of the province of Coquebacao, which territory he had discovered.

Four vessels were fitted out, and, to pass over minor details, reached a part of the South American coast called by the natives Cumana, where the idea struck Ojeda that he should want furniture and utensils for his new colony, "and that it would be better to pillage them from a

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country where he was a mere transient visitor, than to wrest them from his neighbors in the territory where he was to set up his government."

This scheme was carried into immediate execution, Ojeda ordering his men not to destroy the habitations of the Indians, nor to commit bloodshed. His followers, however, did not implicitly obey his instructions, and seven or eight natives were killed and many more wounded in the skirmish which took place. Many of their dwellings were fired. A large number of hammocks, quantities of cotton, and utensils of various kinds, fell into the victors' hands, and they captured several females, some of whom were afterward ransomed for gold, and others carried off. The place was found destitute of provisions, and Ojeda was forced to send one of his vessels to Jamaica for supplies.

Ojeda at length arrived at Coquebacao, landing at a bay supposed to be that now known as Bahia Honda, where he found a Spaniard who had been living among the natives some thirteen months, and had acquired their language. Ojeda determined to form his settlement there, but the natives seemed disposed to defend their country, for "the moment a party landed to procure water they were assailed by a galling shower of arrows, and driven back to the ships. Upon this Ojeda landed with all his force, and struck such terror into the Indians that they came forward with signs of amity, and brought a considerable quantity of gold as a peace-offering, which was graciously accepted."

The construction of the fortress was at once commenced, and although interrupted by the attack of a neighboring cacique, who was, however, easily defeated, Ojeda's men completed it speedily. It contained a magazine of provisions, dealt out twice a day, and was defended by cannon. The treasure gained in trade, or by robbery, was deposited in a strong-box with double locks.

Meantime provisions were becoming scarce, while the vessel which had been dispatched to Jamaica for supplies did not appear. "The people, worn out with labors and privations of various kinds, and disgusted with the situation of the settlement, which was in a poor and unhealthy country, grew discontented and factious. They began to fear that they should lose the means of departing, as their vessels were in danger of being destroyed by the marine worms. Ojeda led them forth repeatedly upon foraging parties about the adjacent country, and collected some provisions and booty in the Indian villages. The provisions he deposited in the magazine, part of the spoil he divided among his followers, and the gold he locked up in the strong-box, the keys of which he took possession of, to the great displeasure of the supervisor and his associate Ocampo. The murmurs of the people grew loud as their sufferings increased. They insinuated that Ojeda had no authority over this part of the coast, having passed the boundaries of his government, and formed his settlement in the country discovered by Bastides. By the time Vergara arrived from Jamaica the factions of this petty colony had risen to an alarming height. Ocampo had a personal enmity to the governor, arising probably from some feud about the strong-box; and being a particular friend of Vergara, he held a private conference with him, and laid a plan to entrap the doughty Ojeda. In pursuance of this the latter was invited on board the caravel of Vergara, to see the provisions he had brought from Jamaica; but no sooner was he on board than they charged him with having transgressed the limits of his government, with having provoked the hostility of the Indians, and needlessly sacrificed the lives of his followers, and, above all, with having taken possession of the strong-box, in contempt of the authority of the royal supervisor, and with the intention of appropriating to himself all the gains of the enterprise. They informed him, therefore, of their intention to convey him a prisoner to Hispaniola, to answer to the governor for his offenses."

Ojeda was entrapped, and scarcely knew what to do. He proposed to Vergara and Ocampo that they should return to Spain with such of the men as were tired of the enterprise; and they at first agreed with this, and promised to leave him the smallest of the vessels, and a third of the provisions and spoils. They even engaged to build him a rowboat before leaving, and commenced the work; but the ship-carpenters were invalids, and there were no calkers, and the two conspirators soon changed their minds, and resolved to take him prisoner to Hispaniola. He was put in irons, and the vessel set sail, having on board the whole of the little community, as well as that strong-box of gold and treasure, the disputed possession of which was at the bottom of most of this trouble.

Arrived off the desired coast, Ojeda made a bold struggle for liberty. He was a strong man and a good swimmer, so one night he let himself down quietly into the sea, and made an attempt to reach the land. But while his arms were free, his feet were shackled with heavy iron, sufficient in itself almost to sink him. He had not got far when he was obliged to shout for help, and the unfortunate governor was brought back half drowned to his unrelenting partners.

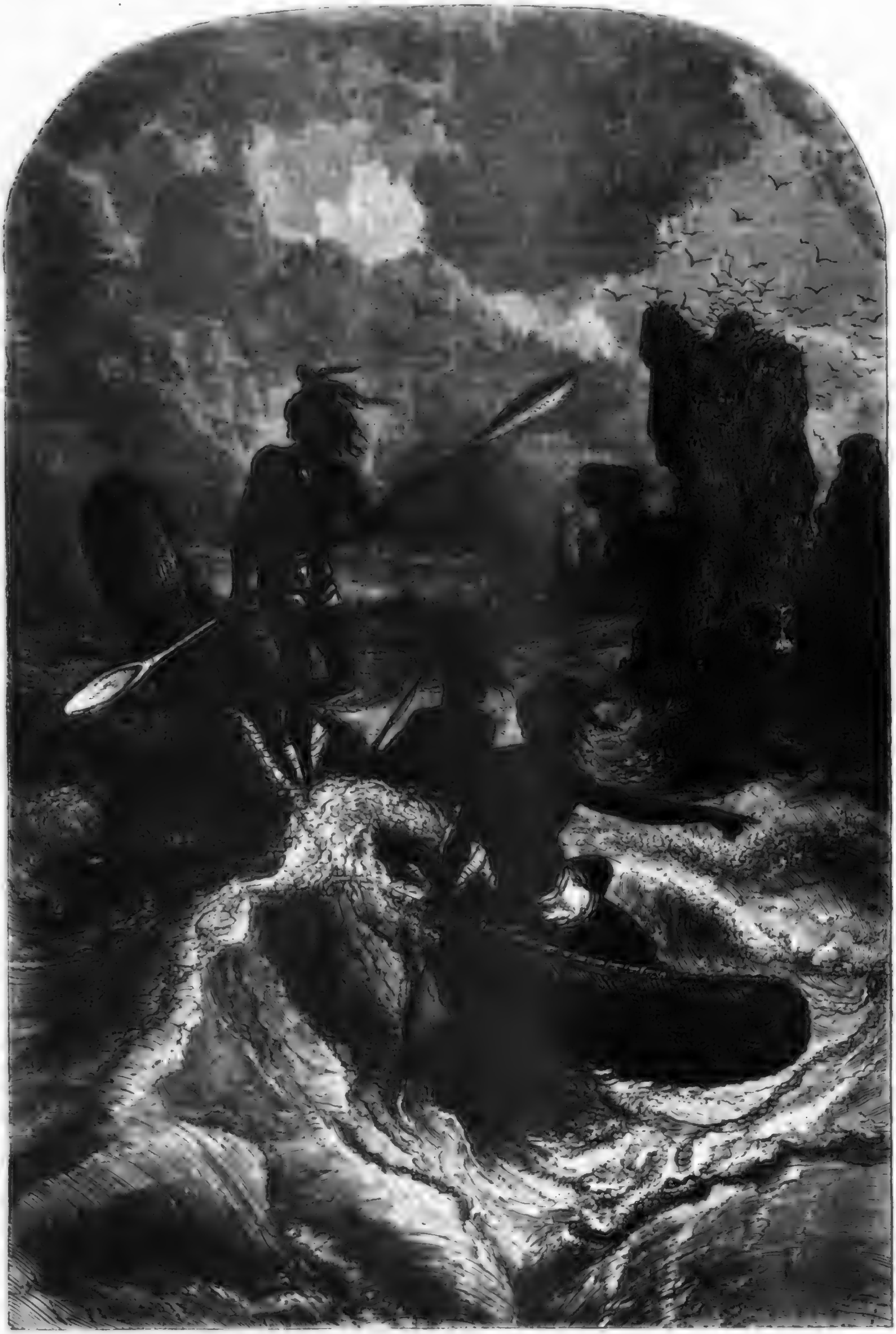
They delivered him a prisoner into the hands of the authorities, but held fast to the strong-box, taking from it, Ojeda afterward stated, whatever they thought proper, without regard to the royal supervisor or the royal rights. Ojeda was tried in the City of San Domingo, where the chief-judge gave a verdict against him, depriving him of all his effects, and brought him in debt to the crown. He afterward appealed to the crown, and after some time was honorably acquitted by the royal council, and his property ordered to be restored.

Like too many other litigants, he finally emerged from the labyrinths of the law a triumphant client, but a ruined man. Costs had swallowed his all, and for years we know little of his life.

In 1508 he was in Hispaniola, "as poor in purse, though as proud in spirit, as ever." About this period there was a great excitement in Spain concerning the gold mines of Veragua, first discovered by Columbus, and described in glowing terms by subsequent voyagers. King Ferdinand should in honor have given Bartholomew, the brother of Christopher Columbus, the command of any expedition sent out to that country, but he appears to have thought that the family had received reward enough, and more than enough already, so the claims of Ojeda were advanced by his friend, the Bishop Fonseca, and the king lent a favoring ear.

There was, however, a rival candidate in the field, one Diego de Nicuesa, an accomplished courtier of noble birth and considerable means, and the king compromised matters by granting both equal "patents and dignities which cost nothing, and might bring rich returns." He divided the territory they were to explore equally; and this is all, for they were to furnish their own ships and supplies.

Poor Ojeda had no means whatever, but at this juncture he fortunately met the veteran Juan de la Cosa in Hispaniola, and that hardy old navigator had managed to fill his purse in the course of his cruising. La Cosa had, as we know, sailed with Ojeda long before and had a



CARIBS IN THEIR CANOES.

great admiration of his courage and talents, so in the spirit of a true sailor he now offered assistance to his old comrade, and it was so arranged that he should go to Spain, and if necessary should fit out the required vessels at his own expense.

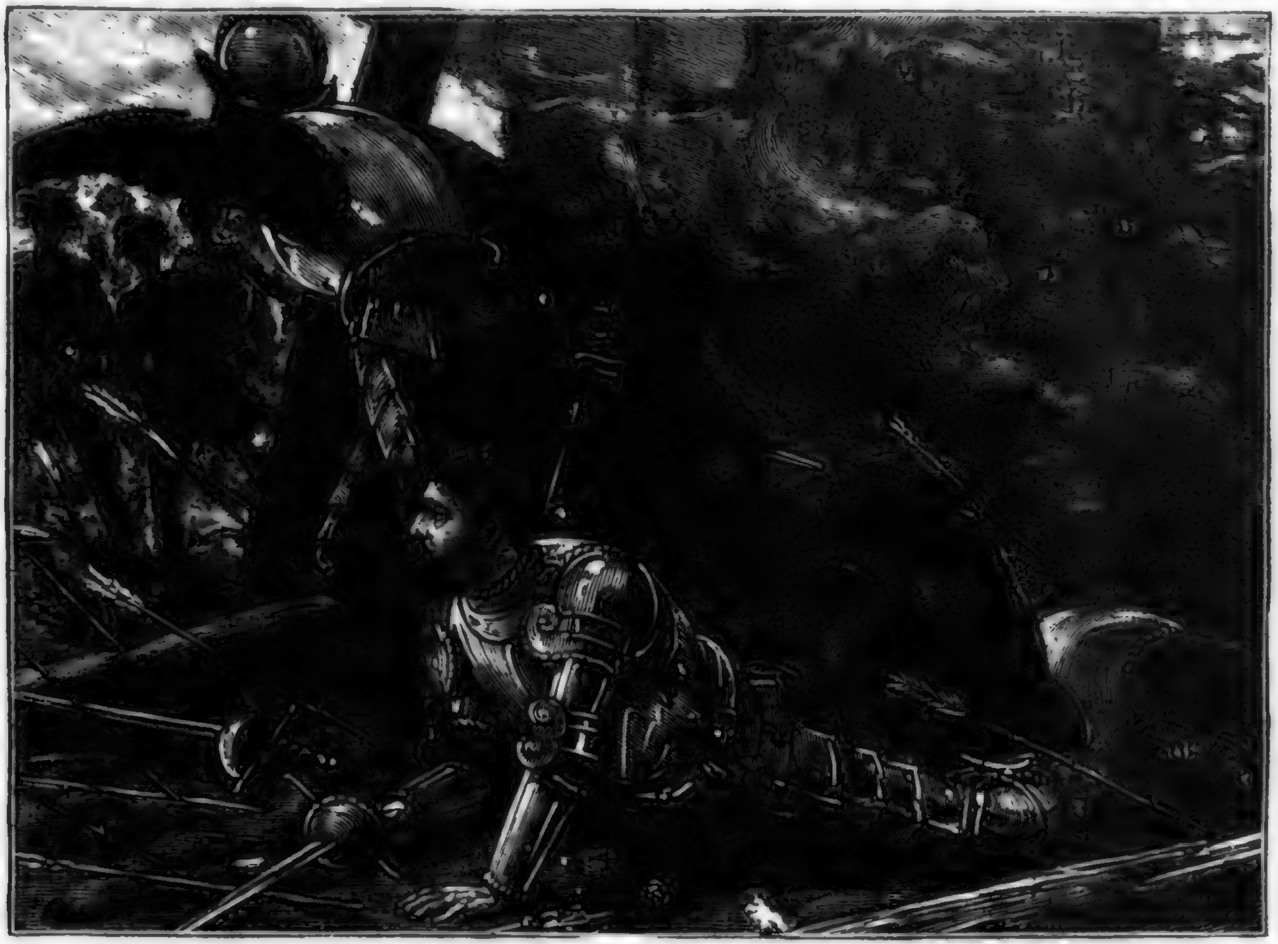
Juan de la Cosa, soon after reaching Spain, was appointed lieutenant, under Ojeda, and he thereupon freighted a ship and two brigantines, in which he embarked with about 200 men. It was a slender armament, but the purse of the honest voyager was not very deep, and that of Ojeda was empty. Nicuesa was able to start in much more gallant style, with four large vessels and two brigantines.

The rival armaments arrived at San Domingo at about the same time, Nicuesa having done a stroke of business on the way by capturing 100 natives from one of the Caribbee Islands. This was deemed justifiable in those days even by the most scrupulous divines, from the belief that the Caribs were anthropophagi, or man-eaters ; fortunately the opinion of mankind in this more enlightened age makes but little difference in atrocity between the cannibal and the kidnapper.

It needly scarcely be said that Ojeda was overjoyed at the sight of his old comrade, although he was mortified to note the superiority of Nicuesa's armament to his own. He, however, looking about him for the means of increasing his strength, was so far fortunate that he succeeded in inducing a lawyer, the Bachelor Martin Fernandez de Enciso, who had saved 200,000 castillanos, to invest his money in the enterprise. Ojeda promised to make him Alcalde Mayor, or Chief-judge, and the prospect of such dignity dazzled the notary. It was arranged that the latter should remain in Hispaniola to beat up recruits and supplies, and with them he was to follow in a ship purchased by himself.

Two rival governors so well matched as Ojeda and Nicuesa, and both possessed of swelling spirits, pent up in small but active bodies, could not remain long in a little place like San Domingo without some collision. The Island of Jamaica, which had been assigned to them in common, furnished the first ground of contention ; the Province of Darien furnished another, each pretending to include it within the limits of his jurisdiction. Their disputes on these points ran so high that the whole place resounded with them. Nicuesa was the better talker, having been brought up at court, while Ojeda was no great casuist. He was, however, an excellent swordsman, and always ready to fight his way through any question of right or dignity, and he challenged Nicuesa to single combat.

Nicuesa was no coward, but as a man of the world saw the folly of such a proceeding, so he slyly proposed that they should each deposit 5,000 castillanos—just to make the fight interesting—and to constitute a prize for the winner. This rather checked poor Ojeda, who had not a dollar he could call his own ; but his cool and discreet friend Cosa had a considerable amount of trouble with him afterward, before he could bring him to reason. The character of Cosa, as we shall see hereafter, was a noble one. He was Ojeda's best counselor and truest friend.



THE DEATH OF LA COSA.

Nicuesa remained some time in San Domingo after the sailing of his rival's fleet, obtaining so many volunteers that he had to purchase another ship to convey them. That commander was much more the courtier than the man of business, and expended his money so freely that in the end he found himself seriously involved. Some of his creditors, knowing that his expedition was not favorably regarded by the governor, Admiral Don Diego Columbus, threw every obstacle in the way of his departure, and never was an unfortunate debtor more harassed by duns, most of whom he managed, however, to satisfy or mollify.

His forces, which now numbered 700 men, were safely embarked, but just as he was stepping into his boat he was arrested for a debt of 500 ducats, and carried before the Alcalde Mayor. This was a thunderstroke to the unfortunate cavalier. In vain he represented his utter incapacity to furnish such a sum at the moment ; in vain he represented the ruin that would accrue to himself and the vast injury to the public service, should he be prevented from joining his expedition.

The Alcalde Mayor was inflexible, and Nicuesa was reduced to despair. At this critical moment relief came from a most unexpected quarter. The heart of a public notary was melted by his distress ! He stepped forward in court, and declared that rather than see so gallant a gentleman reduced to extremity, he himself would pay down the money.

Nicuesa gazed at him with astonishment, and could scarce believe his senses ; but when he saw him actually pay off the debt, and found himself suddenly released from this dreadful embarrassment, he embraced his deliverer with tears of gratitude, and hastened with all speed to embark, lest some other legal spell should be laid upon his person.

Ojeda set sail from San Domingo on the 10th of November, 1509, with 300 men, among the adventurers being Francisco Pizarro, afterward the renowned conqueror of Peru. They arrived speedily at Carthagena, which harbor Cosa advised Ojeda to abandon, and commence a settlement in the Gulf of Uraba, where the natives were much less ferocious, and did not use poisoned weapons, as did those of the former place. Ojeda, however, was too high-spirited to alter his plans on account of any number of naked savages, and he landed with a considerable force, and several friars, who had been sent out to convert the natives, were ordered to read aloud a manifesto, which had been specially written by eminent divines and jurists in Spain. It was utterly thrown away on the savages, who immediately made demonstrations of a warlike kind.

Cosa once more begged Ojeda to leave these unfriendly shores, but in vain, and the latter, offering up a short prayer to the Virgin, led on a furious charge. Juan de Cosa followed in the bravest manner, although the assault was contrary to his advice. The Indians were soon driven off, and a number killed or taken prisoners, on whose persons plates of gold were found.

Flushed by this easy victory, he pursued them into the interior, followed as usual by his faithful though unwilling lieutenant. Having penetrated deep into the forest, they came to a stronghold of the enemy, where they were warmly received. Ojeda led his men on with the old Castilian warcry, "Santiago !" and in a few minutes the Indians took to flight. Eight of their bravest warriors threw themselves into a cabin, and plied their bows and arrows so vigorously that the Spaniards were kept at bay. Ojeda cried shame upon his followers to be daunted by eight naked men. Stung by this reproach, an old Castilian soldier rushed through a shower of arrows and forced the door of the cabin, but received a shaft through the heart and fell dead on the threshold. Ojeda, furious at the sight, ordered fire to be set to the combustible edifice ; in a moment it was in a blaze, and the eight warriors perished in the flames. Seventy prisoners were sent on board the ships.

Ojeda, still against the strongly expressed advice of Cosa, continued his pursuit, and he and his followers arrived at what appeared to be a deserted village. They had scattered in search of booty, when troops of savages, who had been concealed in the forest, surrounded them. The desperate valor and iron armor of the Spaniards availed little, for they were overwhelmed by numbers, and scattered into detached parties. Ojeda collected a few of his followers, and made a desperate resistance from the interior of a palisaded inclosure. Here he was closely besieged and galled by flights of arrows. He threw himself on his knees, covered himself with his buckler, and being small and active, managed to protect himself from the deadly shower, but all his companions were slain by his side, some of them perishing in frightful agonies.

At this fearful moment the veteran La Cosa, having heard of the peril of his commander, arrived with a few followers to his assistance. Stationing himself at the gate of the palisades, the brave Biscayan kept the savages at bay until most of his men were slain, and he himself was severely wounded. Just then Ojeda sprang forth like a tiger into the midst of the enemy, dealing his blows on every side. La Cosa would have seconded him, but was crippled by his wounds. He took refuge with the remnant of his men in an Indian cabin, the straw roof of which he aided them to throw off, lest the enemy should set it on fire. Here he defended himself until all his comrades but one were destroyed. The subtle poison of his wounds at length overpowered him, and he sank to the ground. Feeling death at hand, he called to his only surviving companion.

"Brother," said he, "since God hath protected thee from harm, sally forth and fly, and if thou shouldst see Alonzo de Ojeda, tell him of my fate !"

Thus perished one of the ablest of the Spanish explorers, and one of the most loyal of friends, a true counselor, and a warm-hearted partisan.

Meanwhile there was great alarm on the ships at the non-arrival of the seventy men who had ventured into the forests on this mad expedition. Parties were sent ashore and round the coasts, where they fired signal-guns and sounded trumpets, but in vain. At length some of them arrived at a great thicket of mangrove trees, amid the entanglements of which they caught a glimpse of a man in Spanish attire. Approaching, they found it was their commander, buckler on shoulder and sword in hand, but so weak with hunger and fatigue that he could not utter a word.

When he was a little revived by the fire they made on the shore, and the food and wine they gave him, he told the story of how he had escaped from the savage bands, how he had hidden every day, and struggled forward at night among rocks and thickets and matted forests till he reached the coast. As another proof of the special protection of the Virgin he showed them his buckler bearing the marks of three hundred arrows, while he received no wound whatever.

Just at this moment, the fleet of Nicuesa arrived, and Ojeda was much troubled in mind, remembering his late rash challenge. He ordered his men to return to the ships, and leave him on the shore till his rival should depart. Some of the men went to Nicuesa and entreated him not to take advantage of Ojeda's misfortunes. But there was no need for this, and Nicuesa blushed with indignation that they should think him a gentleman so unworthy the name.

He told them to bring their commander to him, and when they met he received his late foe with every show of friendship. "It is not," said he, "for hidalgoes, like men of vulgar souls, to remember past differences when they behold one another in distress. Henceforth, let all that has occurred between us be forgotten. Command me as a brother. Myself and my men are at your orders.

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to follow you wherever you please, until the deaths of Juan de la Cosa and his comrades are revenged."

This noble offer was not one of words only, and the two commanders became fast friends. Four hundred men, with several horses, were landed, and they approached the village, which had cost them seventy lives, in the dead of the night, their near approach being heralded by the numerous parrots making a great outcry in the woods.

The Indians paid no attention, however, believing that the Spaniards had been exterminated, and they found their village in flames before they took the alarm. The Spaniards either killed them at their doors or drove them back into the flames. The horses, which they supposed to be savage monsters, caused great alarm. The carnage was something fearful, for no quarter was given.

While ranging about in search of booty they found the body of La Cosa tied to a tree, swollen and discolored in a hideous manner by the poison of the Indian arrows.

"This dismal spectacle had such an effect upon the common men that not one would remain in that place during the night." The spoil in gold and other valuables was so great that the share of Nicuesa and his men amounted to $37,281.

Ojeda now, somewhat late in the day, took the advice of his late faithful lieutenant, and steered for the Gulf of Urba, where he formed a settlement which he named St. Sebastian. The Indians of the surrounding country proved unfriendly and hostile, and at length the invaders' provisions began to fail. "In one of their expeditions they were surprised by an ambuscade of savages in a gorge of the mountains, and attacked with such fury that they were completely routed, and pursued with yells and howling to the very gates of St. Sebastian. Many died in excruciating agony of their wounds, and others recovered with extreme difficulty. Those who were well no longer dared to venture forth in search of food, for the whole forest teemed with lurking foes. They devoured such herbs and roots as they could find without regard to their quality. Their bodies became corrupted, and various diseases, combined with the ravages of famine, daily thinned their numbers. The sentinel who feebly mounted guard at night was often found dead at his post in the morning. Some stretched themselves on the ground, and expired of mere famine and debility ; nor was death any longer regarded as an evil, but as a welcome relief from a life of horror and despair." Such is the chronicler's mournful account.

We have seen that Ojeda felt unbounded confidence in his charm—the picture of the Holy Virgin—and he had so long escaped unscathed that the Indians also believed him to bear a charmed life. They determined one day to test the question, and placed four of their most expert archers in ambush, with directions to single him out, while a number more advanced to the fort sounding their conches and drums, and yelling with hideous noises. Ojeda sallied forth to meet them, and the Indians fled to the ambuscade.

The archers waited till he was full in front, and then discharged their poisoned arrows. Three he warded off by his buckler, but the fourth pierced his thigh. Ojeda was carried back to the fort, more despondent than he had ever yet been, for his talisman seemed to have failed him, and thrilling pains shot through his body.

But he was not to be thus defeated. He caused two plates of iron to be made red-hot, and ordered a surgeon to apply them to each orifice of his wound. The surgeon, fearful that should he die the death would be laid at his door, shudderingly refused, whereupon Ojeda threatened to hang him if he did not obey, and he was obliged to comply. Ojeda refused to be held or tied down, and endured the agony without moving a muscle. The violent remedy so inflamed his system that he had to be wrapped in sheets steeped in vinegar to allay the fever, and it is said that a barrel of vinegar was consumed in this way. But he lived, and his wounds healed ; "the cold poison," says Las Casas, "was consumed by the vivid fire."

At this time their provisions were again becoming scarce, and the arrival of a strange ship, commanded by one Bernardino de Talavera, a desperate pirate, was welcomed, as it brought some relief, although supplies were only furnished for large prices in gold. Some dissatisfaction was expressed at the division of the food, and shortly afterward serious factions arose.

At last Ojeda volunteered to go himself to San Domingo in quest of necessary supplies, to which his followers agreed, and he embarked on board Talavera's ship. They had scarcely put to sea when a serious quarrel arose between the freebooter and Ojeda ; the latter, apparently, having acted on board as though he were commander instead of passenger. He was actually put in irons, where "he reviled Talavera and his gang as recreants, traitors, pirates, and offered to fight the whole of them successively, provided they would give a clear deck and come on two at a time."

They left him fuming and raging in his chains until a violent gale arose, and they bethought themselves that Ojeda was a skillful navigator. They then parleyed, offering him his liberty if he would pilot the ship, and he consented, but all his skill was unavailing, and he was obliged to run her on the southern coast of Cuba—then as yet uncolonized, except by runaway slaves from Hayti. Here they made a toilsome march through forests and morasses, crossing mountains and rivers, in a nearly starved condition. One morass, entangled by roots and creeping vines, and cut up by sloughs and creeks, occupied them thirty days to cross, at the end of which time only thirty-five men survived out of seventy that had left the ship.

At last they reached an Indian village. "The Indians gathered round and gazed at them with wonder, but when they learnt their story, they exhibited a humanity that would have done honor to the most professing Christians. They bore them to their dwellings, set meat and drink before them, and vied with each other in discharging the offices of the kindest humanity. Finding that a number of their companions were still in the morass, the cacique sent a large party of Indians with provisions for their relief, with orders to bring on their shoulders such as were too feeble to walk. . . . The Spaniards were brought to the village, succored, cherished, consoled, and almost worshiped as if they had been angels."

And now Ojeda prepared to carry out a vow he had made on his journey, that if saved, he would erect a little hermitage or oratory, with an altar, above which he would place the picture to which he attributed his wonderful escape.

The cacique listened with attention to his explanations regarding the beneficence of the Virgin, whom he represented as the mother of the Deity who reigned above, and acquired a profound veneration for the picture.

Long after, when Bishop Las Casas, who has recorded these facts, arrived at the same village, he found the chapel preserved with religious care. But when he offered—wishing to obtain possession of the relic—to exchange it for an image of the Virgin, the chief made an evasive reply, and next morning was missing, having fled with the picture in his possession. It was all in vain that Las Casas sent messages after him, "assuring him that he

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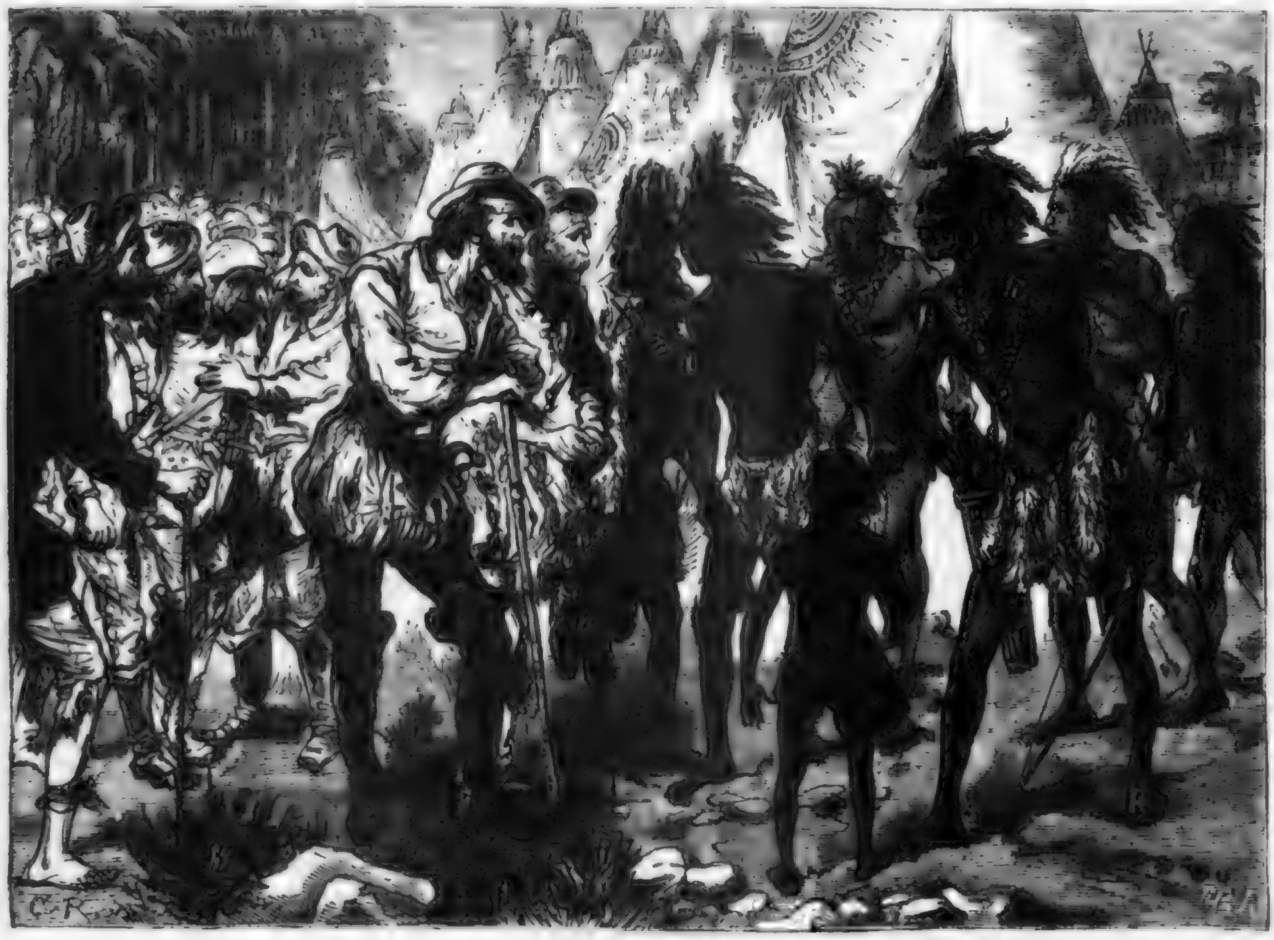
should not be deprived of the relic, but, on the contrary, that the image should likewise be presented to him." The cacique would not return to the village till he knew that the Spaniards had departed.

We find Ojeda next in Jamaica, and afterward in San Domingo, where he inquired earnestly after the Bachelor Enciso, who had, it will be remembered, promised to aid him with reinforcements and supplies. He was assured that that ambitious lawyer had sailed for the settlement, which was a fact. Next we find the sanguine Ojeda endeavoring to set on foot another armament, but the failure of his colony was too well understood, and there were no more volunteers, either as regards personal service or pecuniary aid. The poor adventurer was destined never again to see his settlement, the subsequent history of which is a series of intrigues and disasters. He died in abject poverty in San Domingo, and "so broken in spirit that, with his last breath, he entreated that his body might be buried in the Convent of St. Francis, just at the portal, in humble expiation of his past pride, *that every one who entered might tread upon his grave.*"

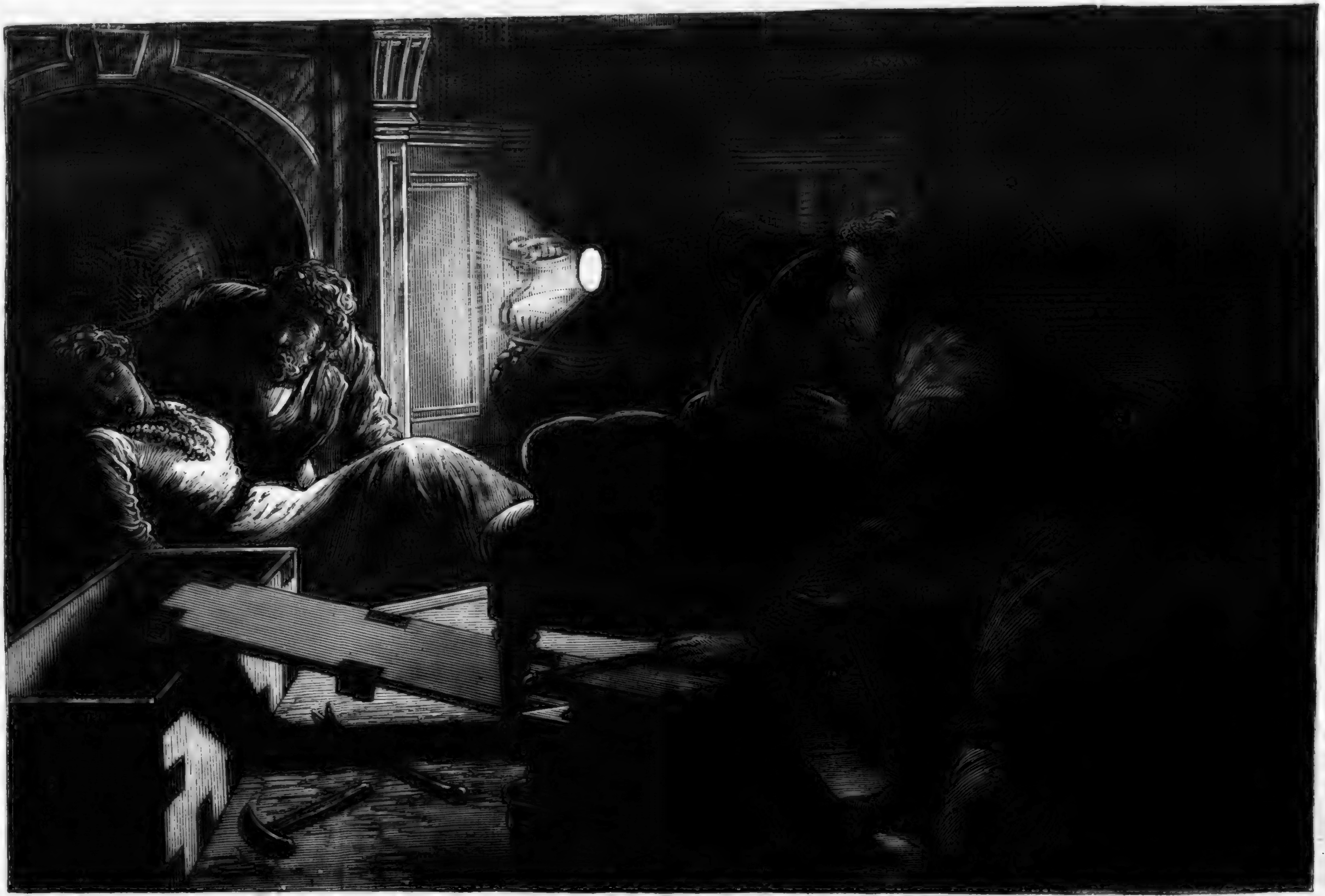


ARRIVAL OF OJEDA AND HIS FOLLOWERS AT THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

A PRACTICAL USE FOR FINGER-RINGS.—The recent disaster to the *City of Columbus* brings to the minds of many the necessity of some sure means of individual identity. All are liable to fatal accidents, and those who make long journeys are exposed to diseases that change the looks of an individual so that near friends would not recognize them. Many such unfortunates, in a condition unable to account for themselves, find their way to hospitals. The writer has seen several bodies after the Mill River flood, French Catholic Church at Holyoke, and the Sciota steamer on the Ohio near Wheeling; in each case rings were an easy means of identification. The writer has worn for many years a ring with his name and address in full engraved upon the inner surface. A ring of this kind will also prove a handy article as a means of business identification to any person who travels any distance from home. At least, such is the writer's experience.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.—Apologies for poor dinners are generally out of place. But when a lady has a forgetful husband, who, without warning, brings home a dozen guests to sit down to a plain family dinner for three or four, it is not in human nature to keep absolute silence. What to say and how to say it form the problem. Mrs. Tucker, the wife of Judge Tucker, of Williamsburg, solved this problem years ago. She was the daughter or niece of Sir Peyton Skipworth, and celebrated for her beauty, wit, ease, and grace of manner. Her temper and tact were put to the proof one court-day, when the judge brought with him the accustomed half-score or more of lawyers, for whom not the slightest preparation had been made, the judge having quite forgotten to remind his wife that it was court-day, and she herself having overlooked the fact. The dinner was served with elegance, and Mrs. Tucker made herself very charming. Upon rising to leave the guests to their wine, she said, "Gentlemen, you have dined to-day with Judge Tucker; promise me that you will all dine to-morrow with me." This was all the apology, whereupon the gentlemen all declared that such a wife was beyond price. The judge then explained the situation, and the next day there was a noble banquet.

IF there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress. If there be a pain which devils might pity man for enduring, it is the deathbed reflection that we have possessed the power of doing good, but that we have abused and perverted it to purposes of ill.



THE MYSTERY OF THE HEARTH.—"WITH AN AUDIBLE GROAN, UTTERED AS IF HE FELT SURE NO ONE ON EARTH HEARD IT HE STOOPED DOWN OVER THE HOLE UNDER THE HEARTH, AND SEIZED SPASMODICALLY A DARK OBJECT THAT NOW ROSE SLOWLY TO VIEW IN HIS ARMS. IT WAS THE BODY OF A WOMAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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THE HOUR.

By Wade Robinson.

The bells begin—come, let us go!
Great hour! he waits for me at last
Before the altar. Shall I grow
A wife ere this one hour is past?

I tremble—O, the church, the stare,
The ritual! I would rather stand
In our own wood, and wed him there
By simply giving him my hand.

But now the timid bird of love,
Long used in tender shades to play,
Must change the quiet of his grove
For the great gairish light of day.

Wife! husband! O, my bosom swells!
I think he loves me—nay, I know.
Sweet—sweet!—O sweet melodious bells.
They call me, sister—let us go!

THE MYSTERY OF THE HEARTH.

A TRUE STORY OF OFFICIAL LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

By Garry Moss.

IT CHANCED, early one morning during official hours, to make a sudden call on a man high in office. My own position was such as to allow me to do this with propriety. The apartment was in one of the grandest of the many grand public buildings at the capital. Its ceilings were lofty, its paintings elegant, its furnishings luxurious. There was a certain character in the hangings at the windows, in the carpet and rugs on the floor, and in the soft structure and arrangement of the lounges grouped around the spacious room, that gave it more the appearance of a ladies' boudoir than of an office for the transaction of public business. From the position and style of the wardrobes and other fixtures, one might readily infer that the occupants of the apartment would easily find in it all the conveniences of dining and lodging.

It was in the Winter time, and a warm fire was burning in the grate, shedding a glowing radiance on all around. One could scarcely fail to be struck with the large pile of blazing coals on the fire, and to notice that it was, composed of the most expensive kind of that class of fuel.

It was evident that the rich resources of the people were being freely used by this servant of the people to gratify every wish that he thought proper to indulge. Here was official life borne to the topmost crest of the popular current, and floating at the ease of its own sweet will.

There were but two persons in the apartment when I entered. One, the official in charge of the apartment; the other, an elegantly dressed lady, in the bloom and beauty of early womanhood. They did not either of them rise at my entrance, being deeply engaged in a whispered conversation.

It was soon apparent that my entrance, sudden and unexpected as it was, did not in any way disturb the equanimity of the scene. The parties present were both evidently equal to the occasion. If I was really regarded by them as an intruder, they acted well their respective parts in giving no sign. My presence was treated with the utmost decorum, so that I felt quite at ease.

The conversation between the official and his lady visitor was thereupon suspended. I was politely informed that he was ready to transact any public business I might have on hand requiring his attention. My papers, relating to a national matter, were at once submitted. Laying them open before him on his splendidly covered table, in the midst of almost every conceivable *bijouterie* of taste and elegance, including charming bottles of *eau de cologne*, miniature vases of fragrant flowers, tiny ornamental easels of the costliest style, holding pictures of fashionable ladies—among which could be easily recognized a highly ornate one of his present companion on the sofa—he proceeded languidly to glance over the contents of the documents.

The lady, meanwhile, eyed me with a suspicious glance, as if she were not altogether satisfied that my coming at that particular time was wholly unpremeditated. Her steady look was met by one of corresponding steadiness on my part; for while I had my own suspicions, I did not allow even a shadow of them to escape me.

My official business transacted, I retired, leaving the two parties still together.

Not long after, the rumor came to the department that a serious accident had befallen our chief. It was reported that while closely engaged in some domestic matter at his palatial residence, the gas of the room had taken fire, and in the explosion that followed he had just escaped with his life.

He came to his office, however, at the appointed time, without any apparent wounds upon his person, and looking as calm and serene as if nothing had happened. There was a slight pallor on his handsome features, and his hands and steps did not bear their wonted steadiness.

As time wore on, and my official duties called me into the office where the chief was accustomed to meet me for the transaction of business, coming closer than usual to his side, I was struck with a trepidation in his manner he clearly found it impossible wholly to conceal. I noticed, also, that he now came to his office all alone. His magnificent carriage rolled up to the door of the department with no other occupant in it but himself.

He grew pensive and silent. Once, when I stood close by his side, opposite the main door, I observed him start suddenly, with a tremulous gasp, as a gentle knock, thrice repeated, came on the panel.

As the messenger in the hall quickly admitted the applicant for admission, it was with a sigh of relief that the chief discovered that the lady who entered was an entire stranger. It proved to be a casual call on a matter of only passing importance. The business was soon transacted, and the lady retired.

Taking me with him to a recess in one of the curtained windows, the chief dropped his voice to a husky whisper, and said:

"Garry, I've a favor to ask of you."

"I shall be most happy to grant it, sir, if in my power to do so," I replied.

"It is a delicate piece of business, Mr. Moss," he continued, his look becoming quite abstracted, and his voice assuming a very serious tone. "The official relations between us have always been of a co-ordinate character. I wish now to confide in you as a personal friend."

I lifted my eyes to the chief. His gaze was fixed full on my face, with an earnestness and anxiety of look that at once appealed to my sympathy, and soon my confidence.

But there was a tremulous uncertainty in his manner that I could not then understand.

"What can he wish me to do?" I queried to myself. "Why is he so confidential and so secret?"

I returned the look of anxious inquiry which the chief gave me with one of conscious innocence and a kindred smile, which implied my willingness ever to obey the orders of my superior.

"You remember, Garry," he resumed, in a softer accent, as he saw compliance in my smile, "the accident that occurred some time since at my dwelling?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, with a look of unaffected concern. "I remember it well. I hope no serious results are to follow."

"No *ostensible* serious results," he added, quickly, with a nervous twitch of his right hand. "But the sudden flame that burst out after the explosion, and the large quantity of water required to extinguish it, so disarranged and damaged my private papers in the apartment where the explosion took place, that I have kept it securely closed ever since."

He paused in silence, the pallor increasing on his fine countenance; and, for the first time, I now observed that his full, dark eyes had become bloodshot.

"I have no one to enter the room," he nervously added; "not even my wife, nor any other member of my family. But it has now become important that the personal documents in that room should be carefully and privately readjusted. I have to ask you, confidentially, Mr. Moss, if you will kindly undertake the task?"

Of course, I readily consented. I could see nothing specially onerous in the work to be performed, or at all unbecoming my position as an officer.

* * * * * * *

It was a dark and stormy Winter night when I reported for a special service at the house of our chief. He met me at the door in person, and, without uttering a word, showed me up-stairs to his large and elegant private office. The door was double-locked, and an additional fastening, in the shape of a patent brass padlock, had been placed so as to cover the keyhole, and keep out all intruders.

Taking two keys from his pocket, the chief unlocked all the fastenings and opened the door, first entering himself into the darkness. Requesting me to remain in the hall a moment, he again closed the door. I heard him fumbling about on the inside. Presently a light shone through the keyhole, and, in a low voice, he said:

"Come in."

I entered with a feeling of uneasiness. The room was in great disorder. Books and papers lay scattered around on every hand. Marks of the conflagration from which the chief had so narrowly escaped were numerous on the wall, among the classic pictures, and along the chaste lines of the vaulted ceiling. A great pile of charred papers lay strewn over the floor of the principal black walnut wardrobe. The grate was littered with masses of broken bricks and mortar, and the large, single marble slab of the hearth, that reminded one instinctively of the embedded covering of a grave just laid, gave evidence of having been recently removed and hastily replaced. A disagreeable, stifling odor filled the room. There was no fire in the grate; but it was clear there had been a large one there, and that it had been used to consume other things than coals.

I stood a moment in a silence of awe. The dim light of the single gasjet threw a ghastly pallor on every object in the room. I looked around with a serious gaze I could not restrain, and which the chief did not fail to notice.

"Things are a little mixed here, you see," he said, in a subdued voice. "But we will soon have more light on this dark subject, and a fire in the grate, with something more substantial than any material now there, will at once make matters more cheerful." As he said this, he gave a sudden jerk to the bell-pull. Very soon the step of an answering servant was heard on the stairs, at sound of which the chief cried out, so as to be heard in the hall:

"Stop there, John, stop! I'll come out and tell you what I want!" An order followed for the servant to bring up kindling-wood and coals, and then the chief added sharply to the attendant: "Mind and leave the scuttle and kindling in the hall. I will attend to the fire myself."

The servant instantly complied with this order. While I stood gazing, with still curious inquiries of myself, around the room, I heard the scuttle, evidently filled with fuel for the occasion, rest gently against the door.

In a moment more, the chief seized the poker and thrust it hurriedly through the blackened mass in the grate. Then, softly half opening the door, he thrust his hand through the aperture, and lifted the scuttle into the room. As he set it down on the loosened hearth, there was a hollow sound, that reminded me of the tread of human feet on the covering of a sepulchre.

As the fire rapidly kindled in the grate, shedding its ruddy glow on every object around, unconscious alike whether it shone on the happy or the miserable, the living or the dead, and all the branches of the magnificent candelabra on the mantel gave out their resplendent blaze, the chief turned to me abruptly, and, as if he had for some time been planning the work to be done, he said:

"Here, Mr. Moss, is the task with which I request you to favor me. There are certain disagreeable associations connected with the disaster that has occurred in this room, which, in the present state of my nervous system, I do not care to encounter. I would almost as soon handle snakes as some of the private papers in that wardrobe. It is always unpleasant, you know, to turn over the memorials of the dead—especially if they have died suddenly."

All this was strange and enigmatical to me. But the duty I had to perform, as the chief continued, was made apparent.

"I have to request of you to see this mass of papers put in order, as well as it can be done, and placed in the strong-box yonder, which has been prepared to receive them. I must ask the additional favor of you to do this work alone. I will leave you to pursue it in that manner. The door will be locked on the outside, and you will please see that it is kept carefully bolted on the inside. The work will require you to remain here far into the night. Should any one come to the door, no matter who, even if it should be my wife, or any other member of my family, pay no attention to their knocks, no matter how loud, or how often repeated. You shall be handsomely compensated, Mr. Moss, for this extra labor."

Giving me his hand, and shaking mine warmly, the chief left the room.

I heard him slowly lock the door, and then shake it after him, as if to be sure that it was securely locked, and then slowly and softly descend the stairs.

* * * * * *

The next day after this occurrence, the chief met me at the department. Our interview was a brief one. But it was sufficiently long for me to report progress in my work of arranging the disordered papers. At the moment I could not fail to discover deeper marks of the increased nervous anxiety of the chief. He was very ill at ease, pale, haggard and tremulous. Evidently a heavy burden was resting on his soul, which he was extremely anxious to

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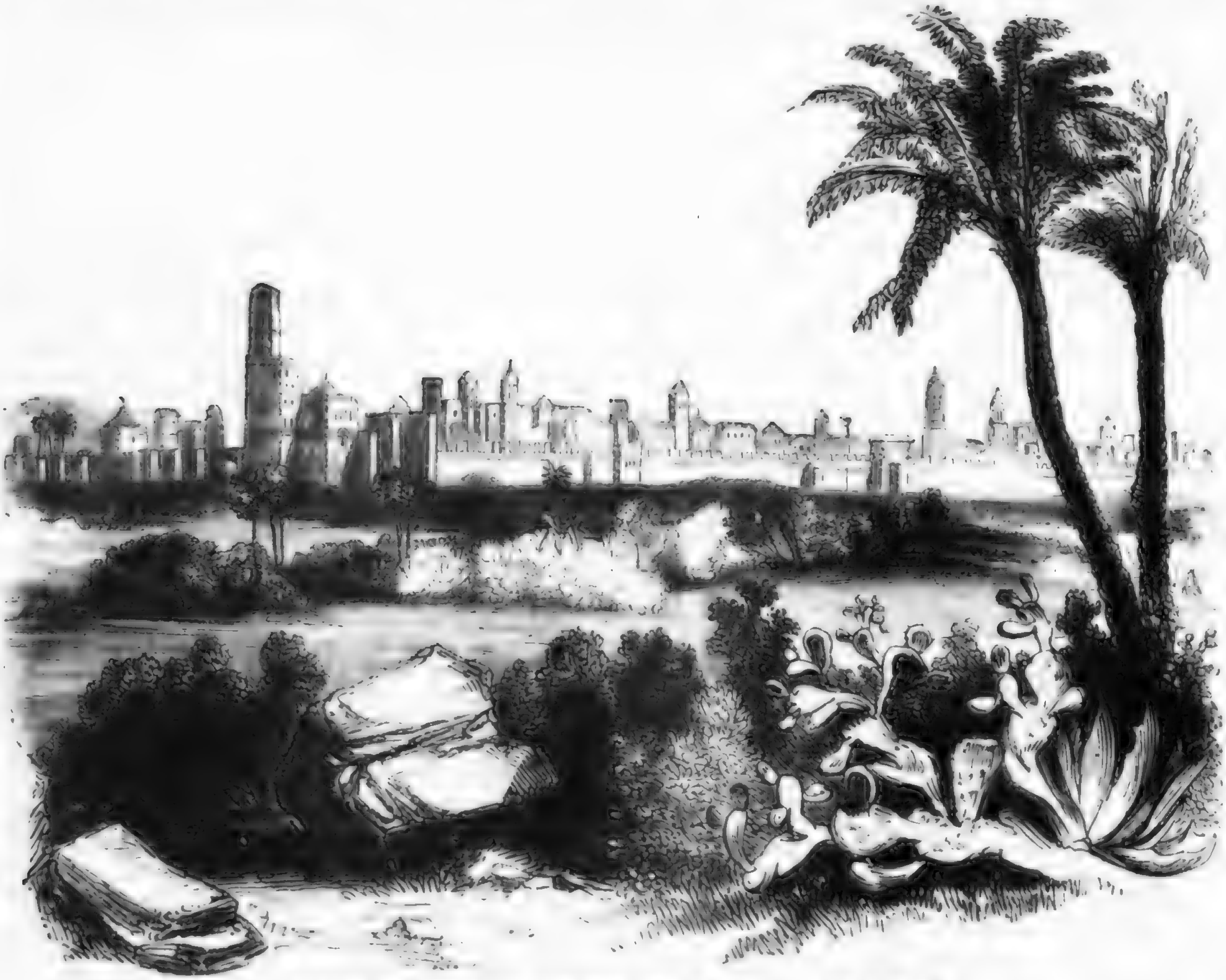
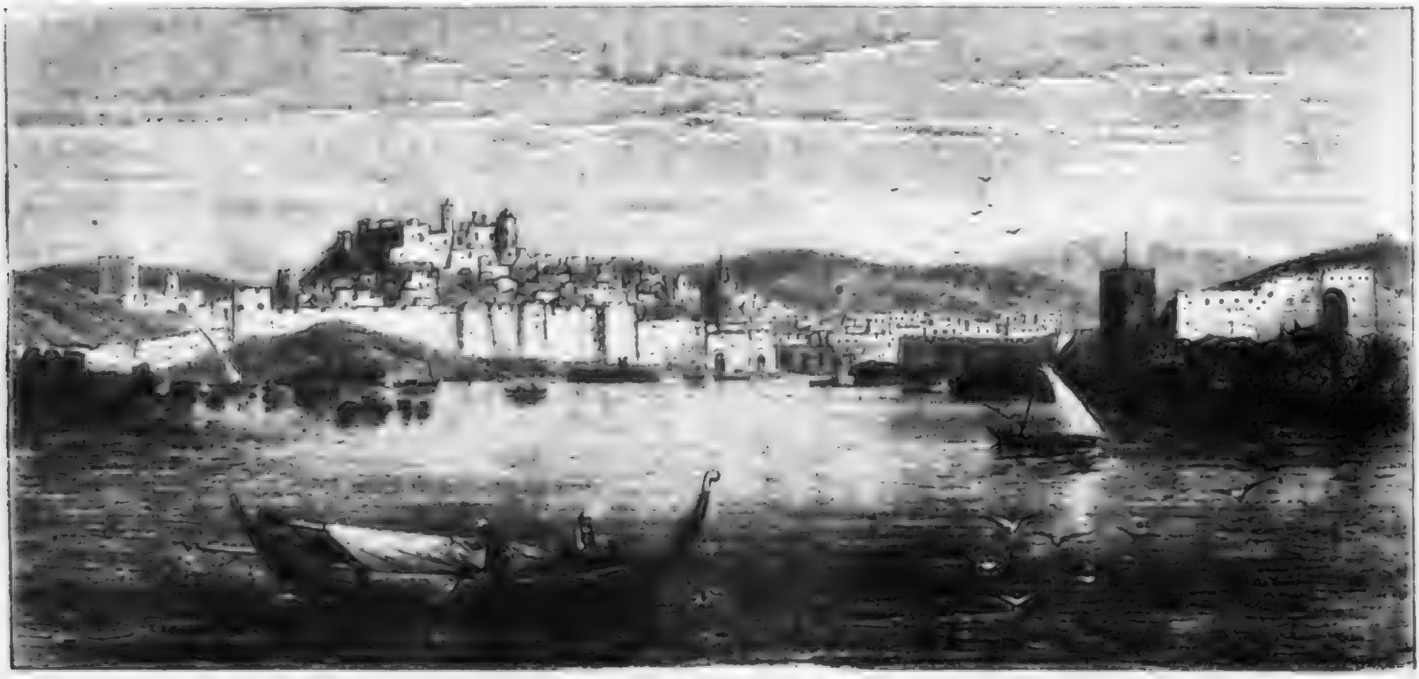


MOROCCO AND THE MOORS.—GENERAL VIEW OF MOROCCO.—SEE PAGE 551.

throw off. He acted as if he were greatly desirous of communicating to me some dreadful secret which he felt himself too weak to bear alone, but which he seemed to be at a loss how to communicate.

In a few hurried words, uttered with an agitated manner that strangely impressed me, the chief thanked me for the faithful manner in which I had so far discharged my duties.

Drawing me silently aside behind the full folds of the rich and heavy curtains back of his official table, he added, in a low and tremulous voice, that he wished me to continue my secret labors a short time longer.



VIEW OF THE PORT OF SAFFI.

XUM

"When you return again to that room at my house, Mr. Moss," he said, "you will find some additional documents to be collated. You will also find another box standing against the wall. It is a box made for transportation, strongly clamped with iron, and having affixed to it a lock and key. I design it to be used for retaining and transporting certain articles of peculiar value. You need not, however, place any of the preserved papers in *that* box, without further orders.

As he said this, the chief gave me a steady look — implying that he reposed sacredly in my confidence. I was utterly at a loss to know what all this secrecy and mystery could mean; but having been taught by the obligations of official life to obey orders implicitly, I gave by my silence consent to these renewed commands.

Then, after turning from me toward his table, as if to resume his official duties, he paused a moment, and assuming a careless and off-hand manner, he continued:

"Oh, see here, Garry! You may be detained at the house much later to-night than you were last night. Your work will probably carry you to sharp midnight, perhaps a little past. But as to-morrow will be Sunday, you remember, you have ample time to rest. I have given the hall-servant notice of your being in the house by my orders; and as you have the key of that room-door, you can leave quietly, when you are through, without disturbing the family. The old trusty servant will let you out, and see that everything is safely closed up. It is now past office hours, and we are here alone together. Good-by, Garry, till we meet again on Monday."

A pleasant nod followed, and I retired from the department.

* * * *

On re-entering the room at the house that night, I at once noticed the box designed by the chief. It was longer than the usual length of a traveling-trunk, not quite as high, securely banded and guarded with iron coverings at the corners; having a strong spring-lock, and, for greater security, over that a heavy iron padlock. There were, also, thick handles at each end for more convenient transportation.

I was just curious enough to see that it was securely

TOWER AT MOROCCO.

locked; and, on touching it with my foot, and lifting it at one end, I decided that it was empty.

The sickening odor that I had previously noticed about the hearth was now gone. It was evident that by some means the room had been deodorized. I was much relieved at this change for the better, as I had found it quite disagreeable to work in a confined apartment, where the windows were shut down close, the blinds drawn fast together and clasped, and the only door not allowed to be opened.

I worked on silently and alone. All the papers on the private desk of the chief committed to my care had been assiduously examined, sorted and labeled, according to the direction given. Entering the wardrobe for the last batch that remained, in order that I might successfully complete my task, I noticed by the costly time-piece on the mantel that it was near midnight. As I passed through the high, open door, and was about stooping to take in my hands the remaining package, my foot came in violent contact with a covered glass jar that stood in one corner, and that had hitherto remained unnoticed. The violence of the blow broke the glass, and I found myself instantly enveloped in an atmosphere of suffocating ether. It overcame me like a lightning-stroke, and I sank helpless to the floor. As I did so I lurched over toward the door, and the weight of my body forced it against an inside spring, which, slipping to its place, fastened the door and held me a prisoner inside. I was utterly unconscious. I could make neither motion nor cry. How long I remained in this condition I could not have told, nor do I know that I should ever have recovered from it, had not the noise of something being suddenly moved aroused me. I rose slowly to my feet, and, still bewildered, discovered that I was in total darkness. At the moment I rose I perceived, as my nostrils passed it, that there was an aperture in the door which I had not noticed. As I stood opposite this aperture, I heard other noises moving in the dark. In another moment some one entered the room. In a moment more the light of a dark-lantern glimmered out from the side of the hearth, nearest the grate. The fire had all gone out. The room was as cold and silent as the grave.

It was evident, however, that the light could not have come into the room of itself. With my eyesight now recovered, and rendered, with all my other senses, doubly vigilant by my confined situation, and the scenes around, I now watched closely for other developments. I did not have to watch long. With a slow and steady step a man advanced in the darkness.

It was the chief! The light of the dark-lantern was turned toward the contiguous objects in the room, and now shone full upon him. He was dressed in a long street-coat, and wore a traveling-cap like one prepared for a journey.

Carefully stepping out on the carpet, he knelt slowly down, and, seizing the box I have described by the handle that was nearest to him, he drew it softly toward the hearth.

At this moment I was so overcome, nay, so completely petrified, with amazement, that I could not utter a word. I could only gaze on in silence, and wonder what was coming to pass.

It was the chief's own house. He was master of the situation, and I had not the power to discuss his supremacy. I was therefore compelled, by the inexorable necessities of the case, to be a silent witness of all his proceedings.

The first thing I discovered was the fact that I had been mistaken as to the emptiness of the strange box. It had only seemed to be empty, because its contents were of such a nature, and had been so adjusted, that they had not responded to the touch of either my hand or my foot.

The chief now pushed the box around on the soft rug, so that the locks both came under his command. It was but the work of an instant for his keys to open the box, and of another to lift the cover.

Forthwith came out certain implements, that had been so packed in the box as to be immovable. Taking these in his hands, and exerting all his strength, he pried the hearth from its bed, and moved it silently around, so as to uncover the aperture below.

The appearance of the chief at this instant was absolutely frightful. He breathed with great difficulty, like a man struggling in a race with a deadly rival. His hair was disheveled, and fell down in cold, wet masses over his pale and rigid face. His eyes looked as if they were balls of fire, just ready to burst out of their sockets. His hands shook like those of one in an ague-chill, and concurrent convulsions ran rapidly through his whole frame.

With an audible groan, uttered as if he felt sure no one on earth heard it, he stooped down over the hole under the hearth, and seized spasmodically a dark object, that now rose slowly to view in his arms.

It was the body of a woman!

To my horror, I saw, by the light of the lantern, that it was the young and beautiful girl I had seen on the sofa with the chief at the department.

I was almost on the point of giving a piercing shriek at this awful discovery, when another emotion than that of amazement or fear kept me transfixed to the spot.

I immediately resolved on present silence; but I also resolved that it was not a silence that should be perpetual.

With shocking celerity the chief went on with his secret work in that closed and silent chamber. He bore the body of the once lovely girl to the box prepared to receive it. Pressing it down in its narrow receptacle, smoothing it out as carefully as his haste and terrible agitation would allow, placing the implements with which the hearthstone had been removed by the side of the body, with a nervous energy that no pen or tongue can describe, he crushed down the lid of the box, and, with the rapidity almost of lightning, sprang the inner and turned the outer locks.

The hearth had been carefully replaced. The earth that had been secretly taken from beneath it was as secretly returned, and the dark aperture filled. The inflammable materials that had been left covered in the grate were all consumed to ashes, which, like dead men, could tell no tales.

The chief, evidently unconscious that he was observed, now stepped back softly on the carpet, and sat down near the mysterious box on a contiguous sofa-bedstead.

As the dim light of the dark-lantern fell obliquely upon him, I saw his head drop on his hands, as if he were utterly exhausted. He breathed with extreme difficulty, his painful respirations filling every part of the shadowy and silent room.

Great beaded drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, and ran in torrents down his pallid cheeks. His brow seemed cold and hard as marble. He threw his thick, dark curls spasmodically back, and shook them as if they were all wet with the sweat that had gushed from every pore of his body.

A sigh and groan past all possible description burst stealthily from him as he stooped to lift the dark-lantern from the floor. The act seemed to speak what words could not utter: "The work is done, at last!"

As the light glanced out from the lantern it fell upon his face. It was an awful picture, framed in by the darkness with the living lineaments of horror and despair.

* * * * * *

At the appointed official hour the chief came to the department in his sumptuous carriage. I shall never forget the look he gave me when his eyes met mine. It was utterly inexpressible and indescribable.

I kept the dreadful secret of which I had become the unconscious recipient just long enough to enable me to take the necessary legal steps. These secured the watching by the officers of the law of the mysterious box, which was traced to a distant country town, and to its burial, by secret hands, in a rural cemetery. The obscure grave was so located that it would never be noticed by the ordinary visitor.

Time wore on, and with it my investigations by means of the executioners of justice. It was ascertained, among other convincing facts of the case, that the ruined victim of official wealth, power and opportunity, was the daughter of respectable parents in the Old World. She had been led to confide in the chief by his high position, and he, like others in such places, had deceived, betrayed, and then hid her in an unknown grave.

The meshes of the law were now being drawn closer and stronger around him. In the very midst of the legal investigations that were necessary to secure his arrest and punishment, he was suddenly detected in the mal-appropriation of public funds, used by him in his amours and dissipations. On being removed from office he suddenly left Washington for a hiding-place that was never discovered by human eyes.

One dark and stormy Winter night, as I was passing with a friend by the gate of the cemetery to which the reader has been referred, we saw the flash in the darkness, and heard the report, through the silence of the graves, of a discharged pistol. We at once repaired to the near residence of the sexton, and, as a matter of precaution, induced him to accompany us.

Entering the gate together, we followed the fresh tracks in the snow, until they led us to the secret burial-place of the unknown strange girl. By the light of a dark-lantern that we found leaning against a clog of ice, and that evidently had been recently opened to aid in guiding him to this secluded spot, we discovered the body of a gentleman, cold and stark in death. It was evident he had shot himself directly through the heart, and fallen on the grave at his feet.

I seized the lantern from its place on the bank of snow, and turned its light full on the face of the corpse. It was the chief! He had come forth at last from his hiding-place of years, evidently, by his looks and apparel, much emaciated and conscience-stricken, and reduced in circumstances, to become a suicide on the grave of the girl he had ruined.

Here was the end of all that the earth and time may ever reveal of The Mystery of the Hearth.

MOROCCO AND THE MOORS.

By Norton Rutherford.

While the rickety little steamer that plies between Gibraltar and Tangier is "bobbing around" waiting for the customs officer, a glance at Morocco and the Moors may be briefly taken, and to a purpose.

The Empire of Morocco, knowr to its inhabitants as Magrib-el-Aksa, or the extreme west, a country much larger than Spain, is situated between 28° and 36° of north latitude. Its superficial extent is calculated to be about 220,000 square miles. The three former kingdoms of Fez, Morocco and Tafilet are included within its limits. The country is traversed throughout its whole extent from northeast to southwest by the immense range of the Atlas Mountains, which also send off many lesser branches both toward the ocean and toward the desert. The valleys and plains intervening between these numerous mountain chains are watered by many rivers and smaller affluents. The principal rivers, placed in order from north to south, and all of which flow into the ocean, are the Lucos, the Sebou, the Buregreg, the Oum-er-Rebiah, the Tensift, the Sus, the Noon, and the Draa. Very little is known of those in the south, but it is believed that none of the rivers of Morocco are navigable to any extent.

The twenty provinces which formed the kingdoms of Fez and Morocco occupy the northern and middle regions. The southern provinces that comprised the Kingdom of Tafilet, are imperfectly known, and are inhabited by a rude and fanatical population which scarcely acknowledges the sovereignty of the sultan. The coastline of Morocco extends about 800 miles, 550 being on the Atlantic and 250 on the Mediterranean. The climate of the coasts is, as a rule, tempered and refreshed by winds cooled by sea-breezes, while the Summer temperature of the interior reaches a tropical heat.

There are several cities or large towns, besides a great number of small towns and villages. The principal cities lie inland, namely Morocco, Mequinez, Fez, El Kassar, Wazan, Terodant, and others scarcely known to the outside world. The chief maritime towns are Tetuan, Tangier, Larache, Casa Blanca, Azamoor, Mazagan, Saffi, Sallée, Rabat and Mogador.

It is extremely difficult to form an estimate of population, as estimates vary from four to fifteen millions.

Three distinct races are usually included under the name of Moors, namely, the Arabs, the true Moors, and the Berbers.

The Arabs came originally from the Sahara, over whose boundless wastes a large proportion of their race still wander. The Moors are essentially townsmen. They are the degenerate descendants of that section of the Arab race who, in the eighth century, after establishing the powerful kingdom of Fez, overran a large portion of Spain.

The Moors fill the chief places under the government; and, notwithstanding a great inferiority in numbers, possess more power than any of the other races.

The Berbers are the descendants of the old Gætulian stock by which this part of Africa was once populated. The Berbers of the Riff province, in the northeastern part of the Atlas, are of lighter complexion than the other sections of their race. The greatest insult one Riffian can offer to another is in saying, "Your father died in his bed." No further evidence is needed than this of the sanguinary nature of the people.

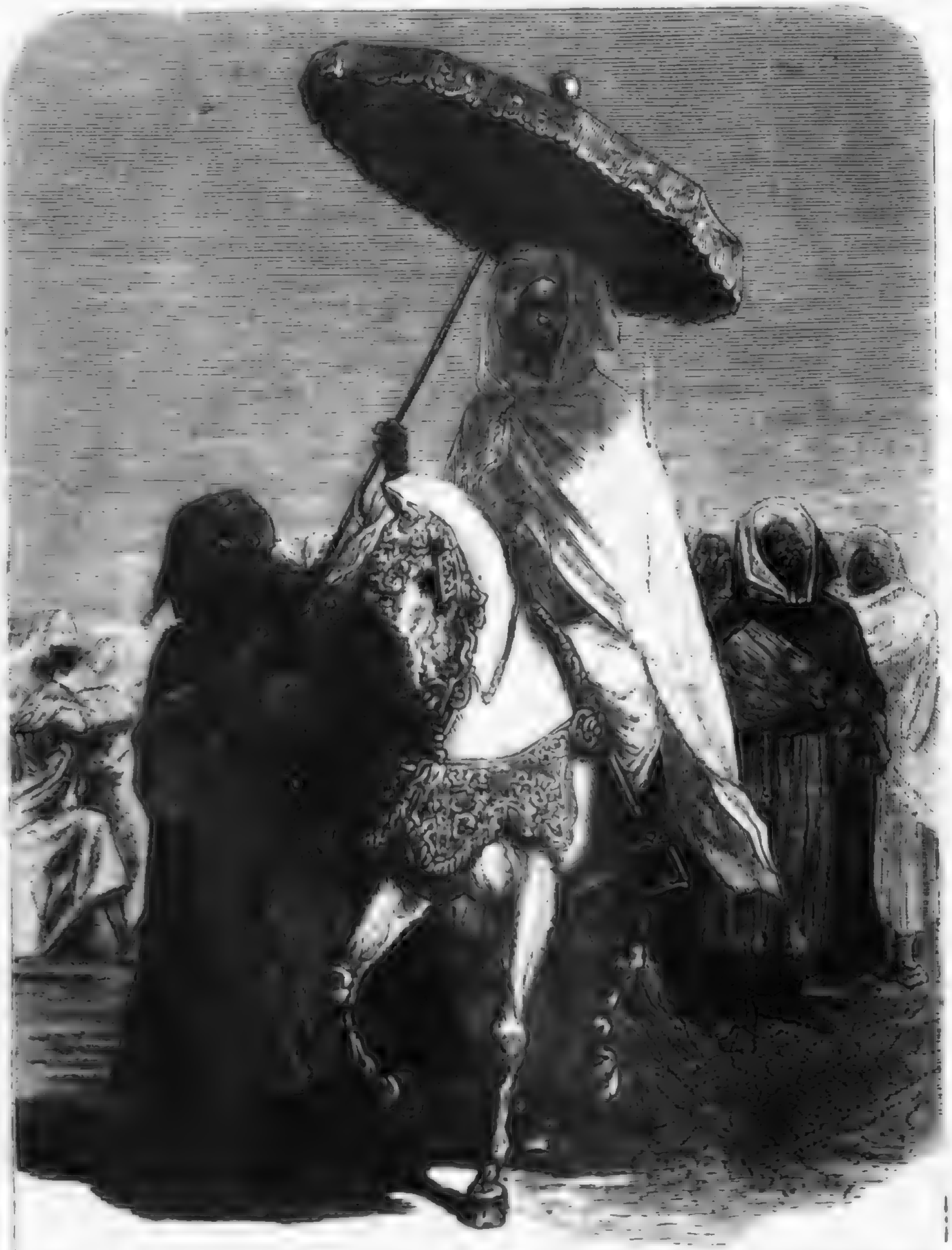
The Shluh is another division of the Berber race, about which less is known than of the others. Generally speaking, Moors and Arabs are alike clumsy about the ankles and feet.

The women of all these races possess fine figures. The female peasantry are content with scantier robes than the women of the towns; and there are many among them that might sit as models to the most fastidious artist. Close seclusion and muffling of the face limit observation, but the traveler sees enough to convince him that the gift of beauty has not been withheld from the women of Morocco. The appearance of their eyes is enhanced by darkening the lids with kohl; and the color and contour of the face suggest the idea of finely cast bronze, endowed with an ever-varying expression. The women of Mequinez are proverbially the most beautiful in the country. *Mequinasia* is a term applied to any handsome woman. All the people known collectively as Moors have remarkably fine teeth.

The negro population of Morocco is considerable, and a large proportion of it are slaves. A considerable number of the free negroes are enrolled in the *bokhary*, the Sultan's black body-guard. These men enjoy certain privileges, and many aspire to the highest offices. The negroes of Morocco speak a language of their own called Guenaoui.

The Jews of Morocco are mainly derived from the Israelites who were expelled from Spain in 1492, and from Portugal in 1496, and form at present a large and important section of the population. In Morocco, as elsewhere, the Jew is a master of finance and turns his knowledge to the best account.

The few Europeans and Americans in Morocco are entirely confined to the seaports, and are found especially at Tangier and Mogador. At Azamoor, Agadir, and some other coast towns, there are no European residents. In point of numbers the various races of Morocco may be ranged as follows: Berbers, Arabs, Moors, Negroes and Jews. The last-named number, it is believed, about 100,000 souls.



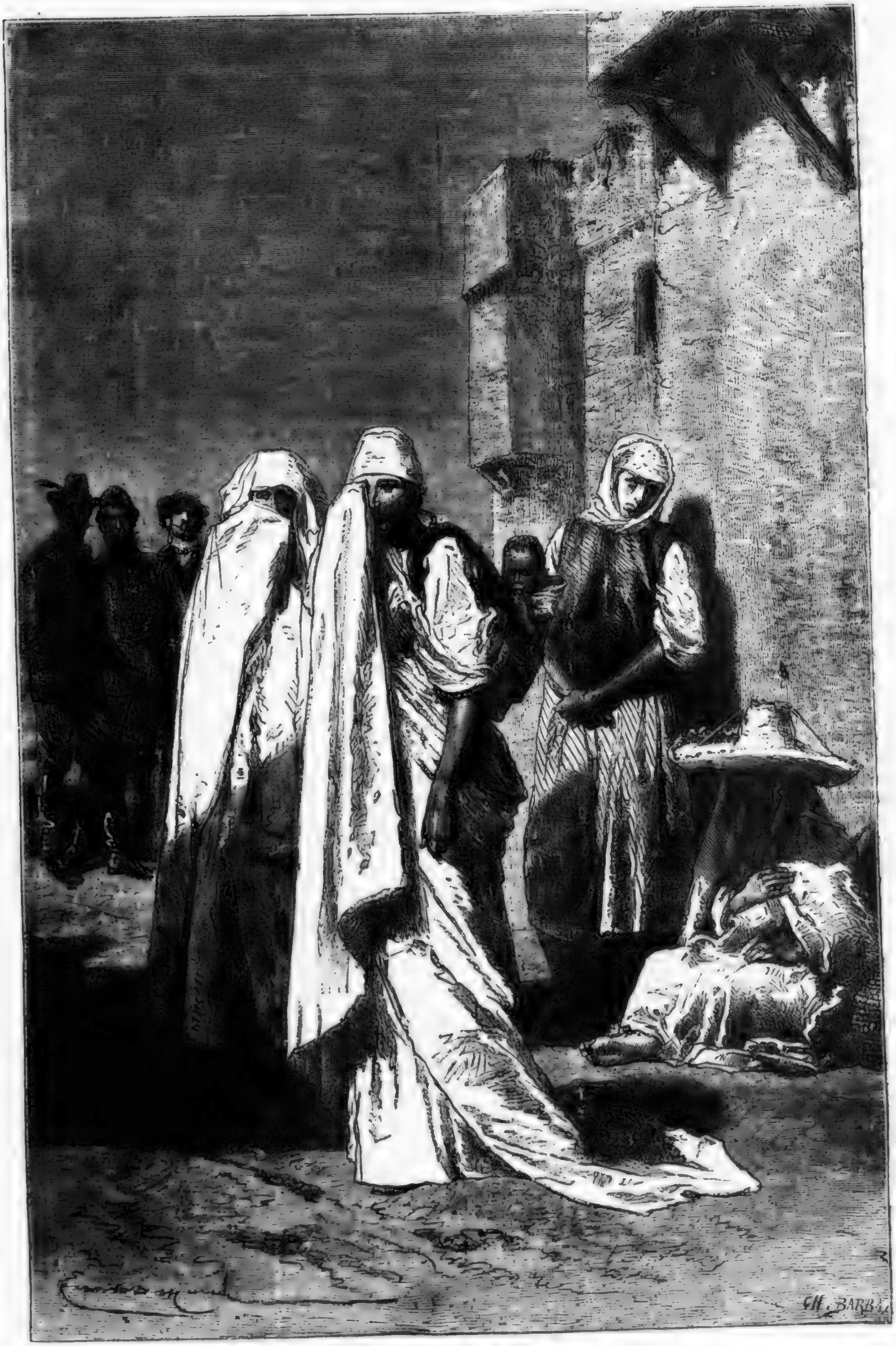
THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

The fundamental political idea of republics, that all men are equal at birth, prevails in Morocco. Every free man may aspire to the highest offices in the state, and nothing, except official employment, bestows rank.

The number of slaves in Morocco is very large. In the houses of governors, and other rich Moors, many of both sexes are always to be found; and there are few Moors above the lowest rank who do not possess one or more.

In the matter of dress, the national color of Morocco is white. Men as well as women appear in flowing robes of this color. The dress of the men consists of a finely worked skirt *(kumja)* fastened down the breast by numerous small buttons and loops, and of very loose drawers. Over this is sometimes worn a coat with large sleeves *(caftan)* buttoned closely in front. For out-door wear the *haik* is indispensable. This garment is a wide piece of thin cotton, woolen, or occasionally silk material, about six yards in length. It is arranged about the body, as also the head, in a series of artistic folds, which in our own case rendered dressing without assistance an utterly hopeless process. Stockings are not used, and the feet are thrust into a pair of loose-fitting yellow slippers, to walk in, which without fatigue, the wearer must be to the manner born. A red fez cap is worn on the head, and round this a turban made of a many-folded length of thin muslin. In cold or rainy weather a cloak of thick woolen material *(jelabeer)* is worn instead of the *haik*. This has a pointed hood which, placed over the head, gives the figure a cone-like appearance. When not in use this hood hangs down the back. The jelabeer has holes for the arms to pass through, and descends low enough to cover the knees. Many of the poorer classes always wear the jelabeer. Sometimes, and especially in the north of Morocco, the jelabeer is of a dark color. In this part jackets and loose trousers of cherry, or some other colored cloth, are also a good deal worn; and striped materials in various textures are favored by the Moors.

The dress of the women is much the same as that of the men; but the haik is arranged differently, and is employed



COUNTRYWOMEN NEAR FEZ.

in concealing the features when any of the opposite sex are present. The hair is carefully covered by a handkerchief of black silk, over which another of gay colors is coquettishly arranged. The women wear red slippers, and these are often handsomely embroidered in gold. The ladies are very partial to jewelry. The wealthy wear finger-rings and huge earrings of gold set with precious stones, necklaces of amber or coral, and massive bracelets of gold, armlets and anklets of silver inlaid with gold.

Diamonds are not much in use; but rubies, emeralds, generally uncut, and pearls of inferior quality are often seen. The Moors consider that the risk of fraud by imitation is lessened by not having precious stones submitted to the art of the lapidary. The Moorish and Jewish ladies are much given to fictitious improvement of their charms by the use of rouge. Both also stain their hands and feet with henna, and blacken their eyelids with kohl. Tattooing is alone practiced by the Moors.

Throughout the provinces of Morocco are a few water-mills, of a most primitive kind, for grinding corn; and in the large towns are a considerable number of corn-mills, each one turned by a horse; but the labor of grinding corn and preparing meal falls mainly on the women. A small hand-mill is to be found in almost every dwelling. Good bread in the form of flat cakes is made and sold in the towns; but the national dish of Morocco is kuskkussoo. This resembles granulated macaroni, and is palatable as well as highly nutritious. It is often cooked with pieces of meat, and butter is usually added; but the latter is, generally speaking, so rancid as to make the mess unendurable to foreigners, unless under the pressure of hunger.

And now to return to Tangier.

There is no harbor at Tangier; the mole, built by the English more than two centuries ago, was destroyed by them when they abandoned the place. But the anchorage in the open roadstead is good, and the coast is not subject to the heavy surf which is such a drawback to all the southern ports.

Tangier, known to the Romans as Tingis, was the capital of their province, Mauritania Tingitana. It afterward passed successively into the hands of the Goths and Saracens, and thus came into possession of the mixed race known to us as the Moors. It was taken in 1471 by Alphonso, King of Portugal, after a severe struggle. King Edward, the father of Alphonso, had previously besieged the town, but had been compelled to beat a hasty retreat, and to leave his brother Ferdinand in the hands of the Moors as a security that Ceuta should be delivered up.

England had at one time a great interest in the place. It formed part of the dowry of Catherine, the Infanta of Portugal, who married Charles II. But the gift, like the proverbial white elephant, caused more trouble than it was worth.

Lord Nelson declared that the possession of Tangier would be necessary to England in case she was at war with a maritime power. This was because Gibraltar depends for subsistence as much upon Morocco as it does upon Spain, which latter place might be hostile, or else be prevented from affording supplies.

The bay of Tangier is well sheltered, and the anchorage is very good. The rise of tide at Gibraltar, just outside the tideless Mediterranean, is four feet; at Tangier it reaches a height of six feet.

The town is built on the sloping side of a promontory, which, with its fellow four or five miles to the eastward, forms the bay. The town is sheltered on the north and west by the hill under which it lies, and on the east by a range of low hills, while behind these and far inland the chain of the Lower Atlas, which is visible from the Kasba, protects it from the scorching desert winds.

Wherever the Mohammedan dwells, the rigid jealousy with which women are guarded influences the style of his architecture. The houses have their backs turned toward the streets, and as there are no windows, the blank walls and flat roofs present a cheerless and monotonous appearance. A gateway leads into the square or *patio*. Around this the house is built. The inclosure sometimes contains a fountain, and a fig-tree generally affords pleasant shade from the glaring rays of the sun.

As seen from the sea, the houses of Tangier appear to stand one above the other, like steps of stairs. As might therefore be expected, many of the streets are very steep, and all, with the exception of the main street, are mere winding lanes, so narrow that in some of them the inhabitants might shake hands from opposite windows, provided these existed.

The drainage, although imperfect, is better than might be expected, and an attempt at keeping the streets clean has been made by the consuls.

There are no bazaars on the scale usual in the East; but the shops for various wares are for the most part mixed together. The shop is a small square cavity in the dead wall of the street, the floor being about two feet from the ground. Pigeon-holed in these recesses sit cross-legged, grave-looking men, surrounded by their wares. The same floor serves the customer also for a seat, though his legs dangle in the street. In a few instances the introduction of European customs may be observed in larger premises and glass windows.

The principal street runs up the hill from the water-side to the Soko, or market-place just outside the walls. The upper part of this street is used by the female sellers of bread, milk, vegetables and fruit, who stand or sit ranged on each side. It is difficult for a stranger to find his way in the mazes of the smaller streets. But rich Moors and Jews possess good houses in these confined situations. There is no Jewish quarter in Tangier, as there is in most Moorish towns, and the Israelites live peaceably amongst the general population.

The batteries facing the sea were once formidable.

The Kasba, or citadel, is situated on a height commanding the whole of Tangier. A considerable space is inclosed by high walls, and in this are a large mosque, the harem of the Bashaw, the prison, and the treasury.

The view of the town from the gate of the Kasba is remarkably fine. The white, glistening houses, interspersed here and there with the green of the graceful palm, are thrown into the fullest relief by the intense blue of the contiguous sea.

Spanish is the European language best known in Morocco.

Markets are held on Thursdays and Sundays, and on these days the town is filled with a motley crowd who come long distances from the surrounding country. Conspicuous among the number are the men of the wild Riff tribes, who inhabit the mountains to the north of Tangier. They are a fine race, and are known by the long lock of hair left unshaven on one side of the head. On some occasions as many as a hundred camels, with half that number of tents, and a numerous throng of horses and asses, may be counted in the Soko. It is a strange sight to see so many kneeling camels massed together, their huge saddles projecting from their backs. All kinds of country produce are retailed in this market, water-melons being a conspicuous article. To ward off the fierce glare of the sun some of the vendors sit under temporary shades of palm-leaves. Muffled women crouching over their wares, and showing but one eye to their customers, seem stifled with heat, and itinerant sellers of water and of sweetmeats vociferously cry their goods.

In the evening, when the sun gets low, the Soko is the resort of story-tellers and jugglers of various kinds, in whose tales and feats the Moors take great delight. It is curious to observe the riveted attention, and hear the bursts of laughter of the swarthy audience. Copper coins are thrown to him pretty freely as a reward. Snake-charmers also exhibit their feats.

As might be expected, remains of antiquity are found in Tangier and its neighborhood. About three miles from the town, on the shore of the bay, are some ruins supposed to be Roman. The place is called Tanja Bælea, or Old Tangier, and here was situated the Tingis of the Romans. Some fragments of the walls are of great thickness.

There are several fine gardens outside the walls of Tangier. The gardeners are Riff mountaineers, who, notwithstanding their wild habits when at home, make excellent and faithful servants.

The manufactures of the town are inconsiderable. The principal trade is in bullocks for the supply of the garrison of Gibraltar. But even this is limited, as only a certain number of animals are allowed to be exported. Fowls, vegetables, and fruit in considerable quantities, are also sent across the Strait. With the exception of canary-seed, which is grown largely in the neighborhood, the export of grain is small.

There are some Moorish coffee-houses in Tangier.

Drinking-houses kept by Christians and Jews where bad brandy and other stimulants are retailed are also to be found; and, nothwithstanding the injunctions of the Koran, the Moors are fond of indulging in them whenever a chance presents itself.

For the space it occupies Tangier is a populous town. The population lately was estimated at 14,600, in the proportion of 9,000 Moors, 5,000 Jews, and 600 Christians. The number of Christians is greater than in any other town of the Empire. There are two Roman Catholic churches, a large monastery, and a school; the first being allowed the use of bells. Protestant worship is conducted at the British Embassy. The Jews are allowed to have public synagogues, but they are unpretentious buildings. There are several Moslem schools for boys.

The foreign officials at Tangier are numerous enough to form a society among themselves. These consist of three ministers plenipotentiary: namely, those of England, France and Spain; and of the consuls of eleven powers: England, the United States of America, France, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Sweden and Denmark. On Sundays the flags of the different nations give the town a gay appearance.

The climate of Tangier is so very equable and pleasant that high opinion is formed of its suitability for invalids from chest affections.

I have given more space to Tangier than the extent of this article possibly warrants, but it is with a view to inducing such of the readers of the POPULAR MONTHLY visiting Gibraltar to run across the strait.

The distance from Tangier to Tetuan is only about forty miles, with quarters for the night at the Fondak, a solitary Moorish caravansary, about thirty miles distant from Tangier.

The approach to Tetuan presents a most picturesque scene. Begirt with a lofty wall, set at short intervals with massive square towers, the city shows from a distance only a few mosques and a heavy, frowning heap of masonry that forms the castle or citadel. It stands on the slope of a limestone hill, some two hundred feet above the river, which flows through a broad valley, rich with brilliant vegetation. Amidst all this wealth of greenery many a little white house—a mere cube of chalk—gleams brightly. Most of these belong to peasant owners, but some are kiosks to which the wealthier inhabitants repair to escape from the heat and bad air of the town.

After riding between high walls, apparently forming an inner defense to the town, you traverse some streets of mean aspect, and, crossing one wide open space, pass under an interior gate guarded by a sentry, to find yourself in a labyrinth of narrow alleys decidedly cleaner than the remainder of the city. This is the Jewish quarter, where, as in the Jewry or *Ghetto* of mediæval Europe, the children of Israel are required to live apart, within a wall and gates that are locked at night, and where they seem to manage their own affairs with little interference from the Moorish authorities.

Saffi is a port of call, but Saffi often refuses to receive the traveler, as the surf on this part of the coast makes it impossible for him to communicate with the shore. So, as it not unfrequently happens, the captain is obliged to pass on, trusting to the chance of being able to deliver the Saffi portion of his cargo on the return voyage. Mogador is 138 nautical miles from Mazagan, and about 350 southwest of Tangier. It is the model town of the Moors, and from a distance has some claim to the name by which it is commonly known to them—*Suerah* (the Beautiful). There is an island to the southward of the town, and the entrance to the port lies between the northern end of this island and a dangerous reef of rocks.

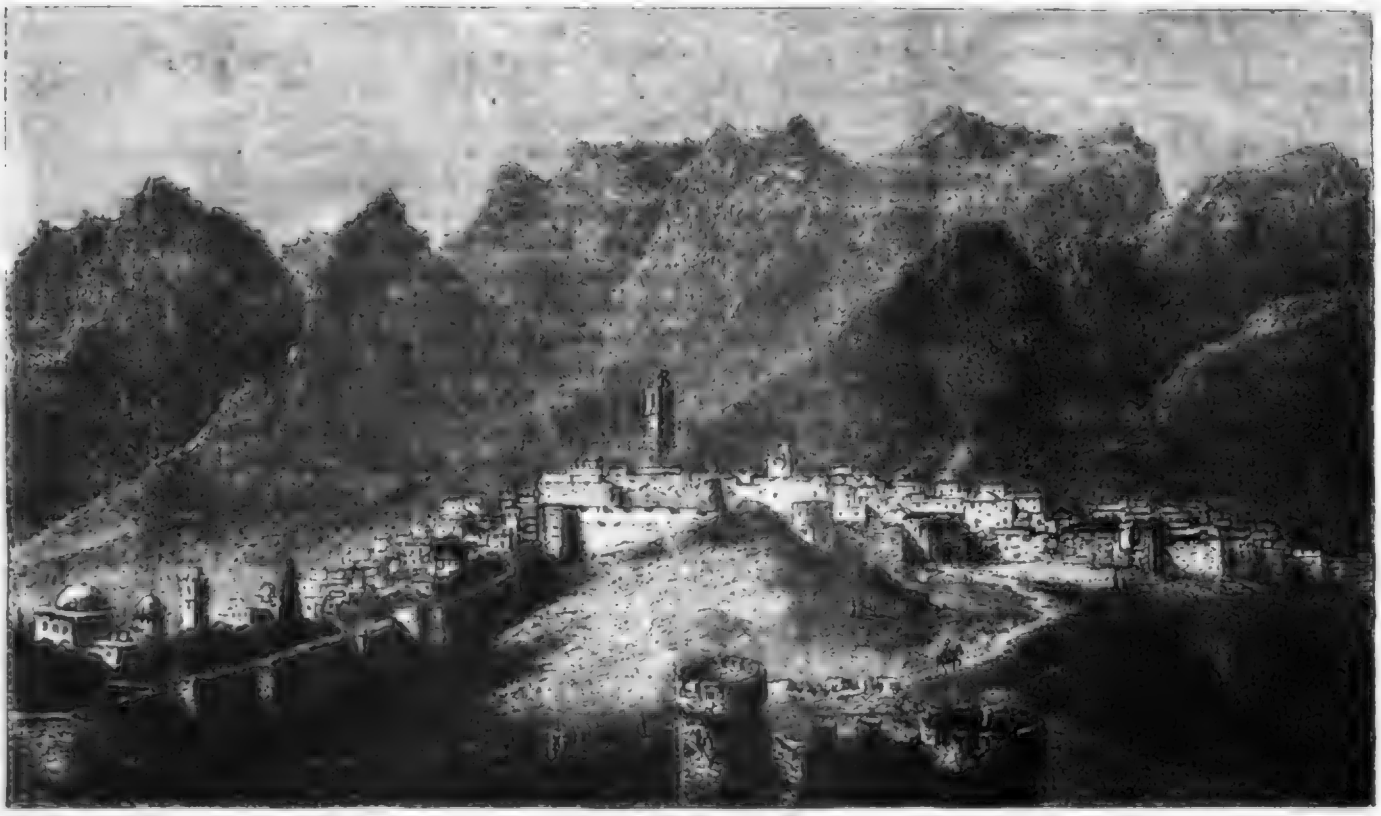
Notwithstanding the imperfections of its sanitary provisions, the town is remarkably healthy. This, in a great measure, is to be attributed to the ventilating and cooling action of the trade winds.

It is remarkable that the *sirocco* (S. E. wind), the terrible scourge which is experienced with fatal effects a little inland, very seldom, even in a modified degree, reaches Mogador.

Mogador contains about 15,000 inhabitants, of which number about 6,000 are Jews and 150 Europeans. The town is comparatively new. It was built in 1760 by the Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Abdullah ben Ismael, and derived its name from the adjacent sanctuary of Sidi Mogodol. But it is, as already said, best known to the Moors as Suerah, on account of its beauty. It is the only town in Morocco which has been laid out with a view to regularity of plan. Like most Moorish towns, it is divided into two parts, the citadel and the outer town. The citadel contains the public buildings and the houses of the foreign merchants. The Jews' quarter is in the outer town. It is isolated and inclosed by walls; but many of the better-class Jews live in the same localities as the foreign merchants. The town is supplied with water by an aqueduct which brings it from a river about a mile and a half distant. In the part of the town occupied by Europeans the streets are of good width for a place in which wheeled vehicles are unknown, and are kept fairly clean. Moreover the drainage is here effected by sewers.

Mogador is the capital of the fertile province of Haha, but in consequence of its position it has no immediate rural connections. Its inhabitants live by commerce, and its food supplies are brought from a considerable distance. Unlike Saffi and other towns, grain is seldom exported from Mogador. The fine olive plantations of the country to the south yield abundance of oil, which forms a large article of commerce. Various gums, almonds, beeswax, ostrich-feathers, gold, some ivory, goat-skins,

XUM



VIEW OF TETUAN.

wool, and sundry other articles, are also exported. Many of these articles are brought to Mogador by caravans from Timbuctoo and the Soudan.

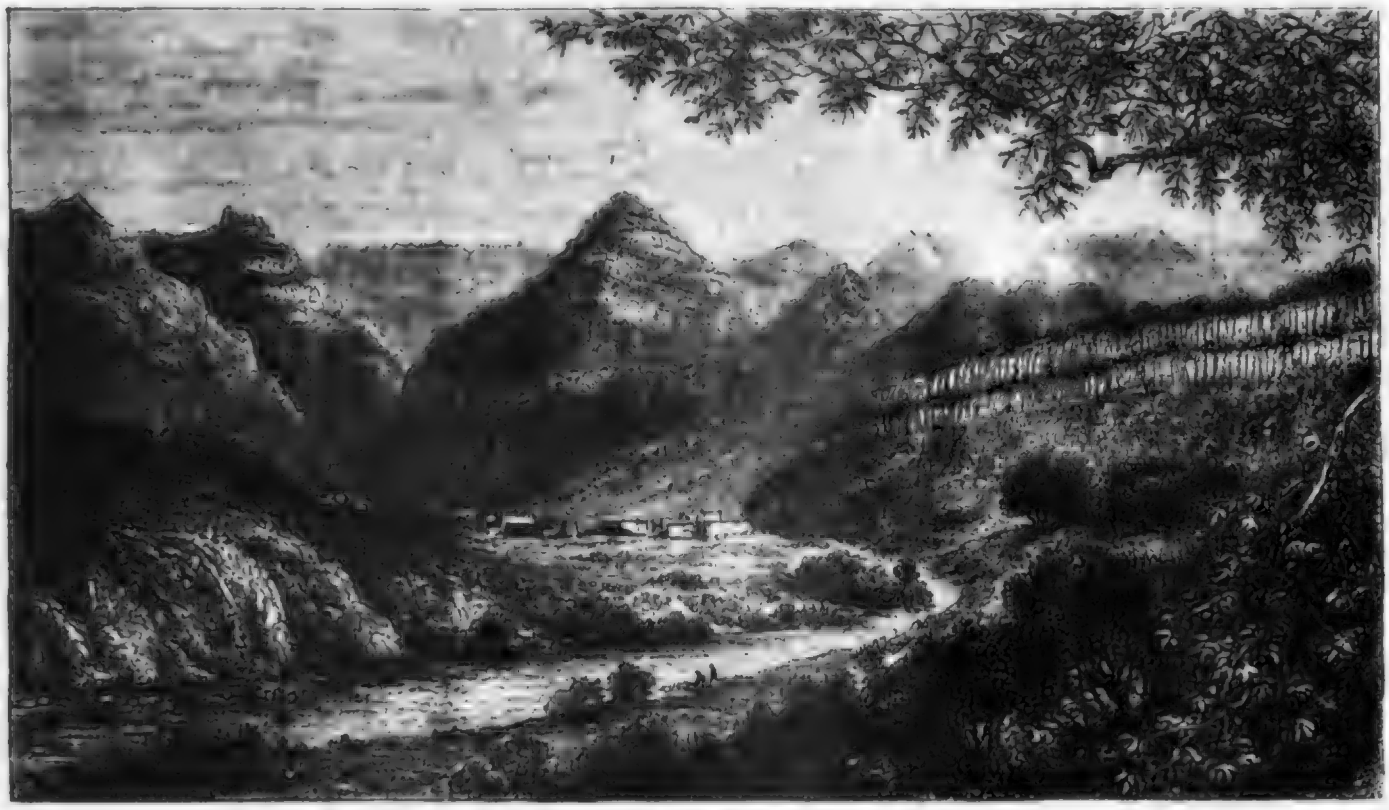
There are a number of horse-mills for grinding corn. A good deal of Morocco leather, chiefly of that fine yellow color of which slippers are so universally made, is produced at Mogador. There are also some soap factories, but the manufactures are not important.

Many of the Jews of Mogador wear the costume of Europe, and are educated gentlemen.

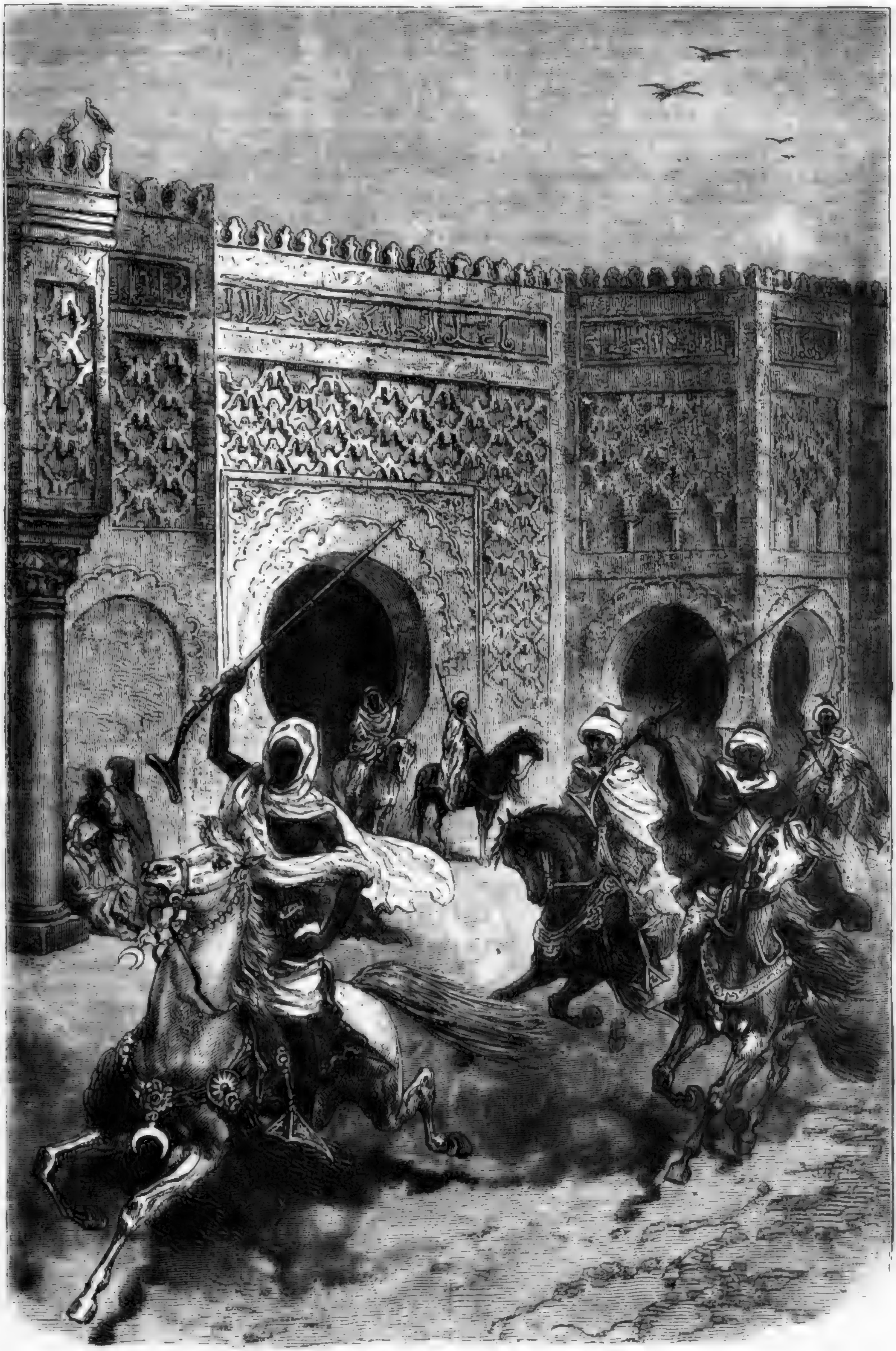
The better-class Jewish houses are large and substantial, and built in the Moorish style. They are, generally speaking, comfortably furnished in the European manner, though often with indifferent taste, there being too much glitter and too little regard to proportion and relative effects.

The European residents at Mogador seldom go to the capital; years sometimes pass without any one making the journey, as it involves much discomfort and some risk.

It is undesirable to travel at night, and it is always necessary to stop at an inzella, or place appointed by the Government for the reception of travelers. These inzellas are situated at convenient distances on the line of road between different places. They consist of inclosures, more or less spacious, surrounded by high walls, but



THE GREAT ATLAS.



PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR OF MEQUINEZ.

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sometimes by almost equally secure fences, made with closely-packed branches of the thorny sidra-shrub. A custodian is appointed to take charge of each station, and as there is generally a village in connection with the inzella, the head man acts in this capacity. It is his duty to set a guard at night, so that travelers under his protection may not be surprised by the robbers and freebooters with which the country abounds. Camels, horses, mules, and asses, are also received into the inclosure. Fires are lighted by the travelers for the preparation of meals, and they sleep stretched on the ground in the open air, or, more rarely, in tents.

The people of the inzella receive a mozouna or two; even the latter sum does not amount to two cents for each animal taken into the inclosure.

It is desirable not to stop, if possible, at an inzella near the bounds of a province. The reason is, the ruffians of the adjoining province pass from its jurisdiction and congregate at the inclosure.

At a height of 1,250 feet, and distant from Mogador about forty-eight miles, the vast plain of Morocco opens out. Gradually the magnificent palm-trees of Morocco, at first indistinctly seen on the horizon, come more and more into view, and with them the grand ridge of the snow-peaked mountains. The city itself is distinguishable by its towering fringe of green.

In Morocco it is the practice to give strangers an empty house situated either in one of the numerous gardens within the walls, or else in a street, with the use of a garden elsewhere; for during the hot weather it is usual to pass much of the day in the open air on carpets spread underneath shady trees.

Morocco is called by the Moors Marakech; the derivation of this is unsettled, but it is supposed to have been taken from certain wells that in early ages existed on its site. In the vicinity are still traces of the ruins of a Roman town—Bocanum Hermerum. The modern City of Morocco has claims to antiquity. It was founded in the year 454 of the Hegira, or 1072 of the Christian era. One Sid Youssef Ben Tachefin built a mosque, as also a citadel wherein to store his wealth; and his followers and many people of the surrounding country, seeking the protection of this citadel, raised houses around it. After the death of Youssef, his son Ali fortified the growing city, and adorned it with other mosques and public buildings. Its progress at that early period seems incredible. Before the death of Ali it is said to have contained 100,000 families. It was surrounded by a strong stone wall, and thus protected, the inhabitants flourished, and soon excelled in the arts and sciences; this so greatly as to lead the Moors of Spain, Algiers and Tunis to send their children thither for instruction. The spoils of Andalusia flowed into the favored city, and the addition of an active commerce with the interior of Africa soon raised it to a position of great wealth and corresponding luxury.

The fall of the Moors in Spain was the first cause of its decline; civil wars interrupted its commerce; vast numbers of citizens emigrated therefrom; till in the end was brought about that state of decay and partial ruin in which it has since remained. "This noble city," wrote Leo Africanus, "is accounted to be one of the greatest cities in the whole world." Relative to the space inclosed within its walls, it is still entitled to be called "great," but its grandeur and nobility have utterly vanished.

Nothing can be finer than the scenery which surrounds Morocco. Situated in an immense plain, it is flanked on the north, and for some distance toward the east and west, by a splendid wood of date-palms, to which the citizens constantly resort for the sake of enjoying the pleasant shade. It is bordered on the east by gardens, and beyond these the country is open to the foot of the Atlas Mountains, portions of which grand chain reach a height of 10,000 feet.

In the distance, on the right, the majestic chain appears. Such is the purity of the atmosphere that it is difficult to realize the true distance of the mountains from the city; sixteen miles is about the measurement, but it seems to be not more than eight. The lofty tower of the Katoubia is seen to the left of the mountains.

The lustre of the snow on their summits has a singularly fine effect upon the deep blue background of a cloudless sky.

The tract of country in the midst of which the city stands rises gently from the mountainous district in the west to the Atlas chain; and from measurements made by Dr. Leared, with an accurate aneroid barometer, it lies about 1,500 feet above the level of the sea. The city walls are thick, and average a height of twenty-three feet; and the area within is very extensive. Square turrets flank a portion of the walls, though many of them are in a ruinous state, and in parts there are none at all.

That portion of the town lying north, forming a sort of peninsula, is surrounded by walls of a later date than the rest, and contains the sanctuary of Sidi Bel Abbes. These walls were raised, at the end of the last century, by order of Sidi Mohammed Ben Abd Allah. All of them are made of *tabia;* and in the entire circumvallation are seven gates, in addition to two others which lead direct into the Kasba or citadel. As seen from without, the city has a compact and strong appearance; but it is needless perhaps, to add that, in relation to advanced warfare, it may be regarded as quite unfortified. About two-thirds of the space inclosed is taken up with gardens or covered with rubbish. The gates are placed in massive archways, within which are guardhouses. The streets leading direct from these gates are usually of good breadth, but in other parts of the town they are narrow, and, particularly in the wet season, very filthy. The makers of gunpowder procure the materials for the manufacture of saltpetre from the street-sweepings, and the men employed in this work are the scavengers of the city.

The houses of the superior classes are almost all built upon the same plan—that of a central courtyard surrounded by long, narrow rooms. One of these serves for a kitchen, in which cooking is carried on by means of charcoal fires. The other rooms are used for reception and sleeping, and accommodate the ladies and children of the family. Near the entrance-door a narrow staircase leads to the first-floor. This is called the *doueria,* and here it is that the master of the house receives his friends. Each house has a well which supplies water for the laundry, and for ordinary use, but drinking-water is obtained from the public fountains. In some instances the horses of the owner divide with the ladies the occupation of the ground-floor; in other words, one room is used as a stable.

The narrowness of the apartments in the best houses of this country cannot fail to attract the attention of strangers. They are, generally speaking, of good height, but are very long in proportion to their breadth. This arises from the difficulty experienced in obtaining native wood of sufficient length for the floors. The width of the rooms, in consequence, seldom exceeds ten or twelve feet.

The tower of the Katoubia is the only building of stone in the city, there being a great scarcity of this material in its vicinity. The best houses are situated in the quarters

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named, respectively, Zaouia-el-Hadhar, Sidi Abd-el-Azyz, Kat Ben Aïd, and Riadh Zittoun. These quarters are more secure than others from attacks of thieves. A street which communicates between one quarter, *Dhcrb*, and another, is bordered only by little shops, or merely by blank walls. The Djemaa-el-Fna is the great assembly-place of the people.

The mosques are numerous, and some are spacious buildings. The pride of the city is that called El Koutoubia, or the mosque of the booksellers. The angles of its square minaret or tower correspond with the four cardinal points of the compass. It is 220 feet in height, and being of the same dimensions at top as at bottom, it has an imposing effect. On the top there is a small turret or lantern, from which the name Sma-el-Fana is derived. The tower consists of seven stories, and the ascent from one to the other is effected by inclined planes instead of stairs.

The mosque itself is a large building of brick, much out of repair. The interior, which is never seen by Christian eyes, contains many marble pillars, said to have been brought from Spain. Beneath the floor there is a cistern as large as the building itself, which is used by the Moors for ablutions.

The mosque of Ben Youssef is, as regards height, next to Kotoubia. El Mouezim and El Mansoury are also large buildings. One of the gates of El Mouezim is said to have been brought from Granada by Mansour, the fourth sovereign of Morocco; an archway of stone curiously wrought with arabesque sculptures, called Bab Aquenaou, is also said to have been brought piecemeal from Algésiras.

There are twenty-one public baths distributed over the town and citadel. The method of bathing is identical with that of the Turkish bath; but the buildings in which the processes are carried on are mean structures compared with those of the East. Men are admitted from sunrise to midday at a charge of a mouzouna—less than a cent—each, and women from midday to nightfall at two mouzounas each.

There are three prisons. The largest is formed by excavating the earth to the depth of about seven feet, and then raising an arched roof supported on pillars. Daylight is scantily admitted through openings guarded by iron bars. It contains a reservoir of water and a mosque. All prisoners have irons riveted upon their legs, and some have an iron collar and chain attached to the neck. No food is provided by Government; the prisoners, generally speaking, being supported by relations or friends. In default of these, they support themselves by making mats, baskets and cushions, or else they live on alms. Those who are unable to work often die of hunger.

The prison in the citadel is devoted to prisoners of state, such as rebellious or refractory governors of provinces. Its walls inclose an uncovered court, around which are little cells, and in the centre is a subterranean chamber. Food is provided by the authorities, but the prisoners are almost always supported by their friends.

There is a jail in the quarter assigned to the Jews, and in which they are imprisoned when charged with ordinary misdemeanors. Opposite to this stands the *morstan*, or madhouse. Lunatics reputed dangerous are fastened to the walls by means of a collar round the neck, and a very heavy chain. This chain is lengthened at night just sufficiently to allow the unhappy wretch to lie down on the bare ground, and the whole of the inmates are fed upon bread supplied out of the revenues of the mosques. The first-floor of this institution is used as a jail for women. They do not wear fetters, but they are compelled, like the rest of the prisoners, to pay a sum of money before they are released. The women detained here are chiefly those of reputed bad lives, and all such as are arrested in the streets during the night.

There are a great many markets for the sale of merchandise. One of these, Souk-el-Djedid, is devoted to imported woven fabrics, and the foreign visitor is half surprised by the sight of familiar marks and names.

In the Souk-el-Atarin, sugar, tea, and drugs, are sold. The Souk Smata is for the sale of shoes. The blacksmiths, carpenters, and butchers, have each a street communicating one with the other. These correspond with the bazaars of the East, and are not inhabited at night except by the guards. The communicating gates are then closed. The wholesale merchants have their warehouses and offices in what is called a fondouk, or caravansary. The principal fondouks are Rangia, Djêdid, El Melah, Selem, Hadj-el-Arbi, and Sid Amara.

Besides these fondouks there are a great number of others which are used as inns by strangers coming into the city with their donkeys and camels. These are filthy places in which accommodation is afforded at the charge of one mouzouna a day for each person, and two mouzounas for each beast. The master of the establishment is responsible for the safety of the animals, but he does not supply them with food.

There are two weekly markets, one held on Thursday, the other on Friday; the former, known as Souk-el-Khemis, is the principal one. It is held partly within the town in the open space, Khemis Dakhalani, and partly outside the gate, Bab-el-Khemis. Camels, horses, mules, and asses, are sold in it. On the sale of each animal a guarantee that it has not been stolen, verified by a notary, is required. The Friday market, held in the Djamaa-el-Fna, is for the sale of horned cattle.

In the centre of the city, close to the market for spun materials, Souk-el Ghezel, is that for slaves. This, which is the principal market in the whole country for the sale of negroes, is held during the hour before sunset on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. The slaves are brought direct from Soudan and Sus.

Morocco is not a manufacturing city like Fez or Rabat, and such textile fabrics as it produces are of inferior quality. The only manufacture in which it excels is that of leather; and the colors produced in this material are chiefly red and yellow.

The palace inclosure of the Sultan faces the south and the Atlas Mountains. It is outside the city, but is surrounded by equally high walls. It covers a space of 1,500 yards long by 600 wide; and this is divided into gardens, attached to which are pavilions. There are two large courts, *mchouar*, or places of audience, around which are arranged apartments for ministers, secretaries and guards. The treasury, containing, it is said, a large amount of specie, adjoins the house inhabited by the Sultan whenever he visits his capital city. The floors of these palace-rooms are paved with various colored tiles; but, with the exception of mats, carpets and cushions, the apartments contain no furniture.

The City of Morocco has an abundant supply of water. To this is due the verdure of the gardens, and the fine quality of fruits and vegetables. It is conveyed into the city by means of aqueducts leading from the hills, Misfeewa and Muley Brahim.

The Jews' quarter is in the southern part of the city. Inclosed by high walls, it is about a mile and a half in circuit, and is bounded on the south and west by the kasba, or citadel. It is called El Melah, the salted place, in allusion to the utility of the Jews, and often in derision

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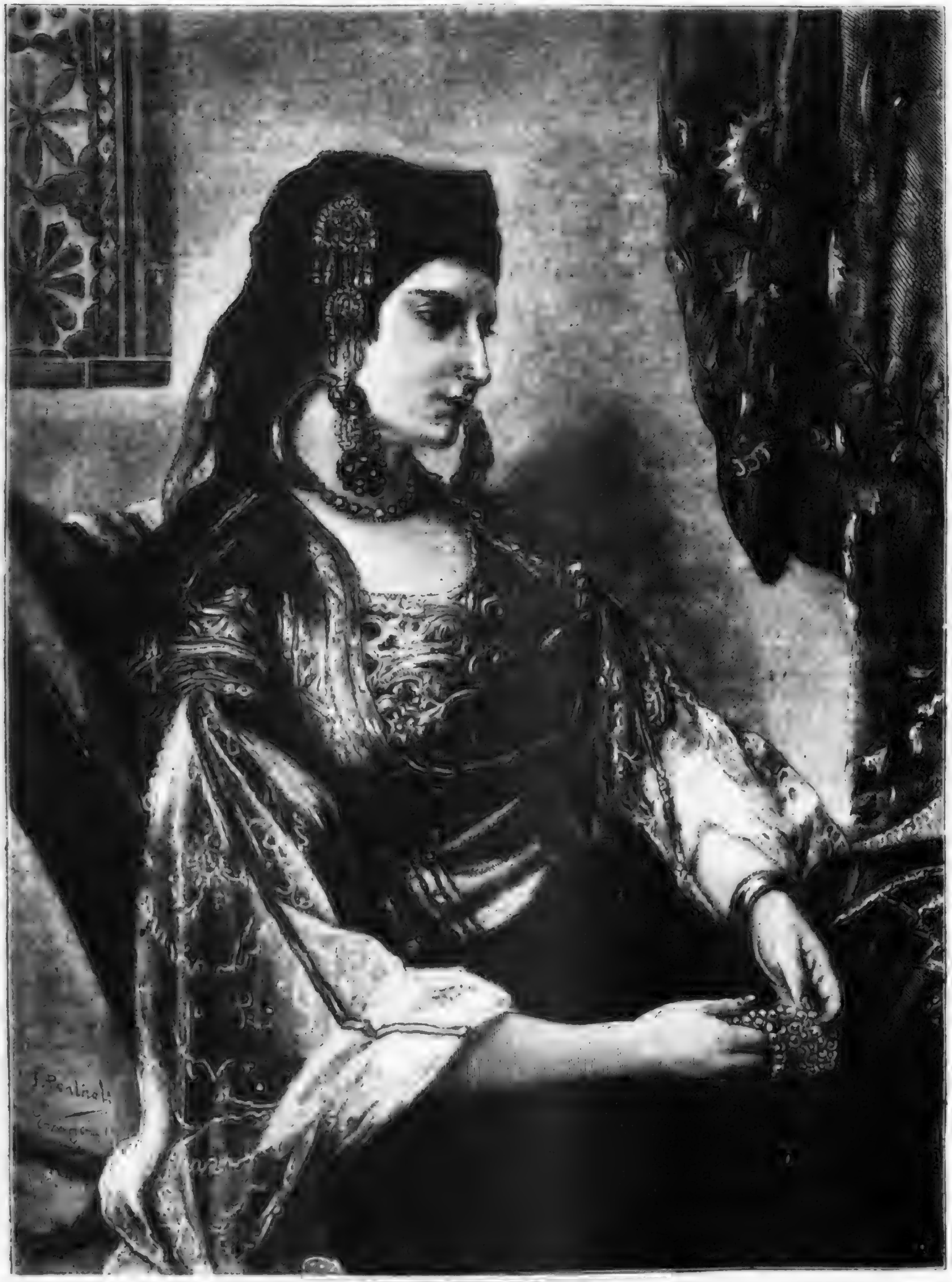
El Messous, the place without salt, by which term their worthlessness is implied.

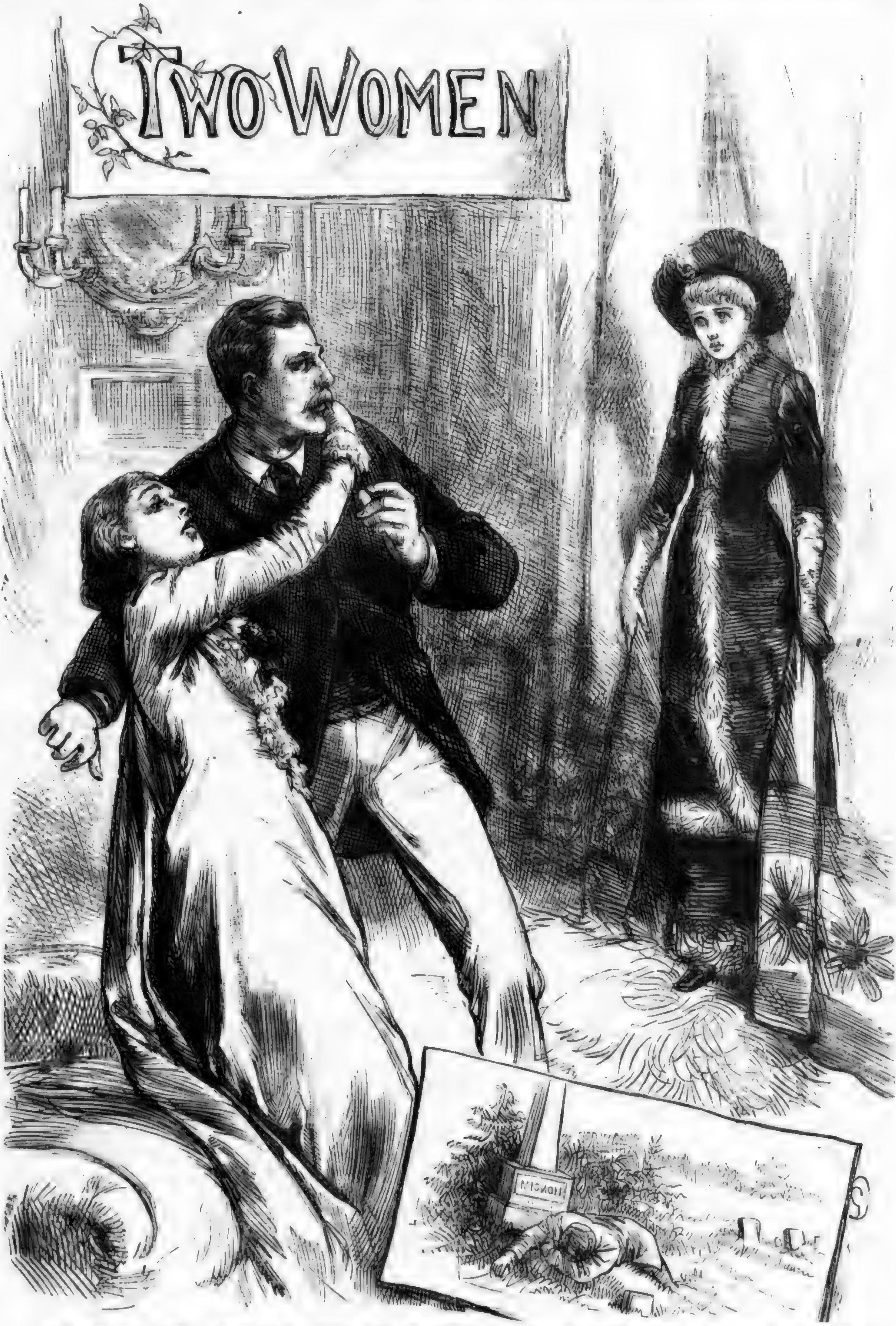


A WEALTHY JEWESS OF TANGIER.

Morocco, as regards Africa, is a cosmopolitan city. Its inhabitants include Moors, Algerians, Tunisians, Egyptians, natives of the Sahara, negroes from Soudan, and occasionally negroes from Senegal are met with. Three languages are commonly spoken: Arabic, which is most general; Shluh, the language of the inhabitants of the Atlas and of the south; and Guennaoui, the speech of the negroes.

Although many of the Moors have a plurality of wives besides female slaves as concubines, at least half of the males have only one wife, or else are unmarried.

Morocco amply repays the trouble of visiting it.



TWO WOMEN.—"MRS. LANGDON'S ARMS WERE ABOUT HIS THROAT. A DEEP SIGH STARTLED HIM. STANDING IN THE ARCH BETWEEN THE BOUDOIR AND THE LIBRARY, PALLID AS A GHOST, STOOD MIGNON."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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"SANS MERCI."

A LIGHT girl's form and a baby face,
Blue eyes with a cool, soft stare;
Yet they tell me, Dick, she can go the pace
In a way that would curl your hair.

They say that she's not twenty-one,
And she scarcely looks eighteen;
But she does not care for what girls call fun—
She can scarcely know what they mean.

She played the deuce with good old Fred,
Till he went to the East, you know;
She had said to his face that she wished him dead,
For she'd somebody else in tow.

They said Harry blew out his brains for debts
On the night of the last Two Thou';
But I saw his book, and, for all his bets,
He might have been plunging now.

The two men fought on the beach at Cowes;
One fell and the other fled;
And a learned priest would have broken his vows,
But he broke his heart instead.

No, Dicky, you need not look so glum,
She'll wait for a better match;
She's not the girl for you, old chum;
And you're not what they call a catch.

TWO WOMEN.

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

"Come to me. I am dying. JUNE."

DON EASTERN'S brow was knit, and he muttered a very impatient imprecation under his breath, as he stood studying the telegram which had just been put in his hand.

"I thought that was all over and done with. Must we go through with it again, I wonder?"

And then he took up a time-table and studied it attentively for a moment.

"Of course, a thousand miles in this beastly cold is a mere nothing for a busy man! That's understood. A woman's caprice must be gratified at all hazards. My arch-enchantress isn't dying any more than I am, but I suppose I must go."

Glancing hurriedly through the mail on his desk, he then picked up, from the midst of commonplace, practical, business-like looking letters, a slim, satiny envelope of palest pink, with a faint perfume clinging to it. His whole face softened and his hand shook for a moment as he eagerly opened, and read the few lines.

"My little Mignon!" he said, gently.

But his little Mignon did not keep him from taking a journey of a thousand miles to see June Heatherton, to whom he had been betrothed a year ago; with whom he had quarreled fiercely over some palpable flirtation on her part; from whom he had parted in bitterness and pain, and yet with a half-relieved feeling in a corner of his heart.

Six months he had been reckless, as a man sometimes will when a woman has been false and untrue in any particular; and then she had written him, proudly, tenderly, saying that, as she had sinned, so must she be supplicant—in her anger she had said she did not love him, but now she knew better; she would never love any one else—would he not come back to her?

But this he had declined, politely and firmly. Now that it was all over, he knew he had never loved her, and that it was a most fortunate thing that he had found it out in time.

Her grace, her beauty, her wonderful fascination had thrilled his blood with a rapture that he thought then was Love, but it was only her false twin-sister. Love had come to him, indeed, but it was a later guest, and then a sweet face leaned to him through the shadows, and its purity and tenderness blotted out the warm Summer beauty of June Heatherton from before his vision.

Yet, a week later he was in her presence.

"She evidently still lives!" he murmured, sardonically, as he entered the magnificent hall of Heatherton, *pater*, in which no signs of mourning fluttered.

A moment later June entered the drawing-room, where he waited, feeling very much like an accomplished chess-player after a close long game, with "checkmate" still in doubt.

Ah, yes, she could stir even his unbelieving, cold heart.

In some soft, white woolen *négligé* that clothed her from foot to throat like snow, with her golden hair caught in a careless, crinkling mass low down on her neck, with her lips scarlet and dewy, and a deep light in her dusky eyes, she came swiftly to him—the white arms were about his throat, the sweet, warm lips against his.

"My love! my love!" she murmured, softly.

And certainly Don Eastern was not the kind of man to let the memory of a little Mignon prevent him from holding a beautiful, yielding form closely in his arms, and returning clinging kisses with interest, when such a rare opportunity offered.

I question if there are many men that would.

But for all this propitious beginning, Don Eastern went back to his own home, a week later, as free as when he left it. He alone knew the full power of June Heatherton's siren charms, for he was the only man she had ever loved. He alone knew of the tears she had shed; he alone knew that she had thrown herself at his feet in all her exquisite, gleaming beauty, and begged him to take her back to his heart, with all the despairing passion that a woman like her can feel when she sees the man that was once her abject slave beyond her reach.

What was her pride compared to the desolation that swept over her when she realized that the heart she had trifled with was hers no longer, when she had learned to prize it most?

And so he went back to his little Mignon, whose calm, pure face was continually before him through all his journey in the bitter Winter cold.

A dainty little missive would be awaiting him—the last week or two would drop away from him then. But to his intense disappointment, no letter was here; he only waited to grasp this fact fully, and to freshen up after his tiresome trip, when once more he started out.

It was a very different woman from June Heatherton that greeted him at the end of this journey. Not tall, nor voluptuous, nor passionate; but flower-sweet and fragile, with dreaming eyes and a sweet mouth, and a radiant smile.

A faint flush stole into her cheeks as she came quietly to him and laid her hands in his outstretched ones for a brief moment. She did not even see the love and longing in his eyes, and then he took her in his arms.

"Mignon, I can wait no longer," he said, earnestly. "Say you love me."

She looked up into his face a little startled, and trembled like a bud the wind has shaken too roughly; but she did not strive to leave her prison, and, after a pause which was breathless and terrible to Don Eastern, she said, gravely and sweetly:

"I love you."

"My angel!" he said, passionately. "I am not worthy of you—not worthy to touch your hand; but I love you so, little Mignon, I shall make you happy."

And she laid her cheek against his, perfectly happy and trusting and content, deeming him

> ——"the goodliest man
> That ever among the ladies ate in Hall,
> And noblest."

Strangely enough, he told her all about June Heatherton. He hid nothing—not even his long journey last week—and Mignon's face was shadowed for a moment.

"Did you ever love her?"

"No, my darling; I thought I did, but I know better now."

"She is very beautiful?"

"Yes."

"And she loves you?"

He bent down and kissed her, but did not answer.

"Are you sure—*quite* sure—that you love *me?*"

"My blossom," he murmured, with infinite tenderness, "if you are not the other half of my soul, I pray God I may go to my grave bereft."

"But you would have married *her*," she said, after a little.

"I don't think Fate would have been so cruel, knowing my little unknown Mignon was my rightful portion. Remember, dear, I did not know *you* then."

And she was silenced.

* * * * * * *

Three months later Don brought her June's wedding-cards.

"You see, dear," he said, "that she did not love me."

But in a day or two came a mad letter to him, written by June on her wedding-day. And Don Eastern was sorry, indeed; for June Heatherton, despite her coquetry, was a girl with a really fine nature. She was good and noble in most things, but this unreasoning love seemed to have overwhelmed her, and swept her off her feet.

He said nothing to Mignon. He destroyed the letter, and did not answer it.

He was beginning to hope she had found a new love to fill her heart, when another letter came.

She had tried to love her husband; she had imagined, if she were married to some good man, she could forget her wild love for *him*. But it was in vain, and she was the most miserable woman on the face of the earth.

He said nothing to Mignon. It would only grieve her, and she was too white and innocent to know anything of such stormy passions.

A third letter came, and a fourth, and he began to be seriously annoyed, when one day a little note came from June—Mrs. Langdon—saying she was in town visiting her sister; would he not call?

In his perplexity (men are such stupids) he went to Mignon.

He told her Mrs. Langdon was in town; and that she had written him to call. Should he do so?

And then, to her questions: No, she was not happy, and she had not yet learned to love her husband, whom she had married in one of her freaks, but in time, perhaps——

And poor little Mignon, with a very sore heart and a calm face, told him to go if he wished. It would be only courtesy.

She had seen June's picture, and the beautiful sorceress face was something to remember—the sweet smiling lips, the languid, dark eyes, the pearl softness and fairness. Often, when she was nestled in her lover's arms, the thought would steal to her that that beautiful head had lain where hers was now; that his kisses had been pressed upon other, redder lips, and she felt a little pang, as a loving jealous heart will, for there is little love in this world that does not walk hand-in-hand with jealousy. It is all very well to talk about a perfect trust, a noble confidence, but this is the nineteenth century, and one must be vain, and arrogant, and self-sufficient, indeed, when no doubt ever creeps in of one's own power and fascination when pitted against another's.

June Langdon had wealth, beauty and passion. Mignon had twice her intellect, and tenderness, and capacity for pain and self-sacrifice and love. June was a magnificent cactus-blossom, scarlet and gold, and subtle; Mignon was a fair day-lily, pallid and fragrant and pensive.

And men have such an unfortunate weakness for tropical flowers, they cannot pass them by carelessly or unconsciously, even though they have already plucked the lily and laid the frail petals above their hearts. The white flower brought out all the beauty of Don Eastern's soul, its chivalry and tenderness, its belief in the good and true, its higher impulses and aspirations; but he could not ignore the scarlet brilliant cactus-bud; it caused his blood to flow faster, it gave a new zest to living—for an hour.

Mignon was his saint, his nun, his good angel, and he loved her truly, with all the high love a man of the world can ever know. He reverenced her for her womanly goodness and truth; he trusted her as he never supposed he could trust any one. She rested him and soothed him unspeakably.

And little Mignon loved him with a strange power and intensity that was the very breath of her life to her.

But he went to see Mrs. Langdon just the same.

She came to him more royally beautiful than ever, with eyes more lustrous and filled with a starrier dusk, with redder lips and a deeper flush on her delicate cheeks; her garments clung about her lissome form, a faint, mystic perfume rose from her laces—*Circe*, indeed.

He stood up silently and gravely, but she laid her head on his shoulder and drew his lips down to hers. She had once been delicately reserved, and high and proud, but a mad, unthinking love had changed her strangely. And, married though she was, this man, Don Eastern, held all her soul in his keeping, and with a tropical nature like hers love is everything.

She would have preferred heaven and the "lilies and the languors of virtue"; debarrėd from that, she would take hell and the "raptures and roses" of a love to which she had no shadow of right. By-and-by, she said, "Don, you love some one?"

He bowed, with a deep look in her face.

"Not me—you do not love *me!*" she said, impatiently. "It is some one else, some one I do not know—tell me about her!"

"My dear June, could a man ever find room for two women in his heart, when one of them was you?"

"Tell me about *her*," she said, steadily. "I have not loved you all these years, Don Eastern, without learning every phase of your mood. Does she live here?"

"No, but she is visiting here at present."

"Is she beautiful?"

"No."

"Brilliant?"

"No."

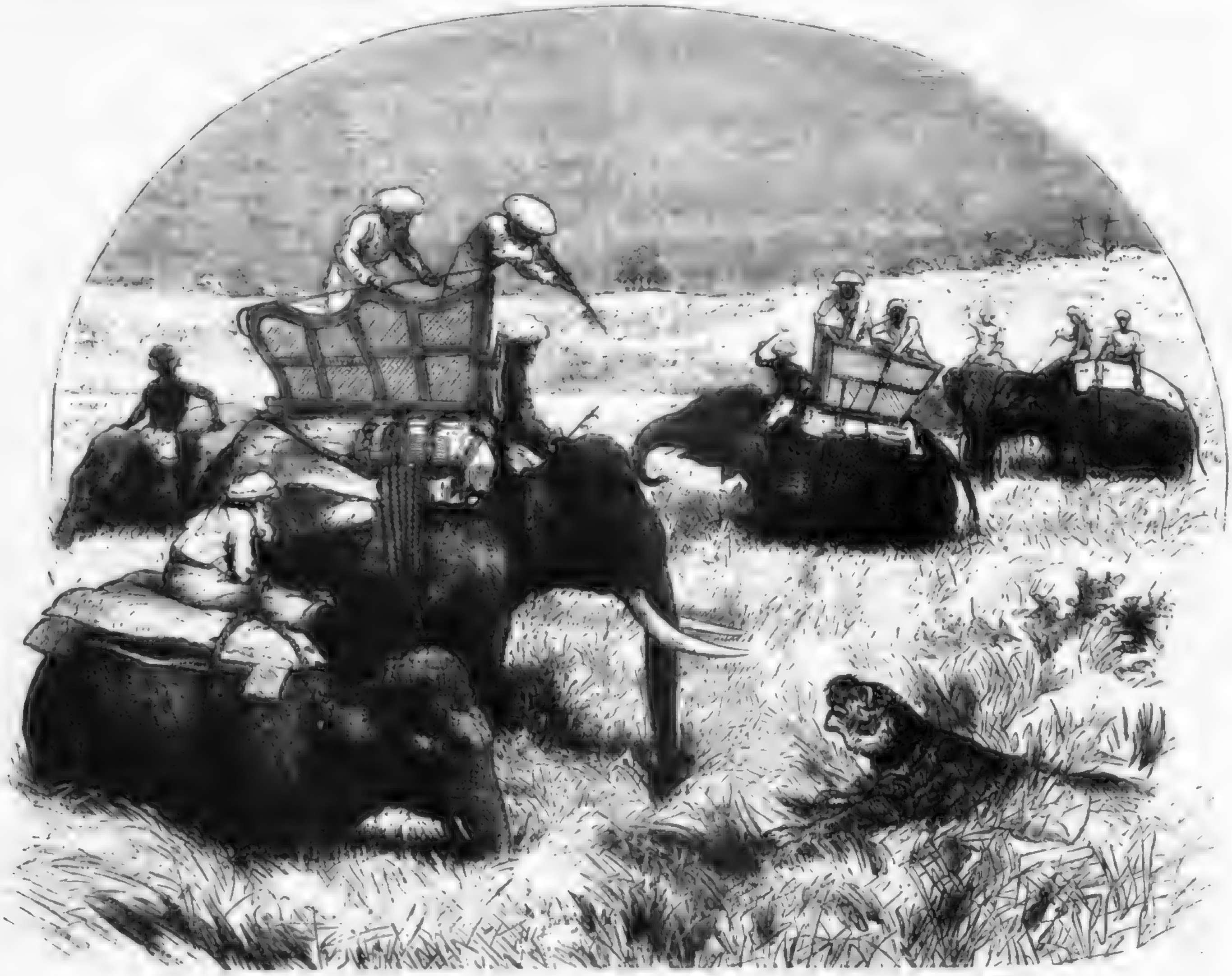
"Wealthy?"

"No."

"What *is* she, then?"

"An angel, whose garments it is a profanation to touch."

XUM



ADVENTURES WITH MAN-EATERS.—A TIGER BATTUE—THE TIGER AT BAY.—SEE PAGE 367.

She looked at him wonderingly and sighed heavily.

"Can I see her?"

"I am sure I do not know. You may possibly meet her at some party or something."

"Are you going to hear Modjeska to-morrow night?"

"Yes."

"With *her?*"

"I believe so."

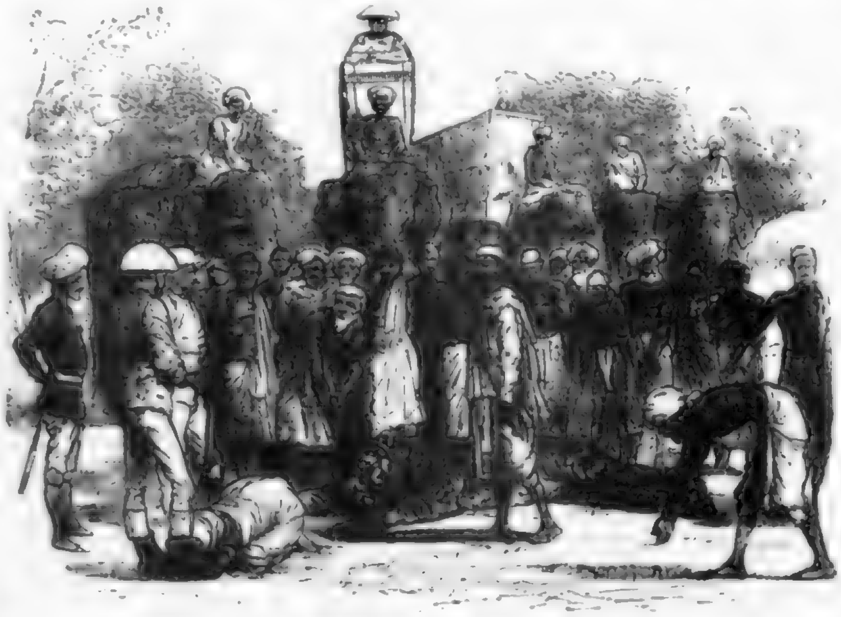
"Then I shall see her—— Oh, my God!"

She caught her breath sharply, and fell down at his feet in all her exquisite beauty.

"Can you never, *never* love me again, Don? My life, my soul, it is all yours! Can you not give me a little love in return?"

He lifted her up gently.

"It is too late to ask that now, June. Try and forget you ever loved any one but your husband. Believe me, you will be happier. No one can more bitterly regret than I the misery of our past. Let us begin anew."



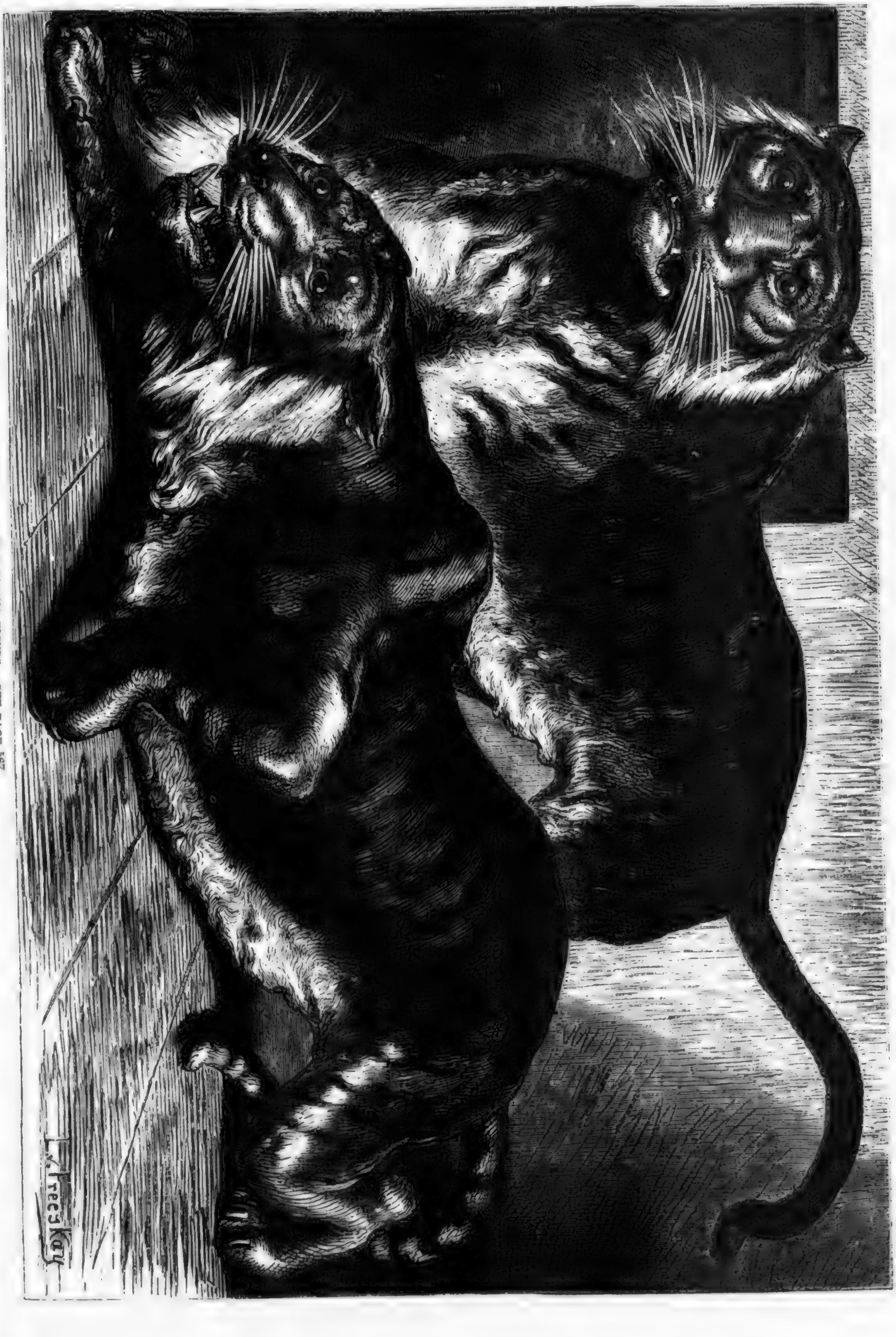
THE DEATH OF THE MAN-EATER.

But she thrust him away from her wildly, and bade him to go, if he did not wish her to fall dead at his feet.

So he went away sadly.

* * * * * *

Mignon was visiting a schoolfriend, Mrs. Barrymore, and the next night they all sat listening to the heart-breaking story of "Camille"—Mrs. Barrymore, piquant and gypsy-like; Mr. Barrymore, blonde and languid, but very devoted to his pretty, dashing wife; Mignon, and Don Eastern. She was listening earnestly to Modjeska, who interpreted so well a passionate, loving, erring, noble woman's heart. The high-bred grace, the dainty foreign accent, the naturalness of this actress, held her in thrall, and she never took her eyes from the stage; but as the curtain went down on the second act, she lifted her glass and slowly scanned the house. Suddenly she paused with a heart that throbbed strangely. Directly across from her sat a woman, whom surely she had seen


L. v. Frecskay

MAN-EATING TIGERS.—SEE PAGE 567.

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somewhere—a woman with great dusky eyes and golden hair and a brilliant scarlet on her lips, and a fitful flush on her cheeks—a woman in gold satin that fell away from snowy neck and arm on which opals gleamed ominously, with a knot of crimson roses in her hand.

"Don," she said, tremulously, "is not that an old friend of yours in the box opposite?"

He lifted his glass.

"You recognize her from her picture, I see. She is looking remarkably well, is she not?" nonchalantly.

"She is glorious!" but the tender heart contracted.

The dusk eyes across were looking in her direction with a restless, smoldering fire in their depths that pained her to see.

June Langdon had glanced over her with a hungry intensity that seemed to search her. She passed over Mrs. Barrymore's bright, dark beauty, and settled directly on Mignon's face, studying it intently. The dark eyes, the wistful mouth, the dreaming, calm sweet face.

"Not beautiful? No; but a face that any man would shrine in his heart and love more recklessly than any mere beauty of form and coloring," she murmured. "Yet she dresses like an actress. There is not another woman in the house like her. She is odd and picturesque. She is like a strain of Mozart, a spray of lilies, a cool pool in the heart of a desert. My God! how he looks at her—he never looked at me like that! He respects her, he worships her——"

She sank back, breathless with misery, and yet, again and again she found herself gazing intently at Mignon.

In a long, black velvet gown, cut after the fashion of an old picture, with rare lace at throat and elbow, with long black gloves and a black fan, and a large bouquet of creamy, odorous jasmine in her hand, she was a contrast, indeed, to most women there.

Mrs. Barrymore was more of a gypsy than ever in pale amber and dark ruby; all about her were color and glow and shimmer, but from the rich darkness her clear pallor, like the leaf of one of her jasmine-buds, the sweet red lips, the dreaming eyes, shone out, and attracted a thousand eyes. She was like a picture of repose. She was the twilight, tender and pensive, after the hot, tumultuous day.

And Don Eastern, looking across at the beautiful enchantress, in her gold-satin draperies, without a thrill, knew that for one touch of the small gloved hand at his side he would brave death.

As *Camille* was parting with *Armand* after her interview with his father, looking so sadly changed from the light-hearted, joyous girl, in her pretty pink dress and garden hat, of an hour before, laughing and sobbing in a breath, kissing him in despairing, parting love, smiling in a grand self-renunciation, weeping over her dead and broken hopes all together, June Langdon, glancing over, saw that the sorrowful blossom-face had grown strangely white, and that Don Eastern was fanning her anxiously, and that he had drawn a mass of black, Spanish drapery about the slim form.

She saw Mignon look up with unspoken thanks, lifting her eyes with such devotion and love and faith in them; she saw him look down eagerly, with truest, tenderest love and anxiety; and then she waited no longer, but rose impatiently, with rage and hatred in her heart.

She paused for one last look.

Mrs. Barrymore had leaned forward to speak to Mignon, and as June's eyes fell on her face she started.

"Why, it is Blythe Hart! I knew she had married, but did not know what had become of her. Ah, everything is easy now."

The next day Mrs. Langdon's carriage dashed up to the Barrymore mansion, and a moment afterward Mrs. Langdon was announced.

Mrs. Barrymore and Mignon were seated together in the drawing-room, Mignon nestled in a great chair before the grate, Mrs. Barrymore lying luxuriously on a low Turkish divan.

Mrs. Barrymore stood up, with a very faint surprise in her face, that changed to delight as she recognized an almost forgotten friend.

"Why, June, are *you* Mrs. Langdon? Three years in Europe have set me quite outside the pale of all my old friends. This is my dear friend, Mignon Trevor. Little Mignon, you have often heard me speak of June Heatherton?"

And Mignon, with a faint color in her cheeks, bowed quietly, but did not speak, and relapsed into her reverie, gazing with dark, dreaming eyes into the flames.

How did it happen? Circe alone knew. But after that these two were often together.

"Such a lovely morning, little Mignon! You must come for a drive with me." Or, "I shall be alone to-day; you must come and make the hours bright for me."

And, although Mignon felt a vague dread and dislike, it was so intangible, and the beautiful voice and face and manner so enchanting, that she could not resist, and felt ashamed of her distrust and fears.

The days had flown swiftly, and they had been days of rapture for Mignon; the gayety and life and bustle were quite new to her. Every day Don was with her, morning and evening; he watched over her with a jealous care and loving devotion that were a marvel to himself. He took her for drives, and accompanied her to the opera; he sent her rare flowers from his own greenhouses; he brought her his favorite books and music, and late in the evenings he lingered beside her, parting from her reluctantly, and thinking of her every moment he was away from her. He realized that this pure, gentle, loving girl was the one supreme love of his life—her white hand could lead him unscathed over every sin and temptation; her sweet, dark eyes draw him to the uttermost ends of the earth. He was proud of her intellect and culture, he worshiped her for her innocence and trust, and for the first time in his life the restless cynical man of the world was happy.

June Langdon was less than nothing to him. He had never been near her since that day. He never even thought of her.

But to-day he held an ivory sheet of paper in his hand, with a monogram emblazoned in violet and gold upon it. And a line in the elegant running hand he knew so well:

> "I am going away. Come just once more, for the sake of the old days, when no other woman was dearer than I. I am going to Paris to live, and may never see you again. JUNE."

And he went. Reluctantly and distastefully—but he went.

He was ushered into a dainty little boudoir, scented and flower-filled.

"Mrs. Langdon came forward from the library to meet him, in a creamy, clinging robe, with a scarlet poppy on her bosom, that gleamed out white and satiny from the yellow, enshrouding laces.

She did not give him unasked kisses this time; she did not offer him even her hand, but threw herself down in a great chair, with a sad languor that would have touched any heart but his. They talked a little while, indifferently, of a thousand things, and then he arose to go.

"Good-by, Mrs. Langdon. I hope you will enjoy Paris, and not quite forget all your old friends."

But with a low and exceedingly bitter cry she stood up.

"*Must* we part like this? Oh, my God! I cannot bear it! Have you no mercy, no pity?"

The tears streamed down her cheeks, and she held out her hand imploringly.

With deepest pity and sympathy, he took her hands in his.

"June, you will forget. Believe me, dear, you will forget all this in a very little while. What good would my love do you now? It could bring you nothing but sorrow. We must never meet again. I hope—I *know* you will be very happy yet. Good-by. God be with you, dear."

He bent down and touched the trembling hands with his lips, feeling wretchedly sorry for this beautiful, undisciplined woman in her misery.

But she flung her arms about his throat, and clung to him in a very abandonment of grief and parting, sobbing hysterically, with low, sharp moans that cut him to the heart.

"June, dear child, do not weep so. You will be ill. It is torture to hear you."

She faltered and shivered, and he put his arms about her, and kissed her on her fair brow once, twice.

Her arms were about his throat, the beautiful, quivering, wet face pressed close against his cheek.

A deep sigh startled him. He lifted his head.

Standing in the arch between the boudoir and the library, with the *portière* dropping behind her, pallid as a ghost, with frightened woful eyes and despair in every feature, stood Mignon.

With a loud exclamation, with rage and impatience and disgust, he shook the exquisite form from his bosom and strode across the room.

But the *portière* had fallen back into its place, and Mignon had vanished.

He called a servant and gave him a message for Miss Trevor, but the man returned with word that she had just gone out. He left the house without another look at the woman who had brought that despairing look into his sweet love's face, and rushed to Miss Barrymore's. But the servant, with no expression at all in his well-trained and very expansive face, informed him that the ladies were not at home.

Perforce, he was obliged to wait until night, and then he found himself once more at the Barrymore mansion.

Mrs. Barrymore received him coldly. Mignon had gone home; she would write to him from there, probably.

He waited two days, then the little rosy missive reached him. He kissed it passionately before he opened it.

> "I never wish to see you again. My one prayer now is that I may forget you utterly. Good-by for all time. MIGNON."

With a mad and bitter wrath, he cursed June Langdon—cursed her fiercely and cruelly—and then he started for Mignon's home, only to find it closed and deserted. And then despair overtook him, too.

Everything, every one, was repulsive to him.

He went to California, and from one end of the Pacific coast to the other. He speculated wildly. He was insanely reckless.

One day, six months after he had first gone through the Golden Gate, he saw a notice in a paper that made June Langdon a widow. He tore the paper in two, and trampled upon it.

* * * * * * *

A year went by, and then he grew calm. He would go home and seek Mignon. He would make her believe in him; life was not worth the living without her. For one touch of her cool hand, one glance of the calm, dark eyes, one smile of the sweet, wistful lips, he would barter wealth and fame, and all the world had to offer—ay, life itself!

He never paused after he had started, nor night nor day, until he had reached the pretty rustic town that held his pearl of price, his snow-white lily, his dove of peace.

And then a great fear fell upon him, undefined and foreboding. He wandered up the wide, irregular street with beating heart and feverish pulses. In a few minutes she would be beside him, gentle, loving, forgiving.

The tears came into his eyes, and he muttered a wordless prayer, sneering, cold man of the world that he was.

He drew his hat over his eyes, and wandered off across a wide, daisied field that opened from the street, until he had shaken off his unwonted emotion,

The little graveyard nestled close beside the field; it looked cool, and shady and restful, and unconsciously he stepped into it.

Suddenly, with a great cry, he stood still before a fair, slender, marble shaft.

MIGNON: AGED 19.

"Blessed are the pure in heart."

There was only one Mignon in the world. He fell down with his face upon her grave. She had died in Rome of the fever.

Two years later June Langdon was Mrs. Don Eastern.

ADVENTURES WITH MAN-EATERS.

If we are to believe writers on Sport, it is only the worn-out, decrepit tiger who becomes that dread monster —"a man-eater." He or she is represented as a mangy, lean, lanky brute, who, failing strength to slay the denizens of the forest, takes up its abode near a village, and preys solely upon its inhabitants.

These assertions are true in some instances, but many a lusty *felis* takes to the same objectionable practices, and many a pard does likewise.

Every wild beast shuns or flees from the lords of the creation, generally; there are exceptions, of course, such as a *must* elephant, or a solitary buffalo; these but prove the rule. It may be asked, then, how comes it that so many felines get over their dread of man and prey upon him? It may arise from old age, decrepitude, malformation, or an injury, which incapacitates the beast from replenishing his larder from the game which abounds in the jungles of India, as is universally believed; or a playful or alarmed tiger, in its full strength and vigor, accidentally strikes down a man; or being hard pressed by hunger, in sheer desperation, springs upon him, and finding how much easier he is to kill than a wild beast, or the ponderous cattle of the villagers, perseveres in procuring, for the future, the same food.

These tigers get very cunning, and are almost impossible to destroy. A case is on record, related by the well-know and truthful sportsman, the late Sir James Outram, of a tiger he was in search of, following his elephant's footsteps, and thus eluding his pursuer. At times their daring equals their cunning: witness the following which occurred in 1851, when the 36th N.I., on being relieved by my own regiment at Samulcottah, marched for Berhampore. As is usually the case, the mess kit, or a portion thereof, was sent on ahead the evening before, so that on arrival, tea or breakfast might be ready for the officers; the detachment was marching along on the high road, and was within three miles of Toonee, when an officer's servant, who was riding on a pony with a child

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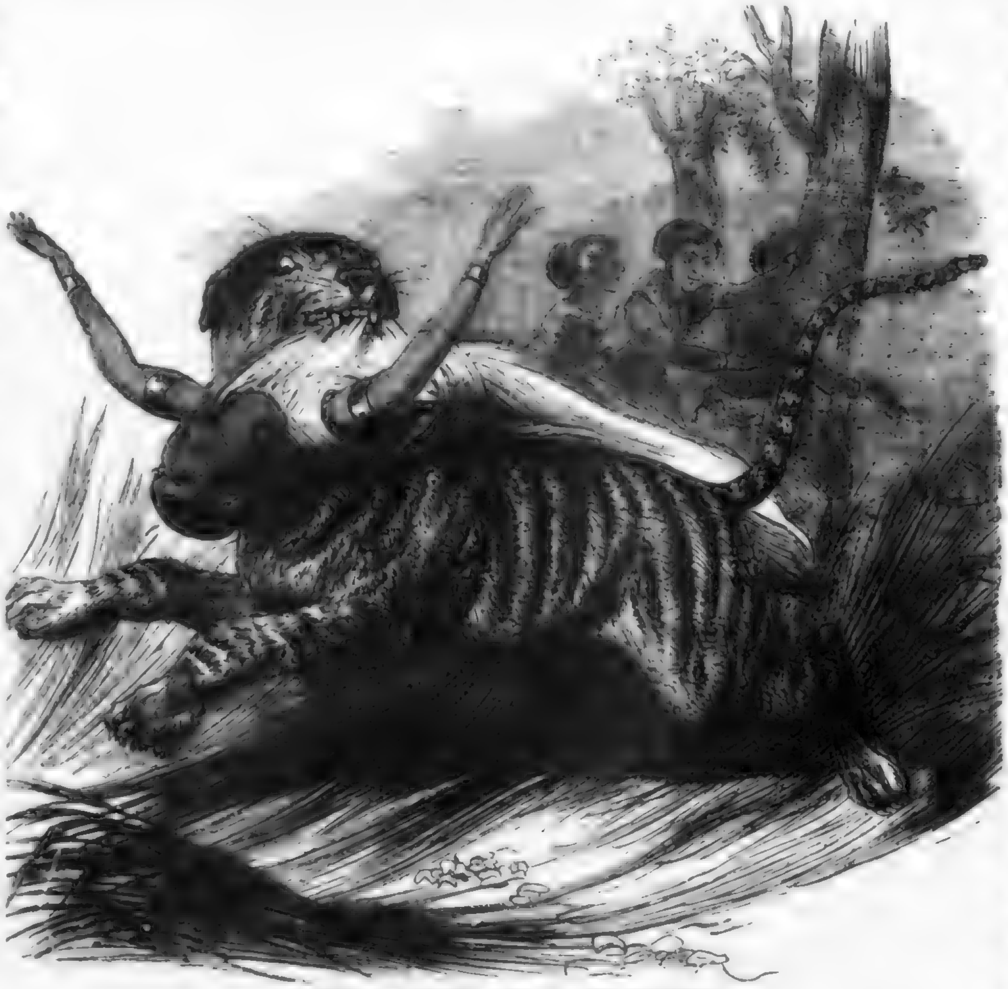
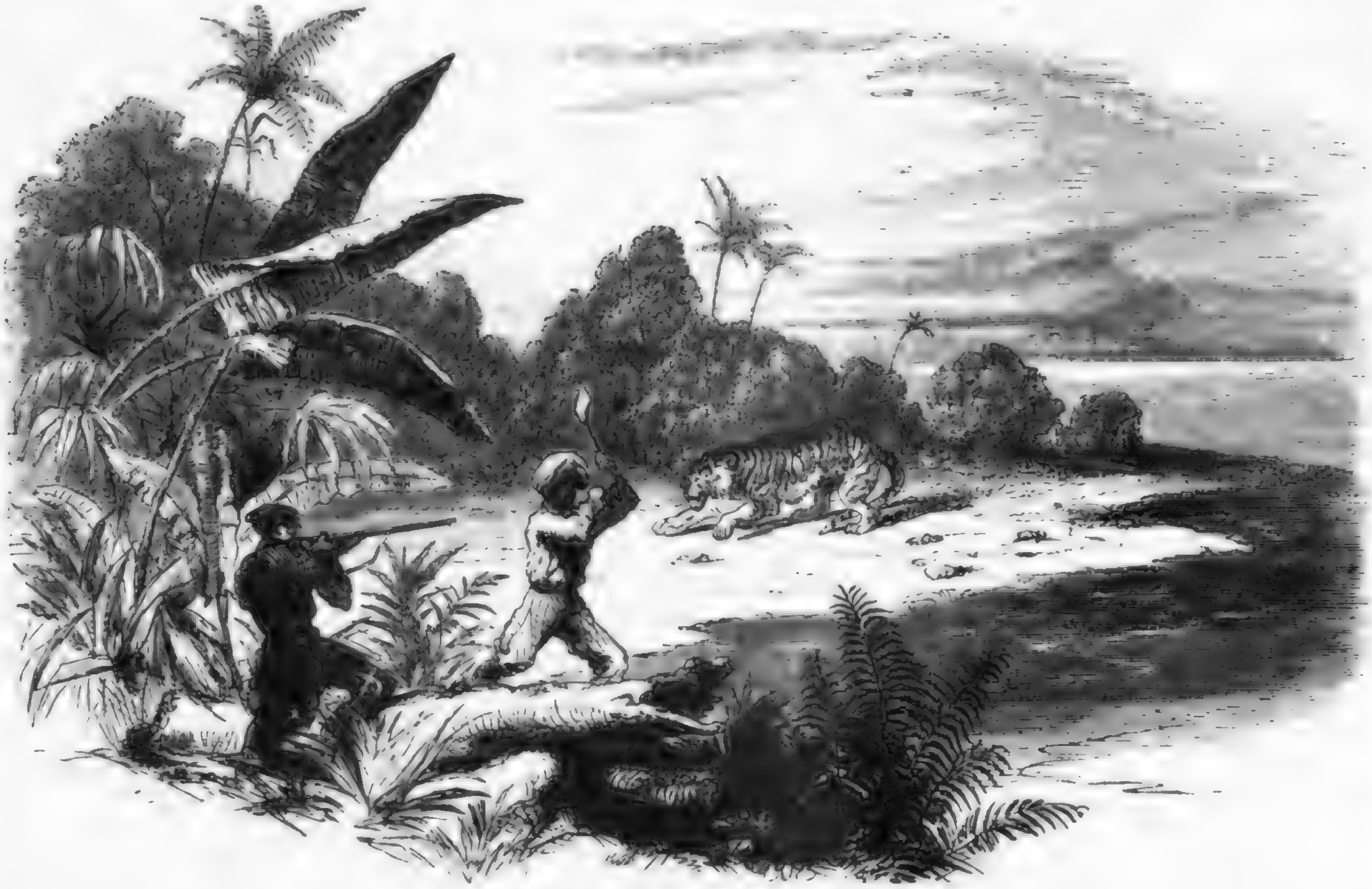


A WOMAN CARRIED OFF AT APPAROWPETT.

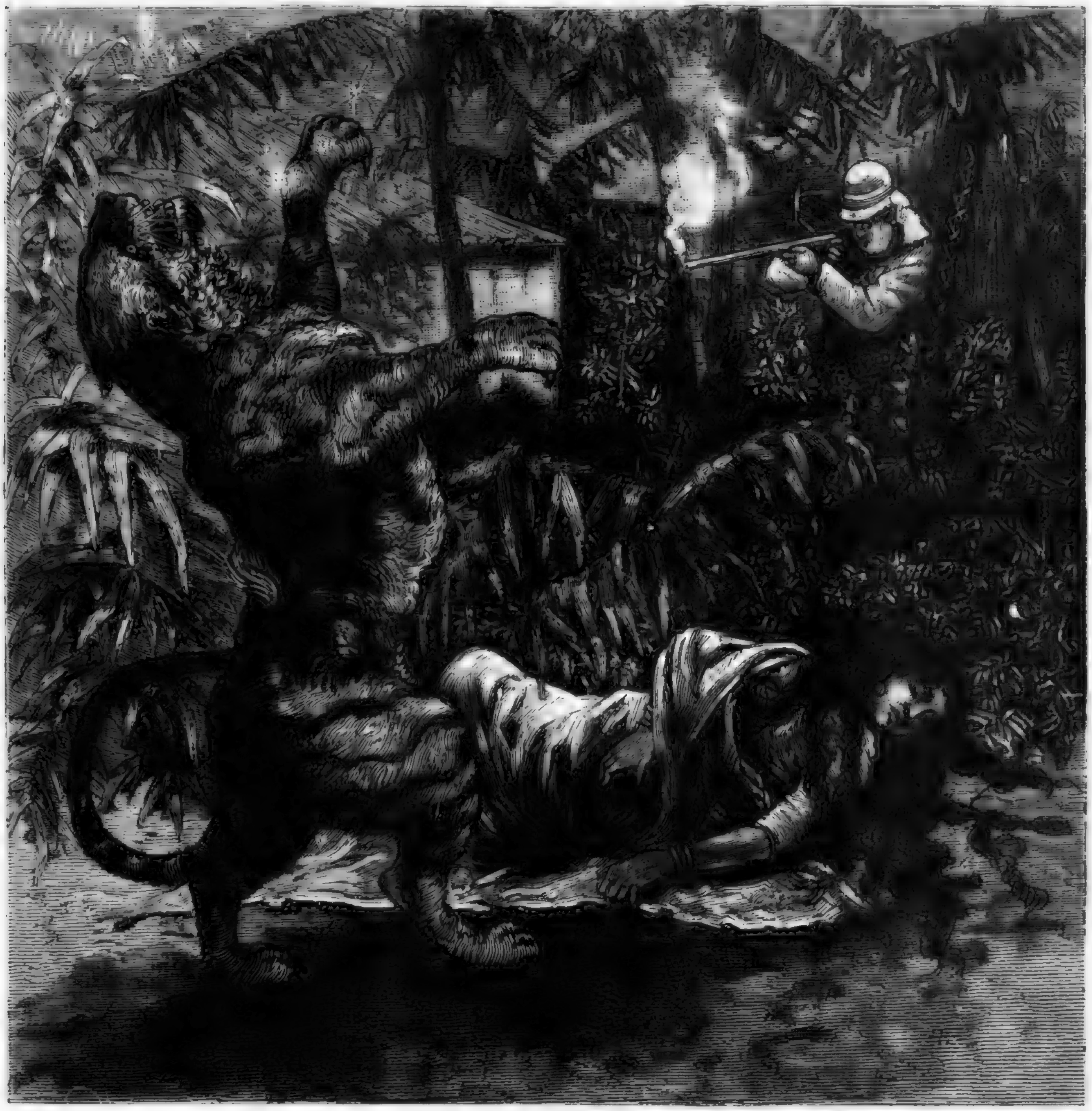
in his arms, close to the mess-guard, was carried off by a tiger, the infant being quite unhurt in the awful rush that took place. It would be interesting to know what effect, if any, the recollection of this scene may have had on the child in after life. Two of the officers and a civilian, early next morning, went back to the spot, to try and recover the body; except that they had to make their way in Indian file through thick thorny bushes, under which they had to crawl on hands and knees, the trail, marked with fragments of clothes, the cap, keys, purse, blood and hair of the victim, was an easy one. The body was very little mangled, so it was determined to wait for the return of the tiger, and in the meanwhile to erect a mâchan or platform in the only tree near. One of the officers returned to camp, as he had work to attend to, leaving his two comrades to watch for the man-slayer. These two took shelter from the sun, as it was then mid-day, under a bush close to, but not within sight of, the body, which was not a pleasant spectacle during their meal; their gun-carriers were about the spot collecting the rough materials at hand for the platform. While all were thus employed, the tiger carried off the body from their midst in open day, and through not very thick brushwood, without being observed by any one. They endeavored to follow the trail, but without



WOODCUTTER SURPRISED BY A TIGRESS.

success, for the body had then neither blood nor rags to mark the path, and the ground was hard. The beast had outwitted them and escaped with his prey.

Another desperate and almost incredible attack by a man-eater was that made by one, in the Yonzaleen, on Captain C. Hill, of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, who, marching along at the head of a strong force of constabulary in pursuit of a body of Shan Levies who had deserted our service, taking with them their arms, was seized by one in open day, and, after a desperate hand-to-hand encounter, lives to tell the tale. His cowardly peelers gave him no assistance, and he owed his escape to falling down suddenly when the tiger struck him on the neck, the beast going a complete somersault over him. When they met face to face again after this upset, the man on his hands and knees, with the blood pouring down his face and beard, appeared to the feline metamorphosed into a four-footed beast, more uncanny than himself; for man he did not care a pin, for the object opposed to him he did, for putting his tail between his legs, he beat a retreat. Bad as are tigers when they take to preying on man, panthers, when they follow the same homicidal propensities, are far worse.



AVENGING A GIRL'S DEATH.

A tiger can, but he will seldom, climb a tree. A man who is perched on an elevation or a mâchan, beyond springing distance, is generally safe. Instances have been known where one of these dreaded cats has deliberately climbed into a tree, and, after bringing down the sportsman, reascending and killing the *shikarie*, or native sportsman, who, bereft of his senses with fear, remained quiescent, though armed; but this, again, is an exception to the habits of the animal; but a pard can climb with the greatest facility, and often does so, lying in wait on a pendant branch, and on anything passing underneath, pouncing down upon it. Thus, when one of these lesser but formidable felines takes to killing man, he is far more destructive than his bigger brother. Nothing is safe from him. Men, watching in their paddyfields on mâchans, disappear. Houses are entered and the inmates carried away. He becomes a scourge indeed, if not speedily killed. Very often the village is deserted. Their cunning is equal to their ferocity. Many of these pards are, in size, equal to young tigers or full-grown tigresses; their pluck and activity far greater, their ferocity and attack, when wounded, equal. I would sooner, any day, have to deal with the largest tiger than an ordinary-sized panther. They take an immense deal of killing, and will, even after being shot through the heart, kill several men, if they can get at them, before giving up the ghost.

A hunter from an early age, when most men are at school, it has been my lot to rid many a village of its dreaded foe, and I will here relate two instances which are deeply engraved on my memory.

In the year 1850 I obtained six weeks' leave of absence, and, having sent on my kit some days before, dâked out to the village of Apparowpett, situated in the Neermul jungle. My object was to shoot bears, which were very plentiful, and any other game I might come across. On my arrival I found my people in a dreadful state of alarm, and I was waited upon by the head man, who prayed me by Allah to rid them of a Shaitan who was depopulating their village. Here my head servant struck in, saying: "Sahib, do not stay; everything is packed and ready to go on. Mr. Pâtel (head man) is right, it is a devil, and not a beast; we have been here two days in fear of our lives. The first night Kistamah, master's shikarie, was induced to sit up on a high tree, close to the village, by promise of a reward, to shoot a tiger, which, the people said, passed by nightly. There was no disturbance, no shot during the night, yet, in the morning, Kistamah had disappeared. Last night the village shikarie and master's orderly sat up in mâchan; the orderly cannot be found, whilst the shikarie is lying dead on the mâchan; two houses were entered and two women have been carried off. Master know very well this not tiger's doing; it is a Shaitan, and the sooner we go the better." "Hold your tongue," I said; "where is Venket-a-Chillum" (another shikarie). "Khudawan, he has gone with a village peon in search of the orderly." "Pitch the camp directly and see that plenty of firewood is collected for keeping up large fires at night, and order the head man to bring the local shikaries to my quarters immediately after breakfast, and tell Venket-a-Chillum to come to me, too, directly he returns."

I was soon reveling in a bath, much required after two days' and two nights' incessant dâking; my servants with a good deal of grumbling unpacked the kit, declaring that they would all lose their lives.

"Master can kill plenty tigers; but what can he do against the devil?"

I pitched the tents pretty close together, leaving space for our hakaries (carts), bullocks and horses between, and saw that wood was stacked all round, at intervals of twelve or fifteen yards, for lighting at night.

After breakfast the head man ushered in some six or eight more than half-naked savages, each armed with a long matchlock, who squatted on their hams in a circle in front of my tent.

When questioned about the Shaitan, all began to jabber at once. Ordering them to be silent, I picked out one, a venerable-looking, elderly man, as spokesman, and bid him speak.

With tears in his eyes and with a tremulous voice, he said:

"Feeder of the poor—a month ago your slave had a happy home. He had three sons, each as strong as a lion, brave as Rustum, and with eyes as keen as an eagle's; they were noted shikaries, and had slain many tigers, bears, leopards, and even the dreaded Koolgha (Gaur). He had two houris as daughters, who were sought in marriage by all the eligible young men for miles and miles around. Hitherto prosperous—some demon became jealous of your slave's happiness. My eldest daughter, on the eve of her marriage with the Pâtel's son, went, as is customary, to a shrine a little distance off, to offer up the usual gifts. As she did not return, my eldest son went in search of her; he, too, never came back. We went in a body to the Pagoda, but beyond a drop or two of blood, we found no signs. The Pâtel's son was all but mad with grief, and wanted to search the jungles all night, but we forcibly restrained him until the morning, when we all sallied forth, fully armed. We hunted unsuccessfully all day, and on reassembling at the Pâtel's house, two of our party, his and my son, were absent; we thought they would build a mâchan and remain in the jungle all night, and resume the search in the morning, but they have not been heard of since. My third son was found dead a week ago at the foot of the mâchan, on which he had been watching the crops at night; two nights ago my daughter was more than half devoured in my own house, and I am now *larchar* (hopeless)."

"What do you imagine is the cause of this wholesale destruction?"

"Gureeb peerwah! it is impossible to say; at first we put it down to Adme Khanawallah bagh (a man-eater). Then we thought it might be a Bore butcha (panther); but we now believe it to be a ghoul of a Shaitan (a man-eating devil)."

All the others had tales of dire loss to relate. Scarcely a family had escaped, but had lost one or more members of their households. I told them to come again in the afternoon, and I would talk to them after consulting with Venket-a-Chillum; but neither he nor the peon ever turned up again.

To say that I did not feel excessively uncomfortable would be an untruth. My orderly and two shikaries gone—dead, for all I knew—I thought it might be a party of Thugs trying to frighten us out of the neighborhood; but then, how account for the half-eaten remains of the shikarie's daughter in his own house? How, indeed, account for it in any one way?

In the afternoon, after another talk with the villagers, it was determined that we should sit up two and two, guarding the passes from the rocky hills to the village. There was only a young moon, so we should have to pass the greater part of the night in total darkness; but, hating night-shooting as I do, there was no help for it; something must be done to rid the village of its scourge.

The night passed quietly, but at early dawn, when natives begin to bestir themselves, frightful howls arose from the very centre of the community. I hurried there, and outside of one of the principal houses lay the remains of a beautiful girl, more than half devoured. The doors were closed; but a careful search revealed, that a hole had been made in the roof, through which the despoiler had not only entered, but had dragged out its victim!

"It must be a panther!" I exclaimed.

"No, Sahib!" exclaimed all the people, "it is a devil."

However, I retained my opinion; and taking a strong body of armed men with me, I explored carefully the neighboring hills. Marks of bears were plentiful, but I could discover no signs of panthers.

I remained here a week, and not a night passed without one or more people being killed; the loss in six months had been over one hundred. However carefully we watched, the enemy eluded us, and either some person was dragged out of a house, killed and partially eaten, or some unfortunate girl, going to a stream close by, would never be heard of again.

The people decided on deserting the village, and I could not blame them. I had lost all present chances of sport by trying to assist them, as yet ineffectually. I did not like to abandon them until I saw them in some place of safety. Their means of transit were limited, but the poor people did not possess much, and by extemporizing sledges, loading up the few carts they had, and using the best of their cattle as pack bullocks, they managed to get as far as Seonee, distant about eight miles, by that evening. This had been deserted some little time before, also on account of man-eaters, but the houses were intact and of a better description than those at Apparowpett; into these crowded men, women and children.

I was pretty well worn out, watching night after night, and, as mâchan-shooting had failed, I proposed to try what a mart (a circular pit dug in the ground, about three feet deep, with the earth thrown up around it, with clods of earth left here and there, which would resemble a man's head) would do. My followers were horrified. "If people were not safe some fifteen feet off ground, what chance would they have in a mart? and Shaitan would be certain to kill them." This I thought very likely, but determined to risk it. I had the huts surrounded by thorny bushes and *chevaux de frise*, lighted fires all round, except in a lane leading from the jungle to the village, which I purposely left apparently unguarded. Close to the edge of the lane, about a quarter of a mile off, under a corinda bush, I dug a mart, and got in about half an hour before dusk. I took the old man whose family had been decimated and another shikarie with me. No animal could attack us but from the front, the other faces were protected by huge rocks and dense shrubs. The moon was not at the full yet, but it gave a fair light. I was dead beat, so rolled myself up in my cumbly (native blanket), and bidding the young man be on the alert (I thought he was in too great a fright to close his eyes), the old man and I were asleep in a few moments.

Most sportsmen acquire the faculty of being wide awake in an incredibly short space of time; no sooner are they awake than they have all their senses about them. Young as I was, barely eighteen, I had acquired not only this but most jungle lore.

There was not a breath of wind; I was enveloped in the blanket from head to foot to keep off the musquitoes which swarmed in myriads. A mysterious sense of danger, a warning, if I may so style it, of peril close at hand, in a moment made me wide awake. I seized my rifle quietly, and full cocking it silently, cautiously moved the covering aside, and looking toward where Sawmy, the young shikarie, ought to be, I found he had fallen forward fast asleep, whilst within a foot of his neck was peering down the devilish countenance of a black panther of the largest size. I have no doubt he was just in the act of seizing the unconscious man and did not see me, for without putting the rifle up to my shoulder, I raised it until the muzzle was within an inch of its head, and, pulling both triggers, blew his brains out; at the same time I scrambled out on the other side, the panther, pitching on the remains of his head on to Sawmy's back, turned a complete somersault, alighting on the old shikarie's face. Such a hullabaloo I never heard; both shikaries yelled and howled and bolted for their lives, leaving me in the lurch. Luckily the beast was stone dead.

We were a quarter of a mile from the village. I did not care to traverse that distance alone in the dark, for the path was along a dense jungle, through which the rays of the moon could not penetrate; where we had been sitting was in a little cleared place. I thought, too, from so many people having been carried off, there must be more of the family, supposing, indeed, that the one I had slain was one of the man-eaters. So I determined to take my chance and to remain where I was; all sleep had fled, and I watched until the moon disappeared. I then certainly felt lonely and uncomfortable; by my side, on his back, lay the dead beast. I knew his tribe could see in the dark better than I could during the day, and I could hear my own heart thumping, until I became quite restless, and a nasty sort of sensation crept over me. I do not think it was actual fear, but something very akin to it; anticipation is always far worse than the reality, and I certainly hope never to pass such a couple of hours as I did that night between the setting of the moon and the first streak of day.

It was too dark to observe objects, and I was just stretching myself, for I had been sitting in a cramped position the greater part of the night, when I heard, I thought, a slight mew in the distance. At once all uncomfortable feelings left me. I was myself again. I guessed it was the mate of the beast by my side seeking her spouse. I crouched lower down. The rifles were placed ready to hand, and on the full cock. Some time elapsed; the jungle cocks began to crow, as daylight was rapidly approaching. There is no dawn or twilight in the East, so I feared the brute had gone back to its den, but I kept quiet all the same. Without the least intimation or the slightest sound, two objects appeared as if they had dropped out of the skies right in the path. What they were I could not tell, but I let them both have it, right and left; one sprang at me, and coming in contact with the muzzle of my rifle, with great force, stretched me on my back and was on me in a moment. I had my wits about me. Seizing my good Arnachillum Shikar knife in my right hand, and rolling the cumbly anyhow in my left hand, which I involuntarily thrust forth in defense and which was seized at once, I drove the blade with my full force into its chest; the blood spouted out into my face, and, to make matters worse, the brute vomited the contents of its stomach right over my face, causing me to retch dreadfully, and to be as sick as itself; but I was not idle; I had repeatedly driven my blade into, as I found, a dead beast, for my antagonist's carcass lay over my legs.

It was by this time day, and the valiant villagers gathering courage, hearing my shots, came to the rescue, and found me half-dead from the dreadful stench of the filth over me, which proved to be half-digested human remains. I got rid of my clothes as fast as I could, and a bath soon restored me. The only wounds I had were two claw-marks in the inside of my thigh—the blanket had saved my arm.

As soon as I had had my tea, I bethought me of the second panther I had fired at, and told the old shikarie to go and see whether there were any marks of blood on the trail. I abused him and Sawmy for deserting me, but they said, and truly I believe, that seeing a black beast, which they knew was not a bear, and never guessed to be a panther, struggling on the top of them, they thought it was the devil, and had bolted accordingly. No one had come to my assistance, as they believed I had been killed, until they heard my shots in the morning.

The men soon returned, and said there was plenty of blood on the trail. I at once determined to follow up the beast in the hopes of discovering its lair or den. I forgot to mention that the second panther was an ordinary one, a male, not quite full grown. I collected about a dozen of the most stalwart of the villagers, who were armed in a variety of ways. A few had matchlocks, but mostly only spears or Tulwars (swords) and shields.

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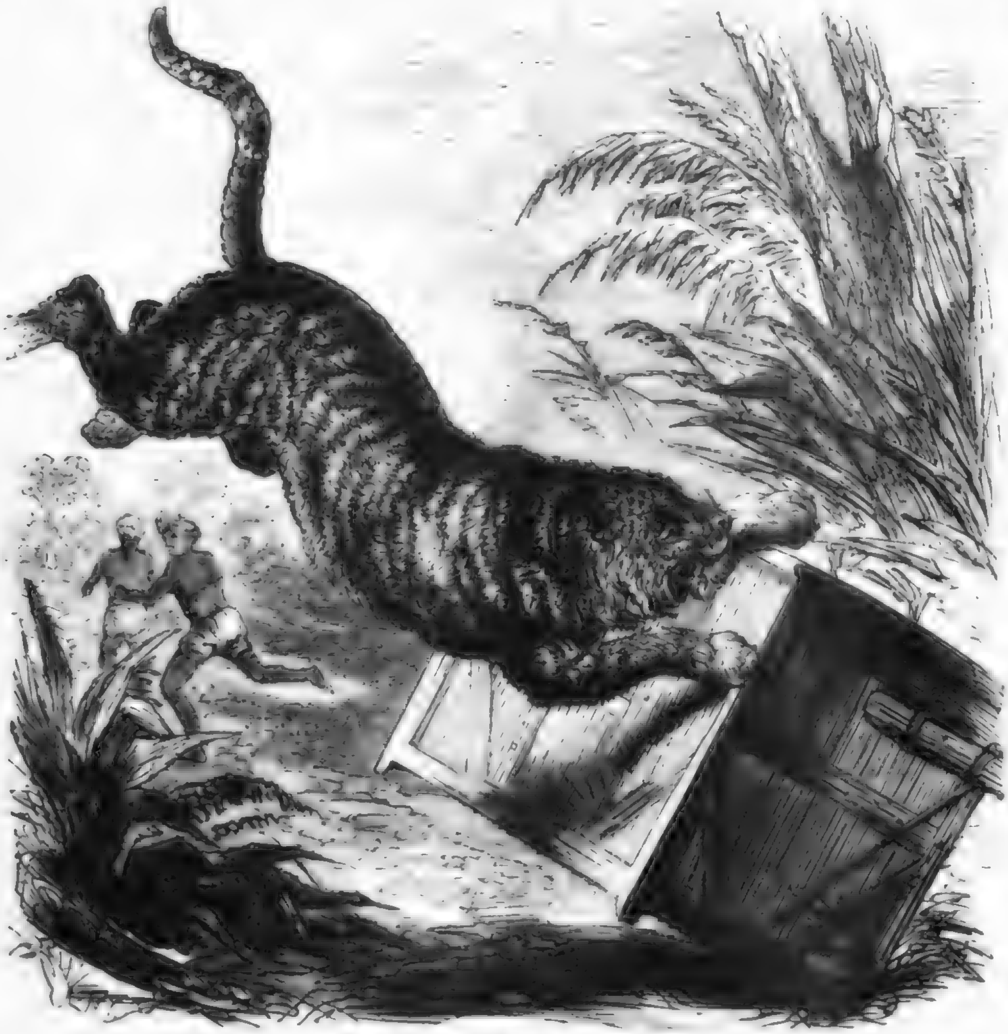


TIGER ATTACKING A PALANQUIN.

There was no difficulty in following the trail. We found the wounded beast had been joined by two others, and were confident of overtaking our quarry, as it had frequently laid down to rest, leaving always a pool of blood behind. The marks led toward Apparowpett, not to the Rocky hills, but to the dense jungle. We went fully five miles, and came to a very marshy spot, almost impenetrable, owing to a canebrake which surrounded it. The beasts had entered this, so we cut a way through, keeping an eye on the trail; the undergrowth was of the densest and very matted, but we discovered the pathway by which the beasts were in the habit of going and coming. We could not go along it even on all-fours, and it was very offensive, and covered here and there with bits of cloth, human bones and hair, so we knew we were following up the man-eaters.

Hoping to act the part of avenging angels or demons ere night, for ourselves we cut a path close alongside that in use by the felines. This tangled brake lasted for nearly one hundred yards; beyond, there were only bushes and immense trees, which were discovered to be all connected. They were Banians, a sacred tree among the Hindoos. The nature of it is such, that when the lateral branches become too heavy for the trunk to support, they throw down suckers, which take root in the ground, and in time become in themselves trunks which again support other branches, and so on. Often one tree —that is, the original stem and its ramifications—will cover thirty or forty acres of land; under this dense foliage the undergrowth is not very formidable. We tracked the panthers to a central point, which, I have no doubt, was the parent trunk; this, with the various suckers, many of them the size of an ox in circumference, formed a series of caves, and the stench told us it was the lair of the man-eaters.

The villagers had many relations to avenge, and set too with a will to collect dead wood as well as green to smoke out the varmints. It was falling noon when we surrounded this abode of abomination; in every entrance were piled dead wood and green bushes; many of the younger men, excited to a pitch of madness almost, climbed up into the branches and piled up wood over every hollow leading from the trunk to the branches above; these were fired, and, when fully in blaze, more green branches and water were procured, and no salamander could have existed for an hour in such dense smoke as arose in and about this Golgotha. We heard growls and muttered snarls, gasps and coughing, so knew the whole family to be there; the people round me were like demons, dancing and shouting for joy, and feeding the flames. This lasted for an hour or more, and as the fire gradually died out, portions of the stem fell down, revealing the horrors inside. To explore fully was impossible, the smell of decomposed burnt flesh was too horrible; there were the remains of most of their victims, many of them still distinguishable. Out of some of the remotest recesses we dragged forth the carcasses of three female pards, one being the one I had wounded, and two others who had little ones. Amongst these we obtained but one black one, the others were of the ordinary hue; there were two adults three parts grown. In all, this colony of man-eaters consisted of one black male, three ordinary three parts grown males, three fully grown females, and nine cubs, one of them being black. All these brutes were as sleek and fat as possible, and it is almost incredible the damage this small number should have inflicted on the inhabitants. However, there was an end to them. We got back to Seonee by dark, and had a peaceful night, which we much required after all we had lately undergone.

The next day we held a consultation of the elders, and it was decided to retrace their footsteps. I saw them safe back, and then continued, or rather commenced, my sport; and when I passed through again, three weeks later, no person had been killed or molested during my absence. I have never been in that part of India since, but it still bears a bad name for man-eaters.

Twenty-five years passed away; from a boy almost I had become a middle-aged man; I had served the greater part of these years in Burmah and Assam, and longed to visit my old haunts again, but prior to doing so I accepted an invitation to visit the Neilgherry Hills, and the western ghauts. We had very fair sport of a description quite new to me, but my two companions showed incipient signs of fever, and hurried back to Ooty. Shooting alone is stupid work, after youth's enthusiasm has worn off, and I was thinking of wending my way back too, when, on arriving at Pullikul, the Kurders told me they had lost several men lately from man-eating tigers. I instantly remembered my youthful adventure. It is true, many a royal tiger, panther, behemoth, taurus, bear and buffalo, to say nothing of deer, etc., had fallen by my hand, in the interval; for I had been a persistent and fortunate shikarie; but I had never forgotten the panthers of Neermul, nor the abominable bath given me by one of them. I had killed many man-eaters, but had run no great risk from them, for I had generally been mounted on an elephant; now I determined to follow these up on foot to the death. The villagers said they thought there were a couple of them, a male and female; and that they never went very far, killing one or two people every three or four days.

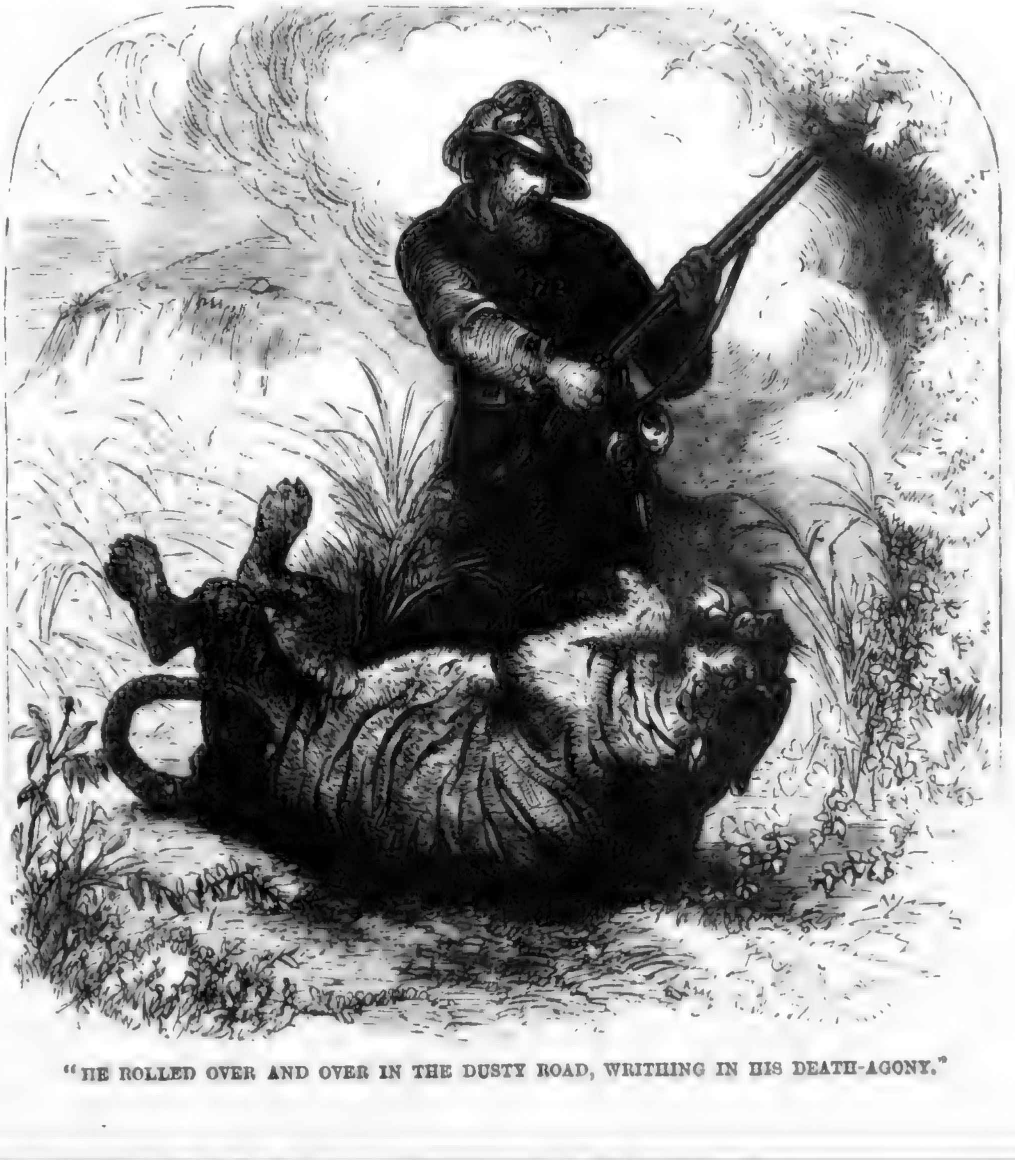
I pitched my tent near the village, and organized a gang; these men are famous trackers, but no rain had fallen for many weeks, and the whereabouts of the felines could not be discovered by their trail—they were not heard of until some one was missing; their depredations extended for miles around, and the wailing of a family bereft of its support was only too frequent. I went from place to place, sometimes accompanied only by one shikarie, Chiniah, who had been with me some years, or with beaters, trying to drive out these pests; but for three weeks I had no luck; they were never at home. At last the brutes took to killing my men, and I lost two out of my gang. I begged of the relatives to allow me to sit over the remains, but they would not; removing the bodies and burning them. True, I had never been partial to such proceedings as night-shooting, and I was not so keen as I had been many years before; still I had the dogged resolution of a bulldog, and did not like to be beaten; yet what was I to do? People were constantly killed, and I could get no sight of their slayers. I had one week left; I wrote to have bearers laid from Coimbatore to the nearest point to the Anamullies, on a certain day, and despairing of ridding the country of these animals, I was marching along silently, accompanied by my two shikaries, when I heard what I knew to be a death-shriek. I hastened, almost ran, toward the sound, little heeding what noise I made as I tore through the jungle, followed by my satellites; but I might have known, had I given it a thought, that I should frighten the slayer away.

There lay a woodcutter, with his skull fractured in by a single blow; he had been also seized by the neck, whence the blood poured in torrents, but the man was stone dead. Here was my opportunity; the man would not be missed before it was too late to search for him, so, as I had a little food with me, I determined to sit over the remains.

The moon was at its brightest; I would not allow the body to be touched; it lay partially hidden by some fallan bamboos, but the part generally first attacked, the buttock, was exposed, so telling my men to prepare a mâchan on the nearest tree, about ten yards off, I examined the ground. There was a ravine close by, up which the monster had crept and pounced upon his victim; he would probably return the same way. I saw but the marks of one tiger, whilst my men declared they hunted in couples; they, the men, were also very reluctant to sit over the body, being superstitious that they would ever be haunted afterward, but I knew if I did not avail myself of this chance I should get no other; so I was firm, and told them, remain they must.

We erected the mâchan as noiselessly as possible. Tigers are often driven off by the noise men make whilst preparing a câche with which to slay them; they also urged the danger we ran of getting jungle fever, by sleeping out at night. I merely told them to hold their tongues and to mount, and if I heard either of them utter a sound, or make the least noise, I would fasten him down close to the corpse. The men knew I did not threaten and not perform, so, unwilling as they were, perforce they had to obey in silence. We arranged bushes to hide our place of concealment; we had no bedding, no pillows, and the bamboos which composed the floor of our platform were not very even or smooth, therefore not pleasant to sit on for some ten or twelve hours, during which we could move neither hand nor foot.

As the moon arose the trees behind us cast their shadows over the place where the poor woodcutter was lying;



"HE ROLLED OVER AND OVER IN THE DUSTY ROAD, WRITHING IN HIS DEATH-AGONY."

time passed, it must have been about ten, and I was dozing, when my arm was grasped by Chiniah ; looking round, I found his teeth chattering, and his face as pale as a corpse ; whilst the other man, with his hands over his face, sat trembling. From these I looked toward where Chiniah's horrified gaze pointed to something unearthly. I knew the fellow was afraid of nothing living, but of the unseen spirits he had a dread. I, too, was taken aback ; the ghastly body of the woodcutter was slowly moving to and fro, the arms and legs occasionally lifted up, whilst no agent was visible. It made my blood run cold, and I felt a sensation as if cold water was being poured slowly down my back along the spine. I seldom touch spirits, but take some with me in case of accidents or need. I took a nip myself, and gave the two natives a strong dose each. Still the horrible contortions continued, and I knew not what to make of them.

"Did I not tell you, Sahib," whispered Chiniah, "how wrong it was to sit up over the body of a Hindoo ? We should have carried him to the village and had him burnt, but now we are all dead men ; he will arise presently and kill us."

"Hold your tongue, you fool," I replied. "The dead come not to life again in this world ; there is some trick being played upon us."

"Who would venture into these jungles at this time of night, with those cursed man-eaters about ?" said Chiniah.

"I don't know ; but keep quiet."

Here a jackal came along the ravine and out into the open, and approached the corpse, but getting within a few yards, put his tail between his legs, and with a frightened cry of the Pheeâl, ran for his life.

"Will you believe me now, Sahib ?" said Chiniah.

I was getting nervous. It is a horrid sight to see a body, full of life only a few hours before, lying out in the moonlight in its last sleep, and to know that it met its death by the fell stroke of a tiger. But the body moved backward ; its face, before hidden, became exposed ; first one eye opened, then the other, closing and opening in a most diabolical way. There was not a sound, and I must own I should have been glad to have been in bed in my tent, and never to have seen such a sight ; but, thank goodness, our suspense was not to last much longer. My two followers had succumbed ; I believe they had fainted. Watching intently, I saw glide across the chest of the dead man the head of an immense rock snake ; it was wider than a large plate across, and its tongue was licking the corpse all over. The movements of the limbs and the opening and shutting of the eyes were fully explained.

My feelings of horror disappeared and I watched the beast's every movement. Digging my penknife into Chiniah's seat of honor, I made him almost spring off the mâchan ; he thought it was the devil getting hold of him at last. After staring like a madman for a while, he perceived the python, and, was, if possible, in a greater panic. "He is thirty cubits long," he uttered, "and will swallow the woodcutter first and us afterward." I gave a silent laugh and pointed to the rifles. The movements of the snake were inaudible, but we could see the disgusting process of covering the body with saliva, and after fully two hours' work, he opened his horrid jaws and began to swallow the body head foremost. Now a python's teeth are so arranged that once anything enters his mouth it cannot be rejected again. Gradually the head and neck disappeared, then the shoulders and up to the waist, when there was a terrific roar ; a tiger sprang from the cover right on to the python, seizing him by the back of the neck. I have no doubt that death was instantaneous, as far as the snake was concerned ; but his huge body, in circumference equaling a man's and nearly thirty feet long, in convulsive movements wound round the tiger, and we could hear the bones being crushed one after the other ; the roar the tiger gave at the first squeeze was appalling ; but in a few moments, the roars turned into moans, the moans into a gurgling sound, and gradually they too ceased, while the contortions of the snake continued for over an hour. I never saw such a frightful sight. What is man or his strength compared to that of either of the beasts lying dead before us ! We were speechless with horror and surprise at the *dénouement*, and at the amazing strength of a moribund snake. All signs of life ceased, and we had dozed for a while, when we were awoke again by the noise of tearing of flesh ; peeping over our leafy panoply, there was a tiger or tigress, making a meal off either the snake, its own kind, or the dead man. The moon was under a cloud, so I waited patiently until it shone again, and then, aiming as well as I could for the shoulder, I fired both barrels, and the tigress, for such she proved, rolled over and over growling and roaring, and at last crawled into the ravine, whence we could hear her breathing until close upon daylight, when it ceased ; and with it, I knew, either that she had crawled away or died. Waiting until full daylight, we descended from our perch. We first sought the tigress. She lay dead. We then examined the three bodies, which presented much the appearance of Laocoon in the embrace of the serpents. Although life had been extinct for several hours, when we tried to unravel the coils from the tiger's body they resisted so stoutly that I had to send to the village for assistance ; with the aid of over twenty men, and by cutting open the jaws, we released the body of the woodcutter and stretched out the body of the python ; it measured twenty-five and a half feet long. The tiger had bitten clean through the vertebræ just behind the junction of the head and body. The tiger, one of the largest I ever saw, as he measured ten feet two inches in length, was as if he had been beaten into a jelly, his bones were crunched to powder. The poor woodcutter was cremated the same afternoon ; the two tigers and snake were despoiled of their skins, and I never afterward sat up at night over any kill—nor do I wish ever to do so again.

One of the most expert and successful of the tiger-hunters of Upper Hindoostan relates the following adventure, illustrating the danger of the pursuit and the courage of the pursuer—the game being that most powerful and ferocious member of the cat tribe fully developed in the tiger, known as the "man-eater," from the fact that when singly matched he is almost always victorious against his two-legged antagonist :

Plans, more or less impracticable, were discussed, till finally the old shikarie himself suggested and volunteered to carry out a plot as terrible as it was ingenious. It was this : The post-runners, to whom the man-eater was so partial, were accustomed to wear at the ends of the bamboo, to which was slung the letter-bags, a bunch of rings and jingling metals, that folks might know who was coming. This jingling, it was assumed, had served as a fatal call for *Burra bagh*, who, hearing it in the still evening, although a mile distant, would at once know that a postman was abroad, and comport himself accordingly. The shikarie proposed that I should go alone, armed, and bearing the post jingles, ring a challenge to the horrid man-eater, and fight him for his life.

The sun had almost set as I proceeded down the road, and although I was perfectly cool and as steady as possible, I felt cold drops of perspiration start from my forehead as I approached the spot where so many victims had been sacrificed. I passed along carefully, listening for the slightest sound, and now and then shaking my jingles.

While ascending the side of a ravine I heard a slight noise, like the crackling of a dry leaf; I paused, and turning to the left, fronted the spot from whence I thought the noise proceeded. I distinctly saw a movement or waving in the high grass, as if something was making its way toward me; then I heard a loud, purring sound, and saw something twitching backward and forward behind a clump of low bush and long grass, about eight or ten paces from me, and a little in the rear. It was a ticklish moment, but I felt prepared; I stepped back a couple of paces, in order to get a better view, which action probably saved my life, for immediately the brute sprang into the middle of the road, alighting about six feet from the place where I was standing; I fired a hurried shot ere he could gather himself up for another spring, and when the smoke cleared away I saw him rolling over and over in the dusty road, writhing in his death-agony, for the shot had entered the neck and gone downward into his chest. I stepped on one side and gave him my second barrel behind the ear, when a slight tremor passed over his limbs, and all was still. The man-eater was dead and his victims avenged.

A BRAVE FRENCHMAN.

Bellot, who was of humble origin, rose to position by his own perseverance and industry. His enthusiasm in the cause of the Franklin search was kindled by his ardent admiration of the heroic devotedness of Lady Franklin and lively sympathy with the English people in their Christian philanthropy in the cause.

On his first expedition in the *Prince Albert*, his conduct was such that he was received in England with enthusiasm; the British Government made it known to France how well satisfied it was with the zealous and intelligent co-operation of the young officer; Lady Franklin expressed her gratitude to him in the most touching terms, and the Royal Geographical Society gave him honors. His second expedition was in the *Phœnix.* "He departed with the glee of a high-souled soldier who rushes into the thick of the fight to win his spurs at the risk of his life," says his friend and biographer, M. Julien Lemer. No vulgar calculation sullied his purpose; he refused the pay which Lady Franklin offered him—he wished to represent his country worthily among the English by his disinterestedness as well as by his courage.

Arrived in the Polar regions, it was important that certain dispatches should be conveyed to Sir Edward Belcher without delay, and Bellot, who knew that their transmission was one of the special and urgent objects of the mission of the *Phœnix*, and that it was necessary they should be promptly delivered, himself volunteered to carry them, and with four men, a sledge, and an indiarubber canoe, started off.

When they had been out only a few days, Bellot, with two of his men, found themselves on a detached mass of ice which was being driven rapidly by a furious gale toward mid-channel. He talked to the men about the danger of the position, when one of them, Johnson, reminded him that the American Expedition were drawn up and down this channel by the ice. "I know they were," he replied, "and when the Lord protects us not a hair of our head shall be touched." He then went out from the retreat, in which they had sheltered themselves from the gale, to see how the ice was driving, and in about five minutes afterward Johnson followed him.

The wind was blowing with terrific fury. Bellot was not to be seen. His name was shouted, but no answer came. On the opposite side of a crack, about five fathoms wide, was his stick. And that was all. There could be no doubt that when he left the shelter to see how the ice was driving, the wind carried him off his feet, and he slipped into the crack, from which he never rose again.

TO MAY.

By Richard Herne Shepherd.

I.

Sweet as the month whose name you bear,
Sweet maiden with the frank, free air,
The merry eyes and wavy hair,
The ripple of whose laughter were
A certain anodyne for care;

II.

Whatever Mid-May's breath could spare
Of most delicious, balmy air,
Fann'd you before you were aware
Of all the sister months that share
With the sweet month whose name you bear.

III.

When gentle April's showers prepare
For the sweet month whose name you bear,
And all the fresh and balmy air
Is scented with the fragrance rare
Of Spring's abundant blossoms fair;

IV.

When throstle clear and mavis rare,
And lark that soars in upper air,
And nightingale beyond compare,
Fill earth with music everywhere
In that sweet month whose name you bear;

V.

When lusty June becomes the heir
Of that sweet month whose name you bear—
May Spring and Summer, as they wear
Pour in your lap their sweets most rare,
As month by month you grow more fair.

VI.

Of sorrow all must have a share,
To sorrow each of us is heir;
But be it long ere Time and Care
Shall steal your bloom or blanch your hair
Sweet as the month whose name your bear.

VII.

If fondest hopes and wishes were
Not bubbles bursting into air,
Oh, mine should shield from every snare,
And keep you pure, and chaste and fair,
Like the sweet month whose name you bear.

THE SUN'S LIGHT.

The sun is, in round numbers, says the Edinburgh *Review*, 93,000,000 miles from the earth. But the vibrations of light pass across the vast chasm that lies between the sun and the earth in eight and one-fourth minutes or in 495 seconds of time. In order, however, that they may accomplish the long journey in such a time, they must travel with a speed of nearly 188,000 miles in a second, or, in other words, with a velocity 1,000,000 times greater than that with which the vibrations of sound are propagated through the air. The discovery of the rate of the propagation of light was made in a very ingenious and remarkable way by the Danish astronomer Roemer,

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just two centuries ago. He was at that time residing at Paris, and engaged in observing the movements of the satellites of Jupiter, and while doing so he happened to notice that the return of the first satellite into the shadow of the planet took place after a perceptibly longer interval with each successive recurrence. After 100 returns, the satellite was fifteen minutes behind what should, to appearance, have been the proper instant for its plunge into the shadow. While reflecting upon the cause of this irregularity, it occurred to Roemer that, during the period of this observed retardation, the planet had been getting further away from the earth; that, if the indication of its position and behavior had to be conveyed to the earth by an agent which required time for its progress, that agent would obviously need more time for the performance of its passage when the planet was far away than when it was near.

Subsequent calculations of a more refined and exhaustive character established the fact that the eclipse of the satellite occurred 16½ minutes later when the earth was on the opposite side of the sun to the planet than when it was between the sun and the planet; or, in other words, that the vibrations of light required 16½ minutes to make their way across the entire breadth of the earth's orbit, or 8¼ minutes to traverse the half of that breadth, which is the same thing as the distance of the sun from the earth.

ROSE STANDISH.

A WONDERFUL BELL.

To Osaka we traveled near the shores of the inland seas, with a range of mountains not far distant on the left. The railroad is substantially built, and equipped in first-class shape. Leaving the bay at Osaka, the road pursued a northerly course to Kioto, most of the way on high embankments built up through rice plantations, but occasionally passing through dense bamboo thickets.

The temples here are few of them painted, and though in some cases furnished with gorgeous paraphernalia, are not to be compared with those of Nikko and Shiba. Their distinguishing feature is the great bell, which swings in a monster wooden belfry, half way up the hillside, back of the buildings proper. This bell is a huge bronze cup, with nearly perpendicular sides and a flat crown, which, like all the other Japanese bells, is sounded by means of a huge beam, kept in place by ropes, but when occasion requires brought against the rim of the bell with great force. It requires twelve coolies to manipulate this beam. Formerly it was only rung once a year, but now it may be heard two or three times every month. This bell is one of the greatest wonders in Japan.

It is eighteen feet high, nine and one-half inches thick, nine feet in diameter, and weighs 125,000 catties, or nearly seventy-four tons. It was cast in a monster mold in the year 1633, so that it is just 251 years old now. I forgot how much gold entered into its composition, but I have a strong conviction that it was 1,500 pounds avoirdupois. As the bell was cast with the rim up, this gold is all in the crown, but time has entirely dimmed any lustre it may have originally lent to the alloy. Only a miracle of casting could have ended in such a magnificent tone. I struck the rim of the bell softly with an open palm, and I suppose the reverberation could have been heard one hundred yards away. I was almost impelled, for the moment, to believe that the affair was hollow, after all.

Enameling. — A patent has been taken out in Germany for a new process of enameling ceramic articles. The glass, terra-cotta, stoneware, porcelain, or similar article, is covered with a film capable of conducting electricity, by painting the article with a solution of chloride of platinum or nitrate of silver and burning this in, and then decorating as desired with enamel. This is burned in, and the article is afterwards covered electrolytically with the metal. The galvanic coating does not adhere to the enamel, and very varied effects can be produced by gilding, silvering, coloring, polishing, platinizing, etc., the metallic surfaces of the articles.

A MERRY TIME.—BY HENRIETTA RONNER.

A DARK DEED.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XVIII.—A Change for Polly.

"Polly! Polly!" cried the master.

"Polly! Polly!" called the dame.

"Stop, Polly, and mend my frock!" shouted one little Steele.

"Polly, I want bread-and-butter," whined another; and the dark girl with the pathetic eyes, and the slight bony figure, which had never found leisure to accumulate flesh—the patient slave of the riotous, disorderly Steele household—flew up-stairs, down-stairs, and through my lady's chamber, striving with one pair of tired feet and two slim hands to answer a dozen calls at once, and do the work of cook, waitress and nurserymaid all in one.

They were a careless, ungrateful lot—these Steeles. For long, weary years Polly, the nameless, had been their drudge—yea, ever since that night when Dick Vandine introduced her, a newly-discharged hospital patient, into the doctor's nursery. In this time Granny Scrag's "black imp" had grown from a bony, stunted child, into a thin, brown, overworked woman.

She had an ugly scar on her forehead, the mark of the old accident—the unlucky pursuit of Nan, which had nearly cost her her life. A pair of great, sad, deer-like eyes, and some thick, lustrous braids of black hair, were her sole beauty.

At eighteen or thereabouts—nobody knew her exact age—Polly was not altogether deficient in knowledge. Late and early she had toiled for the Steele children, but she had also found time to learn their lessons with them, to read their books, and on Sundays she always sat with the brood grouped around her, in the family pew at church. Dick Vandine, whose interest in the friendless street-waif had not abated with time, often brought her volumes of Shakespeare's plays, standard novels, the poets of all countries, and some good histories.

"To read these aright is an education in itself," he once said to her. "You are too bright to grow up a dunce, under any circumstances, Polly."

And Polly had read them aright in the still watches of the night, when the noisy household slept, and when her own tired body should have been resting also. In many ways she had made herself invaluable to her masters; but upon the subject of wages they remained as dumb as the dead. She was an unpaid drudge. Not a cent had she ever received for all her toil—no recompense, in fact, save "board and clothes," and these she found indifferent, both in quality and quantity. As she grew older her unrequited labor distressed her more and more. She ventured to speak of it to Vandine.

"It has long been my dream, as you know," she faltered, "to save money, and go, by-and-by, and search for Nan. But, if I receive no wages, how can this be done? I shall never find my darling—never see her again."

"What!" cried Dr. Dick; "haven't you forgotten Nan yet?"

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Her thin face, which might have been handsome, had it possessed flesh or color, kindled with fervid light.

"Forgotten! No, oh, no!—that can never be. While I live, in youth or in old age, I shall remember Nan—I shall love her till the last day of my life."

"You faithful Polly!" cried Vandine. "By Jove! I wonder if Nan remembers you, and if she has grown up half worthy of your devotion. Probably not."

It was a dismal, rainy day. Smoke and fog enveloped the city, and filled the shabby, narrow street where the Steeles lived. The afternoon was waning, and Polly, with the younger children, sat in the nursery, mending a great pile of frayed and torn household linen. Rob and Joe, the terrors of the house, lay on the floor at her feet, kicking holes in the already dilapidated carpet.

Two or three little girls hung over the back of her rocking-chair, stealthily sticking pins in Polly's elbows, while they pretended to listen to little May Steele, the only gentle one of the gang, as the child, perched on a stool beside Polly, strove to read aloud the Biblical story of Naaman the Syrian.

"Oh, Polly, what do you suppose Naaman did for the little Hebrew maid, when he went back from Elisha's house to Syria?" shouted May, over the clamor of the others. She was of a thoughtful turn of mind, and was Polly's favorite.

"Set her free, of course," answered Joe, from the floor, "and gave her money and things, and packed her off to her own country by express—if he didn't, he was a mean old cad."

"I'm sure his wife couldn't have known him when he got back," said Polly, making her needle fly like mad through the torn linen; "the hard, dark, battle-worn captain, with his leprosy all washed away in Jordan, and his flesh like a little child's—that is, like Bobbie's here," looking down at the delicious pink-and-white face of the youngest Steele.

"Bet you a sixpence the doctors of Syria were as mad as cats!" cried Joe, with an extra dig at the old carpet. "I s'pose they'd all tried a hand at him—dosed him with powders and blue pills and castor oil, just as pa doses sick folks nowadays. I'm glad Elisha wiped 'em out. hate doctors—all but Cousin Dick—you'll never catch me to be one. I wonder where Dick is? We haven't seen him this month or two—not since he went to Blackport. You don't think the whales down there have swallowed him, do you, Polly?"

"It's not likely, Joe," answered Polly, bending low over her work.

Scarcely were the words out when a step sounded on the stair, the door of the nursery swung back, and Dick Vandine himself, damp but smiling, stepped into the room.

A whoop of joy rang through the nursery. No one had time to notice how Polly's face changed from white to red, and back again to white. The children leaped on the newcomer in a body—even little May dropped the story of the splendid Syrian and jumped down from her stool. It was some time before Vandine could reach Polly, to take her kindly by the hand.

"Here you are, as usual," he said, "surrounded by these imps. How thin you are growing! Small wonder. The doctor's plenteous progeny would wear the flesh off a female Hercules. Come, Joe, get down from the nape of my neck! I was obliged to run up to town on business to-day, and I thought I would drop in and look at you all before I took the train back to Blackport."

Polly made no attempt to conceal her joy at sight of him. Her great dark eyes shone like moons, a little color flashed into her hollow cheeks. She even dropped her work for a few moments, and it was a strange thing for Polly to do that, under any circumstances whatever.

"Are you getting on well at Blackport, Dr. Vandine?" she said; "do you mean to stay there?"

A cloud fell over his florid, good-natured face. He patted Bobbie's tow-head with such violence that the youngest Steele howled.

"Oh, yes, I shall stay. The place is infernally healthy, but I am the only physician there. My chances of success are better in a town like that than they could be in the city here, where impecunious doctors spring up in every street, like mushrooms."

"Something has gone wrong with you," she said, quietly. "You look harassed and out of spirits."

He frowned, then laughed.

"Great Jove! what penetration you have, Polly—who would give you credit for being so keen? I'll own that I have been a little upset of late. Come over into the window, out of hearing of these young Philistines, then I can talk with you."

It was very strange; but, humble as she was, he often came to her with his troubles. Her quiet, sympathetic nature unconsciously invited his confidence; and then she so thoroughly appreciated Dick Vandine and his virtues! Men enjoy adoration, and this nameless Polly plainly regarded the commonplace, red-whiskered young doctor as a being of more than mortal mold.

She moved now into the window, as he bade her, and Vandine emptied a box of bonbons on the table, and leaving the little Steeles to fight and scratch for the sweets—an occupation that would employ them for a while, at least—he followed his humble admirer.

"Why, is it Polly," he began, gloomily, "that I always feel irresistibly impelled to talk to you of my affairs—especially when they are going all awry?"

"I don't know," murmured Polly.

"I'm dashed if I can explain it myself, but the fact remains. After all, I believe you are the best friend I have in the world."

"I?" she answered, with a distressed little smile; "oh, no, no! There must be many people who would feel affronted to hear you say that."

He laughed, savagely.

"Not a bit of it. I'm no richer in friends than in money. Polly, I've been and committed an outrageous act of folly—the worst that I, by any possibility, could be guilty of."

"Oh, dear!" gasped Polly; "have you—have you got yourself in—debt?"

The Steeles were always in debt, and she knew by personal experience the disastrous results of such indulgence.

"Nonsense!" said Dr. Dick, with a face as dismal as the grave; "it's something infinitely worse."

"Surely," quavered Polly, growing pale, "you haven't robbed or killed anybody?"

He smiled, grimly.

"Not to my knowledge, though doctors sometimes indulge in such gayeties with their too-confiding patients. Here is the whole matter in a nutshell, Polly: I am in love—hopelessly, helplessly in love, and the woman who has winged me is the heiress of a great fortune, beautiful as a houri, and on the topmost round of the social ladder. Now I ask you candidly—can human idiocy further go?"

Polly felt a sudden strange shock—a stabbing, sickening pain; then she made her voice steady, and said:

"Is it—is it—somebody there—in Blackport?"

"Yes," answered Dr. Dick, gnawing his red mustache;

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"the only woman in the place worth mentioning. Compared with her, all the others are as tallow-dips to the moon."

Polly had pressed her dark, sallow face to the pane, and was staring blankly out into the shabby, rain-swept street.

"What is she like?" she forced herself to ask.

"The loveliest things known to mankind!" he replied; "she is as white as snow, with hair like a web of gold, and eyes as blue as swamp-violets, and her figure no words can describe."

"Oh," faltered Polly, "a blonde! In all the novels that I read, it is always the white woman who wins the lover from her dark rival. Have you—you—known her long?"

The little Steeles were fighting furiously over the sweetmeats—their din made the room ring, but he paid no heed to it—no more did Polly.

"Just a week," he said, "and I give you my word that I have suffered unspeakable agonies in this time! She is my heaven and my hell. I can think of nothing but her, and yet every thought is torture."

"Does she know all this?" asked Polly, with her face still glued to the glass, and her voice faint and husky, as if life was dying within her.

"Know it?—at the end of a week's acquaintance? I should think not!"

"Then why do you despair?"

"Heaven above! She is as good as engaged to a live English baronet across the water—a kinsman of her own. What chance can a penniless Yankee doctor have against a rival like that?—deuce take him!"

She was silent, awed, perhaps, by the hopelessness of her lover's tone. At last she said, in a low, firm voice:

"Whoever—whatever the lady is, you are her equal, Dr. Vandine. And whoever—whatever her suitor may be, she cannot—she will not be unkind to *you!*"

He answered with a lugubrious grin.

"That sounds very flattering, Polly—you are too partial, by far. I feel abominably certain that she will be *very* unkind to me, if I am ever foolish enough to give her the chance. No, the proper thing for me to do is to cut my throat, off hand, or drown myself comfortably in some of the Blackport creeks. It would be impossible to endure life a great while in my present state of mind."

"Oh!" cried Polly, "how sorry—how sorry I am for you!"

He was touched by her tone.

"You good little thing! Come, I'll not torment you with any more of this rubbish. Let us talk about yourself." He began to think of her at last—he was not a selfish fellow at heart. "By Jove! you're failing in looks. Polly—this life is hard on you. Don't you find things a little monotonous in the doctor's household?"

"Yes—that is—I suppose so," she hesitated.

"Look here—have they mentioned the matter of wages to you yet?"

"No—never!" faltered Polly.

His own woes were forgotten for a moment in the indignation which overwhelmed him.

"Now this passes belief! You have been the slave of the family for years, and received nothing in recompense but your keep, and Aunt Emily's cast-off clothes. Why, they haven't the smallest idea of justice or mercy—not one of them. I say, Polly, it's time to put an end to your slavery. You need a change, and you must have it."

He had been the one only friend of her life. She looked up at him breathlessly, and with such pathetic, appealing eyes that his heart was stirred within him.

"This is the sole home I ever knew," she answered; "what would become of me if I should leave it?"

His careless face put on a look of genuine solicitude.

"Well, I can offer you something, Polly—not much, to be sure, but something better than the endless, unpaid drudgery of this house. They will kill you here before you are twenty. How would you like to exchange the city for a town like—well, let us say, Blackport?"

"Blackport?" she gasped; "the place where *you* live?"

"Yes," he assented, with a good-natured laugh; "you'll get plenty of sunshine there, and wholesome salt air—things which you sadly need. I board at a queer old inn, kept by a very queer but estimable woman. Now, I chanced, two or three days ago, to hear Miss Poole say that she was in need of a maid to wait on transient guests and sew, or something of that sort—I told you the situation was not a dazzling one. However, say the word, and down you go to Cat's Tavern this very night—I'll take you myself—by Jove, I will, you poor little thing! Mercy Poole, I can swear, will treat you kindly and pay you fair wages, and the work cannot be hard, for the inn is never crowded with guests."

If he had offered her ease, luxury—the choicest gifts of fortune, she could not have looked more amazed and overwhelmed. To go with him—to live in any capacity under the same roof—to see him daily, even though she could be no more to him than the dust under his feet—to receive wages—to save, that she might some day be able to go in search of the unforgotten, the still keenly regretted Nan—it was too much happiness! Tears gushed into her cheeks.

"It's more than I can believe!" she gasped. "I'm afraid the Steeles will not let me go."

"Will they not?" answered Dr. Dick, grimly. "Leave that to *me!* All that you have to do, Polly, is to get together your belongings, and make ready to start for Cat's Tavern by the evening express."

A battle was inevitable, but he was ready to fight it for her. What passed betwixt Dr. Dick and his relatives Polly never knew; but he went below-stairs, and there had it out with them so effectually that no opposition was made to her departure.

She climbed to her attic-room, and began to pack together her few earthly possessions. In this place to which she was going she would, doubtless, see with her own eyes the heiress and beauty who had won Dr. Dick's love, and for whom he was suffering such tortures of uncertainty.

"I long to look once—just once," sighed poor Polly, "on the face that has won him!"

She was about to leave behind her the stifling street, the noisy, tiresome children, her endless, never-completed round of labor; but ah! not the miserable ache at her heart—not the heaviness and despair which shamed and distracted her. These last must go with her to her new home—from them she could not escape. She fell on her knees beside her little bed, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"I love him!" she said. "Heaven help me! I love him, and he will never, never give one thought to me!"

That night Polly went down to Blackport, with Dr. Dick Vandine, and entered the service of Mercy Poole at Cat's Tavern.

CHAPTER XIX.

SIR GERVASE.

She had called him stupid; she had insulted him; she had thought him a Blackport shopkeeper, and allowed him to get well drenched while holding her horse

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like a common errand-boy. And it was the baronet—her English suitor!

No wonder his face seemed familiar to her, when Godfrey Greylock possessed a half-dozen photographs of him. She was silent with mortification. Luckily he made no sign of recognition, but saluted her like an utter stranger.

"Welcome to Yankeeland, and to our hermitage in the Woods," she faltered, coloring high.

"Many thanks. I have long anticipated the pleasure of this moment. I rejoice to meet one of whom I have heard so much, *belle cousine!*"

"How stiff and formal!" thought Ethel. "I hope he is not a bore."

"Sir Gervase has come, not to strangers but to kindred," said Godfrey Greylock; "we must show him that the hospitality of the New World is not to be excelled by that of the Old. We do not live altogether like hermits here at the Woods."

Well, the beginning was unpromising enough—the end no one could foresee.

As soon as she found the opportunity, Ethel observed Sir Gervase with critical attention. He seemed very much like ordinary mortals. In person he was fairly good-looking, in manner simple and unaffected. He talked little, but his eyes were keenly observant. Godfrey Greylock looked far more like the grand seignior than did this live lord—nevertheless, a feeling of uneasiness mastered Ethel.

"This is not the person," she mentally concluded, "that one would like to face, with falsehood in one's heart, or on one's lips."

Dr. Vandine, and several other guests from the hotels and cottages, chanced to dine at the villa that day. Of Sir Gervase's arrival, the doctor knew nothing until he was ushered into the drawing-room, and presented by Miss Pam.

The jolly, good-natured fellow suddenly grew as stiff and cold as stone, but the look and air of the baronet disarmed him, in spite of himself. So far as appearance went, this full-fledged English peer might have passed for a Blackport shopkeeper, in good truth, or any other unpretending American gentleman.

"Shall I begin to frame my congratulations?" said Vandine, in a gloomy whisper to Ethel.

"No haste is necessary," she answered, dryly.

At table, to his joy, he found himself seated by her side. Some whim of the moment prompted her to overwhelm him with sudden favor. Never had she been so kind, so gracious. Her slow, dreamy smiles, the perfume from her hair, the turn of her dazzling throat, the flutter of her ringed hands, bewildered and distracted him. She was either unconscious of the mischief she was doing, or too full of repressed excitement to care for it. Godfrey Greylock frowned. Miss Pam looked grave, but Sir Gervase, who was quietly discussing some question in Old World politics with his host, paid little heed to his fair republican cousin. Evidently he was willing that she should make herself agreeable to whom she pleased.

"Bah!" thought Ethel, resentfully, as she cast a secret glance at him around an *epergne* of frosted silver; "he has a good appetite, but no sentiment. He is like all his race—slow, heavy, conventional. He has come to America to marry money—to mend the decayed fortunes of the English Greylocks with the wealth of their Yankee kindred. It is a *mariage de convenance* which he is seeking—nothing more. He will never break his heart for any woman."

The clatter of forks, spoons and conversation went on around the board.

On the other side of Vandine sat an invalid judge from one of the hotels, and the ear which the doctor was obliged to turn to him he was filling with symptoms and disorders, both known and unknown. Vandine, who had more agreeable things to listen to, grew impatient.

"My dear sir," he said, at last, "you will ruin your digestion by talking of all this at table. You dwell too much upon your maladies—refrain from thinking of them. Disease may be created by force of imagination alone." Then, aside, he murmured to Ethel, "The man is bursting with delusions. Heaven help all his kind."

Her face grew suddenly grave.

"Delusions!" she replied, in a low voice; "I never hear that word without recalling a grave trouble of my own. I used to suffer—though in quite a different way—from the same intangible things."

"*You!*" cried Vandine.

"Yes," she answered, smiling, "though you are not to suppose me a hypochondriac. Mine was a curious weakness. When I was a little child, mamma says, I had a dreadful illness, and was delirious for a long time. The images which got possession of my poor head then—the places, the faces which I saw in fever, used to torment me, like the memory of actual things, for years and years after."

"Strange!"

"Was it not? As a physician, you, perhaps, can explain it. There was one figure which haunted me through childhood like a wicked nightmare. It was a hag, like one of the witches in Macbeth, clothed in rags and brandishing a stick—a creature, with wisps of gray hair hanging about her face, and a flame of fury in her eyes. She seemed always in pursuit of me."

"It's plain you did not wholly recover from your illness," he stammered; "your fancies were due to some morbid condition of the brain."

"I dare say; but oh, it all seemed so real, so like things I had once seen and known," she went on dreamily, as if her gaze was turned inward. "There was a broken stair, down which I was constantly afraid of being thrown by the hag, and a bare, dirty room, where I was kept as her captive, and other frightful things which I have now forgotten. There was also an angel who walked by my side, and kissed and comforted me, and 'took me up and made me light,' like those who came to poor Jenny Wren, in Dickens's romance, though, by some hideous inconsistency, my angel was always clothed in rags, instead of white garments."

"'We are of the stuff that dreams are made,' quoted Vandine. "Did not your friends consult a physician regarding your case?"

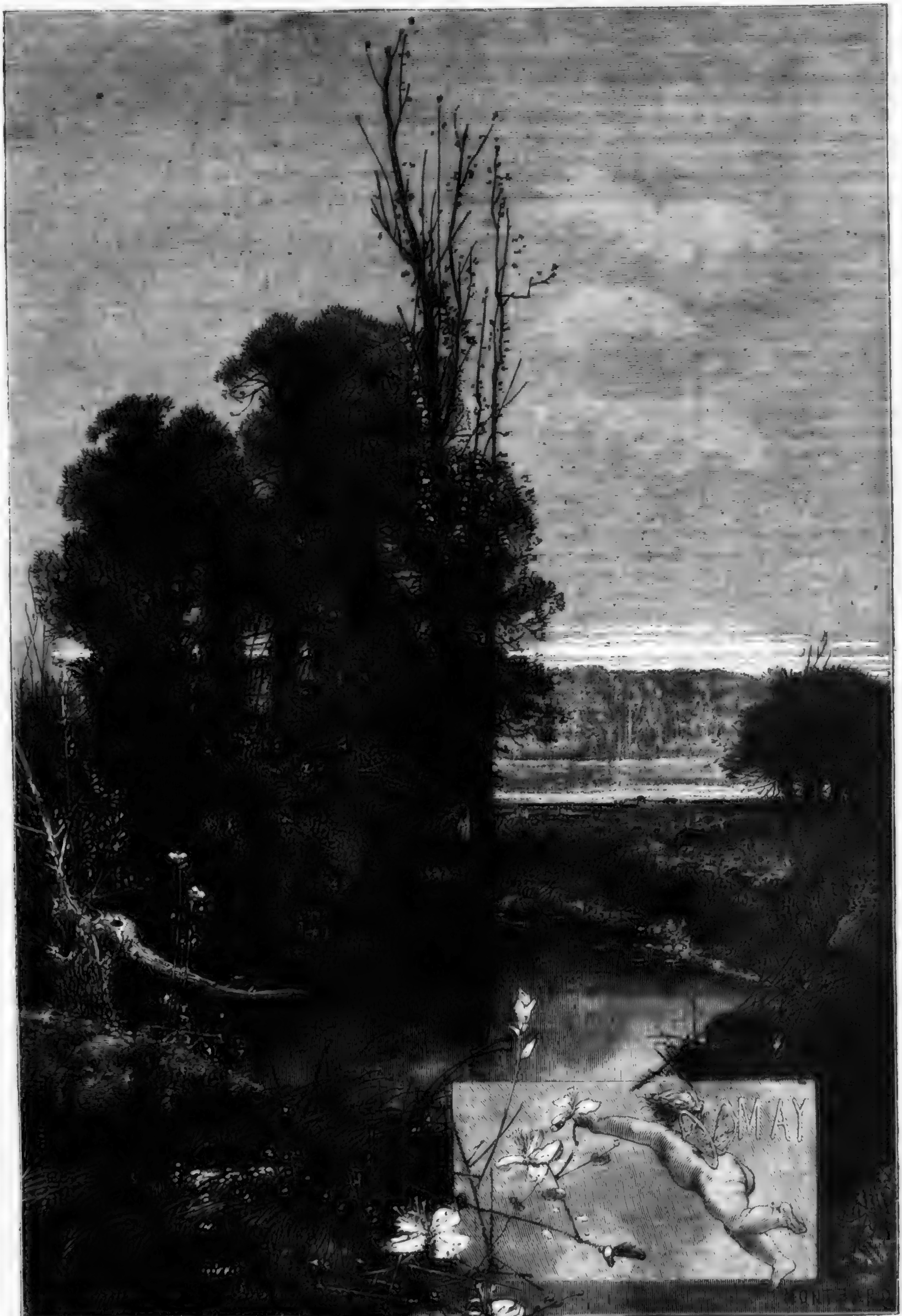
She smiled bitterly.

"No. Mamma cured me by another method. I was strictly forbidden to speak to any one of these queer ghosts of delirium. Disobedience brought upon me the most severe punishments. I was forced into silence and forgetfulness. It was mamma's way of dealing with hallucinations, and it succeeded. After a time the hag and the angel, and all the other things, grew vague and indistinct, and melted away like phantoms."

The dinner ended. As Ethel went back to the drawing-room, Hopkins, the housekeeper, thrust a slip of paper into her hand. On it these words were written:

> "I hear that Sir Gervase has arrived at the villa. I wish to dine with you to-morrow and renew my acquaintance with him. Procure the necessary invitation for your poor mamma from that man, who, harsh as he may be to others, will deny *you* nothing."

Never yet had Mrs. Iris set foot in the villa. What


MAY
MONTBARD

THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR—MAY.—BY MONTBARD.

would Godfrey Greylock say to such a request? At least, the time for making it was propitious. With the thought of pleasing her grandfather uppermost in her mind, Ethel made herself the life and light of the drawing-room. She was so sweet, so kind to Dr. Dick, that the mad hope in his heart grew with reckless vigor. She sang and played gloriously. She talked in her bright, gracious way to every one but the baronet, whose indifference fully equaled her neglect. He did not look at her; he made no attempt to approach her, or share in her smiles. Of all the persons present he alone seemed unmoved by her beauty and grace.

After everybody had departed, Ethel approached Godfrey Greylock with a weary but smiling face. Here was an opportunity to confess her love for Regnault—to implore her grandfather's forgiveness for the manner in which she had deceived him—to crave his sanction to her union with the man she loved; but Ethel could not, or would not, speak—her coward lips had no word to utter on the subject so near her heart. What they did say was this:

"I have a favor to ask of you, grandpapa."

"It is granted already," he answered.

Then she sued for the invitation which Mrs. Iris desired on the morrow. He frowned, hesitated, but replied:

"Yes, for your sake, I will receive your mother at my table. Your Aunt Pam will write the invitation for you, and you shall send it to Rose Cottage in the morning."

Then followed the request for the extra ten thousand per year, spoken with a faltering tongue, for Ethel herself felt it to be something outrageous.

"She does well to make you her petitioner," said Godfrey Greylock, bitterly; "she is greedy and extravagant; yet—and again it is for your sake!—she shall have all that she asks. Does she know, I wonder, how much she owes to you? Tell her that her income is doubled, and, above all, bid her thank her daughter for it."

With tears in her eyes, Ethel threw her arms around him, and pressed her fresh young cheek to his old and withered one.

"You are too good to us both, grandpa—too good!" she sobbed; "we are not half grateful enough for your kindness." And then she went away to her own room.

The record of the next day ran as follows: Breakfast on the wide, cool piazza, amid jars of tropical plants. Ethel, in a primrose-colored morning-gown, garnished with fine lace, nodded coolly to Sir Gervase, as he ascended the steps, hat in hand, and took his place at the table. He had been out for a constitutional in the grounds. His level, gray eyes were as keen as a hawk's. She had thought him unpretending, but there *was* pride, and plenty of it, in the lines of his brown face. He returned her salutation politely, and addressed his conversation entirely to Godfrey Greylock and Miss Pamela.

By-and-by horses were brought to the door, and the master of the Woods, his guest, and granddaughter, mounted, and, followed by a groom, went off for a morning gallop.

They made the circuit of the cool, green Woods, and came, at last, to a gate matted in woodbine and clematis. The groom sprang down and opened it, and the party passed out upon a sandy road, leading down to a great smooth crescent of beach.

The sea was hurling its purple splendors on the sunny, shimmering sands. White sails flitted over it—yachts were tacking in the harbor, fishing-boats made black dots against the white light. Children and nursemaids meandered along the shore—pony phaetons were out in force, for the beach was the prime institution of Blackport.

Ethel stroked Sultana's mane, and thought of her ride of the previous day. Was Sir Gervase thinking of it, too? She darted an impatient glance at him. No, he was talking to Godfrey Greylock. What sort of a man was this? Had he come to America with any real intention of wooing his heiress-cousin? Suppose her fear of him should be for naught, after all.

"It's like the case

—"Of Captain Baxter
Whom Miss Biddy refused before he axed her,"

thought Ethel, with an inward laugh.

She certainly need feel no uneasiness while he preserved his present demeanor toward her.

They rode through the old town, and back along the silver crescent to the hot sandy road: and somehow, at this point, Godfrey Greylock, annoyed by the silence and constraint of the young people, deemed it best to leave them together. He dashed ahead, and as the groom also had vanished, Ethel and the baronet found themselves alone. The girl turned haughtily to the man.

"May I ask how long you had been in Blackport when we met yesterday?" she said.

"Since the previous evening," he answered, quietly. "I arrived by a belated train, and being a stranger in a strange land, I went to a hotel for the night."

"You might have told me who you were!" she flashed.

A suspicion of a smile appeared at the corners of his mouth, but he answered, gravely: "Under the peculiar circumstances, my courage, unluckily, failed me."

She struck Sultana sharply.

"What could you have thought of me? No!" defiantly. "You need not trouble yourself to tell—I really do not *care!* Pardon me, grandpapa went off in a singular fashion. The idea of a man of seventy riding like that! I must overtake him."

She started briskly off. He followed. As she glanced back and saw this, some demon seemed to enter into her. The sand flew under the black mare's spurning heels. The yellow hair of the rider fluttered like a banner in the breeze—her dazzling face shone mockingly.

"I will send the groom back for you," she laughed.

"Will you, indeed?" he muttered, and sped after her like a shot.

She had reached a place where the road made a great curve around a stretch of treacherous marsh. She then twitched Sultana's bridle, and the mare bounded obediently from safe firm ground into the salt meadow, and scurried across it, off and away, like a bird, with the ooze and water flying from her hoofs, and her mane swimming the wind, like the steed in Mrs. Browning's ballad.

Not an instant did the baronet hesitate. Whithersoever she led, he could follow. Into the marsh he went, but alas! with a result far different from that achieved by the capricious beauty in advance of him. The horse he rode chanced to be a far heavier animal than Sultana, and he himself was no light weight. Half-way across the meadow Ethel Greylock looked back, and saw her English kinsman stuck fast in the mire—the beast that bore him was nearly up to the girth in mud and water. Instead of turning back to offer assistance, or even to direct him to safer ground, the heiress of the Woods gave utterance to a wicked laugh, and dashed on over the meadow into the sandy road, and through the woodbine gate to the villa.

"My dear, where is the baronet?" demanded Godfrey Greylock, as the girl rode up to the door, at which he had but just alighted.

"I left him in the marsh," she answered, "fixed, like a graven image, among the reeds and rushes. You had better send a groom, grandpa, to pull him out. It is a damp and unpleasant place for so much rank and dignity."

It happened that Sir Gervase was capable of extricating himself; but he came back to the villa chagrined and mortified, and in a sorry plight as regarded his external being. It was the prank of a hoyden—quite unworthy of the high-bred heiress of Greylock Woods. But lo! when the luncheon-bell sounded, down the long stair she came, all in cream-white, from head to foot, and looking so fair, so innocent, that his anger vanished at once. Gliding straight up to him, she held out her ringed hand.

"I am ashamed of myself," she said, sweetly. "Pray forgive me, cousin."

"Gladly!" he answered, pressing close the penitent fingers.

"It was very, very unkind of me."

"Do not mention it. I am glad it happened—*now!*"

At dinner Iris Greylock made her first entrance into the villa, and so completed, after many years, her triumph over Godfrey Greylock.

"Step by step," says the French proverb, "one goes a long way." Step by step this woman had accomplished many ambitious desires. Punctual to the moment, she limped into the drawing-room, her childish figure draped in silk and brocade, diamonds blazing in her ears and at her throat, her dark curls fluttering, her pretty pale face wreathed with smiles. Both Godfrey Greylock and Miss Pam met her coldly, yet courteously.

"How pleasant, after many years, to renew an old acquaintance," she said, to the latter. "But you have grown externally old. I positively shouldn't have known you outside of this house."

To the master of the Woods she made a mocking little courtesy.

"My dear father-in-law, I am overjoyed to smoke—figuratively speaking—the pipe of peace with you! Now, where is my *compagnon de voyage?*" She limped up to the baronet with a coquettish smile. He shook hands with her cordially. "Ah, Sir Gervase," she cried, "I can never forget those charming days at sea! Ethel knows how good you were to me on that tiresome steamer, but—remember, I haven't quite forgiven you for growing weary of my chatter, and leaving me so abruptly at the wharf. No, do not apologize; you shall pay penance by being very attentive and agreeable to me to-day."

"That will be pleasure, not penance," he answered, gallantly.

She was as full of coquetry as a girl of sixteen. She sparkled and gushed and made herself the life of the dinner-table. Godfrey Greylock and Miss Pam regarded her with cold disdain; Sir Gervase, with the indulgence due to a frisky kitten or an irresponsible child. Ethel said little to any one. She was thinking of many depressing things. If Regnault should appear there, at the great silver-hinged door, what would she do—what had she sworn to do? Arise and go with him, turn her back on all that she held dear and delightful! Was it not time for her to open her heart to her grandfather?

"Not to-day," she thought, shrinking from the bare idea, "nor to-morrow. Really, there is no particular need to hurry about the matter."

As they arose from dinner, Mrs. Iris, behind her satin fan, whispered these words to Ethel:

"Thank you for that additional ten thousand, *ma chère;* it will wipe out some of my little debts very nicely. But, fie! fie! I fear our grandpapa's scheming is coming to naught! Why, you and the baronet are like two icebergs, steering for opposite points of the compass. Do you really loathe each other, my dear?"

She went off in a pony-carriage, saying triumphantly to her daughter: "I shall come again whenever I like!"

Thus ended the second day of the baronet's visit.

On the third and fourth, rainy weather prevailed, and everybody was confined indoors. Over the drawing-room piano, and in the library, among Godfrey Greylock's books and bric-à-brac, Ethel, out of consideration for her grandfather, was forced to do what she could to entertain the guest of the house.

In these *tête-à-têtes*, brief but numerous, she made some discoveries. He was a superb musician; he had traveled on the Continent and in the East; he had fought, as a volunteer, in Afghanistan and South Africa; he had won scars and honors. He was a hero, and though "slow," he could talk delightfully and knowingly on all sorts of subjects. She found him excellent company of a rainy afternoon, when fog and wet filled the forest, and wood-fires snapped on the tiled hearths of the villa. As a kinsman, as a Greylock, she began to look upon him with pride and admiration. On the afternoon of the fourth day something happened.

The rain poured, the wind howled up and down the avenues. Godfrey Greylock had carried Sir Gervase off for a game of billiards, and Ethel was wandering disconsolately about the drawing-room, wishing the baronet would return and talk to her, for one must be amused, even though one *is* on the rack with waiting for news of an absent lover.

Presently the door opened, and Dr. Vandine entered. He had made a professional visit to Miss Pam, who was confined to her room, a prey to that plague of worn nerves, neuralgia.

"How kind of you to think of me as you passed the door!" said Ethel, with a radiant smile. "It is good to see *anybody* on a day like this."

He did not feel particularly flattered by the remark. His face fell.

"When do I *not* think of you?" he burst out. "There is no hour, no moment, when you are out of my thoughts."

She snatched up a pair of airy little tongs, and made a pretense of poking the blazing wood on the brass fire-dogs.

"That is rather more than I deserve," she answered, lightly, but with a sudden bloom in her cheek. "I ought to be amusing poor Aunt Pam, instead of dawdling here, but she will never tolerate my presence when she has the neuralgia. Rainy weather at the Woods is something to be dreaded—we need constant sunshine in this solitude."

He came to her side. She dropped her tongs and began to stare at the mantel-shelves and niches, filled with plaques and old china.

"Where is your English lover?" he said, bluntly.

"Do you mean Sir Gervase? He is not my lover!" she answered, and was sorry the instant she had said it.

The blood leaped like fire through his veins. Out broke his words in a passionate torrent.

"Thank God for that! Then, since Sir Gervase does not stand in my way—since there is no reason why I should keep silent, I must, and will tell you, that I love you! I should be a coward if I said less—if I had a dozen tongues, I could not say more!"

She shrank against the mantel. Nothing could have been more unwelcome to her than this avowal.

"I am sorry, Dr. Vandine," she answered, sadly, "for I have nothing to give you in return for your love—not even hope."

Conviction entered his soul like a sword.

XUM

"I understand!" he groaned; "you love another man!"

"Yes," she sobbed, almost involuntarily. "Heaven help me, yes."

Who had opened the door? Who was standing on the threshold? Ethel's heart gave a painful throb. As for Dr. Dick, he snatched up his hat, and like lightning darted by the intruder--out of the door and out of the house. Sir Gervase looked at Ethel.

"Pardon this intrusion," he said, with studied politeness. "I supposed you to be alone here."

He had heard everything.

"It's of no consequence," she answered, with burning cheeks; "none whatever." And then, seized by some unaccountable panic, she turned and fled from his presence.

The fifth day at the villa was the Sabbath, and everybody went to church, like civilized creatures, and behaved themselves generally in decorous fashion. The sixth was full of stirring preparations in and about the house. On the night of the seventh there was a ball—the first that had been given at Greylock Woods for years and years.

The lawns and shrubbery, the leafy avenues, were all aglow with colored lights. The fountains leaped and shone, like living rainbows. The gardens, stretched in dew, and perfume, and radiant patches of color, under the white splendor of a full Summer moon. From garret to foundation the villa blazed with light. Its high, imposing walls, its square brown tower, stood grandly up in the mingled glory of cloudless moon and rainbow lanterns. An immense room had been cleared for dancing, the floor waxed, and the walls hung with mirrors and festooned with flowers. Carriages rolled incessantly up the avenues, and discharged a crowd of people at the wide open doors—the *crême de la crême* of society at the Blackport cottages and hotels. From town a special train brought a grand company—the female element all

"In gloss of satin
And shimmer of pearls."

Godfrey Greylock had spared neither pains nor money to make this ball worthy of his titled English kinsman in whose honor it was given.

"Without doubt they do these things better in your own island kingdom," said Ethel Greylock, as she stood under a velvet portière with Sir Gervase, and glanced across a corridor, set with tropic plants, into a supper-room that fairly blazed with gold and silver plate, wax-lights, crystal, porcelain, and big ebony buffets inlaid with copper and steel.

"I think not," answered the baronet.

He was looking not at the splendor of the house, but straight at this girl under the terra-cotta velvet, her lovely figure arrayed in cream-tinted gauze and satin, a flush on her cheek, her yellow hair in wonderful waved masses, pearls clasping her dazzling throat and arms, her pansy-colored eyes like wells of light—a wonderful vision of beauty and youth.

"Grandpa is a Briton in all things," she said, pulling at a button of her long gloves; "but my worst enemy cannot accuse *me* of any partiality for your nation. You English are too stiff, too ponderous, too much afraid," with a saucy little grimace, "of that bugbear which you call 'bad form.'"

He smiled.

"You overwhelm me with so much disapproval. Is there nothing to be said in our favor, *belle cousine?*"

"I have no time to think," she laughed, as the orchestra, stationed in a bower of bloom, burst into sudden merry music, "for now the crowning joy of the night begins. Of course, you dance?"

"Unfortunately, no," he answered, with a dismal face.

"To attend a ball and not dance, is worse than the punishment of Tantalus, son of Jupiter. Adieu!"

She nodded lightly and was whisked away by an absurdly good-looking young fellow from one of the hotels.

Dr. Vandine did not come to the ball—neither did Mrs. Iris; but Hannah Johnson, with her brown, scarred face and heavy figure, put in an appearance at the door of the servants' quarters as soon as the festivities commenced.

"I want a look at the quality," she said to Hopkins. "Tell Miss Fairy to let me into the supper-room, where I can see them to the best advantage."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," answered Hopkins, in a huff; "Miss Ethel is dancing. I think I see myself disturbing her for such a matter! There's nobody but colored waiters to go into the supper-room—*you* can't get in—that's sure."

"Is it?" cried Hannah Johnson, angrily. "We'll see! I'm of as much consequence as anybody in this house, I'd have you know."

"Lor', that's news, certainly!" cried Hopkins.

After some wrangling, Hopkins, who was not at all belligerent, managed to convey word to Ethel, in a pause of the dance, that she was wanted.

The belle of the ball stepped into a side room, where Hopkins and Hannah Johnson stood, like two irate cats, and the housekeeper laid the case before her young mistress.

"It is quite impossible, Hannah," said Ethel, coldly; "you cannot go into the supper-room. Grandpa would be very angry to see you there. I advise you to keep out of his sight."

Hannah bristled, wrathfully.

"You get things done for your mamma, Miss Fairy," she cried; "why not for me? It's about time that *I* came in for my share of your favor. I'd have you know that I've done more than anybody else to put you in your present fine place. I won't be trod upon by any person under this roof. If I liked, I could tell your high and mighty grandpapa some things that would make him stare!"

She was in a furious rage. Ethel gave her a withering look.

"You are very insolent, Hannah," she said, like a young queen; "mamma has spoiled you. You had better go back at once to Rose Cottage."

And she swept calmly away.

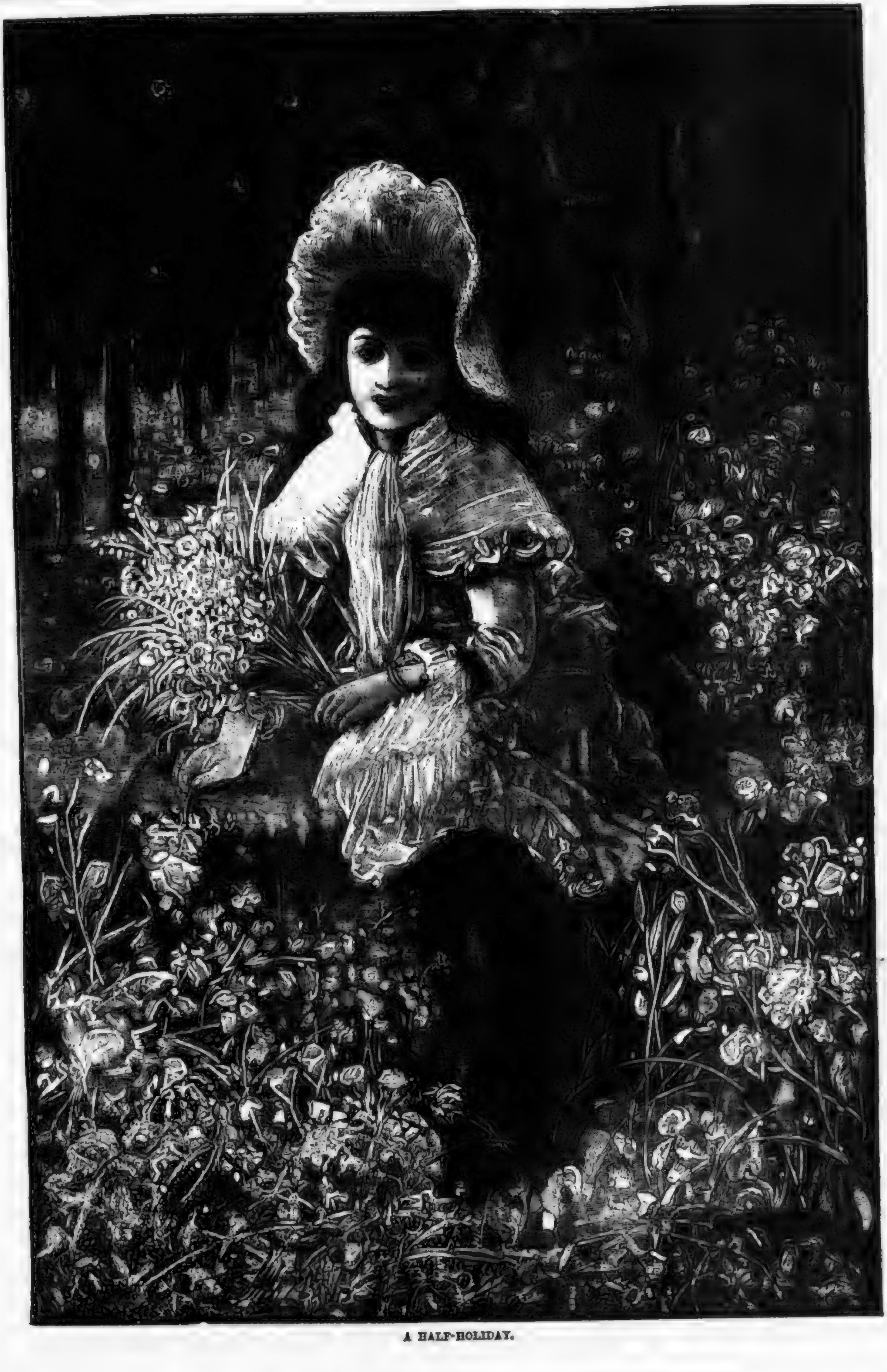
The matter ended by Hopkins opening the door of the servants' quarters, and bidding Hannah Johnson to leave. Being but one against many, the woman obeyed.

"As God hears me," were her parting words, spoken with a look so malignant that it frightened Hopkins, "I'll be even with Miss Fairy for this! Let her dance while she can. I'll strip her of her fine feathers some day, and pack her back to the place she came from—see if I don't!"

And she shook the dust of the villa from her feet, and departed.

Midnight struck. The moon rode high in the purple heaven. The flutes and viols were pouring out their maddest music. The ballroom was a whirl of fair faces and dazzling toilets—the light and heat and perfumes became oppressive.

"My lungs cry aloud for one breath of wholesome air!" panted Ethel Greylock, with a faint laugh; "pray take me out under the moon!"



A HALF-HOLIDAY.

XUM

She spoke to the baronet, who was holding her fan and bouquet, and she looked bored and depressed. With alacrity he seized a wrap, flung it about her shoulders, and through a glass door the two stepped out upon the broad piazza, and sauntered away under the trees.

They came to a spot of level lawn, white with moonlight, and musical with the splash of a fountain. Some garden-chairs were standing about—they sat down under the great stars.

"You are fond of dancing?" said Sir Gervase.

"Yes," answered Ethel; "the weakness was born with me. Did you not notice," with a mischievous smile, "that I went through that last waltz uncommonly well?"

A crushed rose fell from her hair—he picked it up—pressed it to his lips.

"In the stupendous crowd yonder," he answered, dismally, "it was impossible for me to see you. I have caught only an occasional glimpse of your face the entire evening, but I doubt not that you excel in dancing as—in everything else!"

"I barely escaped being a ballet-girl, you know."

He seemed to stiffen with astonishment.

"A—I beg your pardon—what did you say?"

Her laugh rang out like a silver bell.

"A ballet-girl—a *danseuse!* That was mamma's profession, and the bone of contention which she brought into the Greylock family. At the time of which I speak, we were under a cloud—it was not thought that I should ever inherit anything here—*en passant, you* were the heir, according to grandpapa's will—he quite detested *me*, and poor mamma, discovering that I had a little talent, inherited, of course, from herself, began to think seriously of sending me upon the stage. If I, by a mere accident, had not found the way to grandpapa's heart, undoubtedly I should be gyrating before the footlights this very night, instead of sitting here with you in the serene, decorous shadows of Greylock Woods."

She had meant to shock him, and his looks showed that she had succeeded.

"A ballet-girl—*you!*" the horror in his tone made her eyes shine with mischief; "if it has saved you from that fate, thank God I lost the fortune. By-the-way, I had not the smallest claim to it, or desire for it."

"You tempt me, cousin," she answered, gayly, "to show you that I missed my vocation—that I might have achieved fame and wealth, if grandpa had only remained obdurate. Now give me your attention."

The next instant she had leaped to her feet before him on the level of the velvety turf, in the white, witching moonlight—she was swaying, poising, floating, either to the song of the fountain, or the distant strains of the ballroom orchestra, he knew not which. He held his breath as he watched her.

Her wrap had fallen from one arm and shoulder; the delicious flesh was like Pygmalion's marble. Her shining draperies and dazzling skin made her look like an animated moonbeam. He had seen dancing-girls of every clime, but where such contours, and coloring, and grace as this girl possessed?

The fountain babbled and the moon shone, and Ethel danced on, as if with no thought of him, or of anything but the spirit which ruled her.

Her satin-shod feet glanced like stars on the short, dewless turf. Her rich draperies, gathered lightly up with one hand, glistened like hoar-frost. Her hair was a golden mist; the pearls on her heaving bosom and round arms shone like drops of dew. She looked as unreal as the creature of a dream. Sir Gervase thought of the daughter of Herodias when she danced before the king.

"Tell me," she panted, in a mocking voice, as she paused, at last, for breath, "was I not foolish to renounce the stage?"

He made no reply—perhaps he was too shocked. Believing this, she immediately swung round again on the tips of her toes, and with every movement full of saucy defiance, went off in what seemed another frolic with the airy echoes of the music.

Presently she paused once more by his chair. Her lips were half parted, her golden head was thrown back, her laughing, audacious eyes met the baronet's.

"Like Tennyson's brook, I could go on for ever," she said. "How shocked you look, cousin! Take courage. This evil comes not with the Greylock blood, you know."

He spoke no word—made no sign. He sat like a man under a spell. Somewhat puzzled, she drew a step nearer.

"Ah, I can guess your thoughts," she said, with a little grimace; "you are meditating upon the inexplicable ways of that strange, half-civilized creature—the American girl."

He found his voice at last.

"No," he answered, in a tone that went tingling along her nerves with curious power. "I was just then asking myself if Heaven ever made another wonder like you, Ethel!"

The color flew into her face. She would have spoken, but something in his gray, shining eyes held her speechless. Like a person in a dream he extended his arms. She grew deadly pale. A sudden panic seized her. She turned straightway and fled, leaving Sir Gervase sitting like a dazed man, alone there in the garden-chair, under the midnight moon.

CHAPTER XX.

POLLY SPEAKS.

THE hour when I bade farewell to the Steeles and started for Blackport with Dr. Vandine was the happiest of my life. I went without a misgiving. Leaving behind me the drudgery which had no end and no recompense, I started forth with my one only friend to seek a change of fortune.

He was very kind during the ride—abstracted, often absorbed, but kind. I felt that he pitied me because of my forlorn and lonely condition—ah! it is a sad and bitter thing to be pitied! His distrait manner showed that his thoughts were wandering far from me and my troubles—doubtless he was dreaming of his fair blonde heiress. With a strange mingling of joy and dread I considered that I was now on my way to Blackport, and that I would surely see there the fortunate, favored creature who had obtained possession of his great noble heart.

I was not expected at Cat's Tavern, but the landlady received me very kindly. With her grand figure, and dark, gloomy, inscrutable face, she looked like a Lady Macbeth masquerading in common clothes.

When Dr. Vandine said, "I have brought you a particular friend of mine, Miss Poole—be good to her," her black, searching eyes seemed to pierce to the very marrow in my bones.

"Humph!" she answered; "what a bag of bones! It is plain that the poor child never had a proper meal in her life."

Then she led me to the inn kitchen, and there set before me a tempting supper, and poured my tea with her own hands.

While I ate she put her elbows on the table, and watched me in a dark, strange way. The room was full of sleek cats that purred around my chair, and scratched my dress, and seemed eager to make friends with me. After a while, Miss Poole said, grimly:

"In all the world there are but two or three persons whom I like—Dr. Vandine is one of them. Since he is not ashamed to call himself your friend, I will see that you have good wages and kind treatment here. You can begin work in the morning."

So I was fortunate enough to find favor at once with Mercy Poole and her cats.

The change from the Steele household to that quiet old inn by the great, cool sea seemed to me like a transition from purgatory to paradise. For the first time in my life I was earning money for myself. Then, too, I saw Dr. Vandine daily, and whether he looked at me or not—often he did *not*, for he had grown so heedless and morose of late that I felt sure his suit was not prospering—whether he spoke or remained silent—and the latter was usually the case—these glimpses of him made up the sum of my earthly happiness.

I soon became fond of the inn—of the great sea shimmering in the sun, or lying dark and cool under the stars, of the cats, and even of Mercy Poole herself, though she was a person to repel rather than attract strangers. A week passed. I was now well settled in my new home, but though I kept eyes and ears wide open, I had neither seen nor heard anything of the fair woman—the heiress and beauty whom Vandine loved.

It was my custom to rise early—often before the other members of the household were astir—and sit down to my sewing in some quiet corner until I was called by Mercy Poole to other service.

One morning, eight days after my arrival at the inn, while the dawn was still red in the sky, and Blackport was yet asleep, I descended to the silent keeping-room, opened a window that looked out on the main street of the town, and seating myself beside it, with needle in hand and head bent low, I fell to stitching like mad, with only the cats for company.

Ravaillac purred on the sill at my elbow. Charlotte Corday was licking the dew of midnight wanderings from her paws, and Pontius Pilate and the Borgias napped *en famille* on a settee in a corner.

In and out, in and out flew my needle. Once only I paused to glance toward the empty street, into which the sun began to shoot long shafts of yellow light. Just opposite my window was the village post-office, and as I looked, my eyes were suddenly arrested and held by a huge poster which hung on a billboard near the weather-beaten door.

It was the advertisement of a concert, to be given by some traveling troupe, called the Orpheus Company, on the following night in the town-hall of Blackport. The street being narrow, I could read the names of the whole blazing galaxy of talent, to which the Blackport people were cordially invited to give their attention and their shekels.

Mademoiselle Eurydice, the world-renowned soprano; Monsieur Regnault, the incomparable tenor; another mademoiselle, who sang alto like a seraph; and a second monsieur, who had the finest bass voice on the terrestrial globe. Other attractions figured in huge type on the bill.

I spelt out the strange names somewhat laboriously, then fell to stitching again with renewed haste. What was the Orpheus Concert Company to me? I had never been to a place of amusement in my life.

Presently the post-office boy appeared at the door opposite, and turned the key in the lock. He, too, read the poster, and was just turning from it with an air of gratified curiosity, when clatter—clatter sounded the hoofs of a horse on the stones of the street, and a girl in a plumed hat and myrtle-green habit rode swiftly up to the door, and called in a voice that came straight and clear to my ears: "Any letters this morning?"

The boy evidently knew his visitor, made a dash inside the building, and reappeared, shaking an unkempt head.

"No, miss—none this morning."

The young lady turned her horse's head suddenly toward the billboard—her eyes fell on the poster—on the names standing out upon it in black letters. I fancied that she started and changed color. The boy was watching her curiously.

"Going to hear 'em, miss?" he asked, crooking a grimy finger at the advertisement.

"I dare say," she answered, carelessly; "it is plain that Blackport is not without its dissipations."

Then she came dashing straight across the street to the inn.

So it came to pass that I looked up from my work, and saw her there outside the window—the handsomest creature my eyes had ever rested on—the heiress and beauty whom Dr. Vandine loved. Even then, I knew this radiant being could be no other than his love—she for whom I had watched eight long days. Something went over me like an electric shock—the needle dropped from my hold.

"Good-morning, Ravaillac," she said, dangling her whip over the cat, who seized it in his gray paws, and went off in a giddy gambol. "Is Mercy Poole inside?" she then asked of me, the poor sewing-girl.

My tongue clove to my mouth—I could not answer—I was like one petrified.

"The landlady of the inn," she added, as if surprised at my stupidity—indeed, she might well be.

Still I stared dumbly at the shining black horse, whose wrinkled nose was thrust over the low sill, and at the girl in the saddle, with her high-bred air and dazzling blonde beauty. Then and there something fell upon me like a thunderbolt—a suspicion—a conviction—certainty! The face had changed only as do the stars—from glory to glory; only as the flowers change—from bloom to bloom. The violet eyes, the yellow hair, the lily-color remained the same. The child had become a woman—that was all. Had I not many times declared that I should know my lost darling in any place—at any time? Here were my words verified at last! I saw and remembered! I leaped to my feet.

"It's Nan! It's Nan! It's Nan!" was the cry which arose to my lips, and would have broken into actual speech had not Mercy Poole at that moment opened the door and entered. The grim face of the landlady brightened at sight of the girl in the window.

"Come in, Ethel Greylock," she said, with more feeling than I had ever before heard in her voice, "and break bread with a kinless old woman to whom your face is always like sunshine."

Greylock?—yes, that was the name of Vandine's love. The radiant vision in the window shook her head.

"Thank you—no. Grandpa always frets when I am absent from table."

"And how is it with the English lord?" said Mercy Poole, dryly. "I'll warrant he frets, too! You have made sad havoc with men's hearts since you came back to Blackport. Dr. Vandine, for one, will be inconsolable when you go away with Sir Gervase."

She cast a quick, almost frightened, glance back over her shoulder at—as it seemed to me—the billboard.

"I shall *never* go away with Sir Gervase," she answered, in a low voice; "you must not believe the gossip of this town, Miss Poole."

Oh, the anguish and the wonder of the discovery I had made! The old scar on my forehead—mark of the hoofs that had once trampled me while I was pursuing my lost sister—began to throb and burn like fire. My heart beat to suffocation. It was Nan whom Vandine loved—it was Nan sitting there on that shining horse, as grand and beautiful as a princess—it was Nan who looked down upon the lowly sewing-girl of the inn with the indifferent glance of a stranger and a superior.

Mercy Poole was the first to see something strange in my face.

"You are pale," she said, putting her sinewy hand upon me. "You began your sewing too early, girl. Go to the kitchen and get your breakfast."

Oh, the wonder of it! The open window, the figures of the horse and rider swam before my eyes. Without a word I gathered up my sewing and moved away.

"Is that girl a new member of your household, Miss Poole?" I heard Ethel Greylock say, as I went.

"Yes," answered my mistress; "Dr. Vandine brought her from the city. She is very shy—the sight of you seemed to take her breath."

"I thought her dumb or daft," replied the girl on the horse, lightly.

Soon after she rode away. I ran to the inn door and watched her go. It was Nan, but a totally unconscious and forgetful Nan—one who remembered neither Harmony Alley, nor Granny Scrag, nor the sister from whose arms she had been torn long years before.

I went about my tasks that day absorbed and silent. Once only I ventured to speak to Mercy Poole.

"Would you mind telling me something about the young lady who rode up to the window this morning, ma'am?" I said.

Miss Poole smiled grimly.

"What can I tell you, child?" she answered, in a not unkind tone. "She is the richest heiress in the county—a favored being, who was born neither to toil nor spin. She lives with her grandfather at Greylock Woods, the show-place of Blackport, and she is adored by everybody. Your good friend, Dr. Vandine, is one of her many lovers. The person that she is to marry, however, is an English baronet, from over the water—her kinsman. The Greylocks are a very old family, and highly connected."

"Thank you, ma'am," said I.

No other question escaped me. I had no desire to awaken suspicion in Mercy Poole's active mind. My secret was my own, and I meant to keep it.

All day I ran hither and thither about the inn, or sat at my sewing, and thought and thought, till my brain seemed bursting. By nightfall my resolution was formed. Having completed all my tasks, and obtained Mercy Poole's permission to go out, I put on hat and shawl, and started alone for the place called Greylock Woods.

I found it without difficulty. Turning not to the right hand nor the left, I passed through the open gate, and flitted like a bat up a broad drive under Scotch firs and thick-leaved chestnut-trees.

It was an imposing place, with a display of wealth and taste which quite took my breath; but it sheltered, as I well knew, a stupendous fraud, a wicked secret. I did not stop till I came in view of the house. On a terrace near it, in the gathering twilight, an old man of aristocratic appearance was sauntering back and forth, with a lordly step and the air of one who walks his own ground.

The sight brought me to a stand. I watched him for a few moments, and then began to tremble. What was I seeking in this place? Who would believe my story if I should give voice to it? A dog somewhere at hand began to bark. Seized with a sudden terror, I turned to fly, and the first plunge that I made into the shrubbery brought me face-to-face with a fresh peril.

From the house a great lawn sloped down to meet the woods. I found myself close on its border, but sheltered behind a belt of low evergreens. Looking through their scaly brown stems, I saw, not many rods from me, Ethel Greylock herself, leaning against a statue of Flora, her hat, of white ostrich tips, in her hand, her dinner-dress of violet silk trailing on the emerald turf, the last light of sunset quivering in low, red, level beams on her perfect face, and even more perfect figure. She was humming a snatch of old song:

"'Oh rank is good, and gold is good,
And high and low make ill;
But Love hath never known a law
Beyond his own sweet will.'"

She broke off suddenly with a laugh.

"There goes Chasseur into the laurels with your hat, cousin," she cried; "he will consign it to immediate burial if you do not interfere. That beast is full of nefarious tricks."

The person addressed—a brown, good-looking young fellow—was lying on the grass, a few yards from the white Flora, with a half-dozen dogs playing around him.

"Go, Chasseur, bring back my hat," he said to a mischievous spaniel, and then, with eyes of steady brightness, he looked up at the girl leaning there against the scarcely whiter statue.

"I like that song," he said, softly:

"'Love had never known a law
Beyond his own sweet will.'

There's profound truth in those lines, *belle cousine*."

"Love is a law unto himself," she answered, defiantly.

"Not a wise one, as is proved by the grief to which he frequently comes by his own willfulness."

"You speak as from the depths of experience," she scoffed.

"Experience? No," he answered. "A month ago Love and I were strangers—we had never had so much as a passing acquaintance. I was beginning to think myself unlike my fellow-mortals. To-day——"

"Go on," she said, mockingly, as he paused; and, oh, how lovely she looked, with that level, red light on her lily-face and yellow hair, and a sort of tantalizing splendor in her big eyes; "this grows interesting. What of to-day, cousin?"

"I am a sadder and a wiser man."

She changed color.

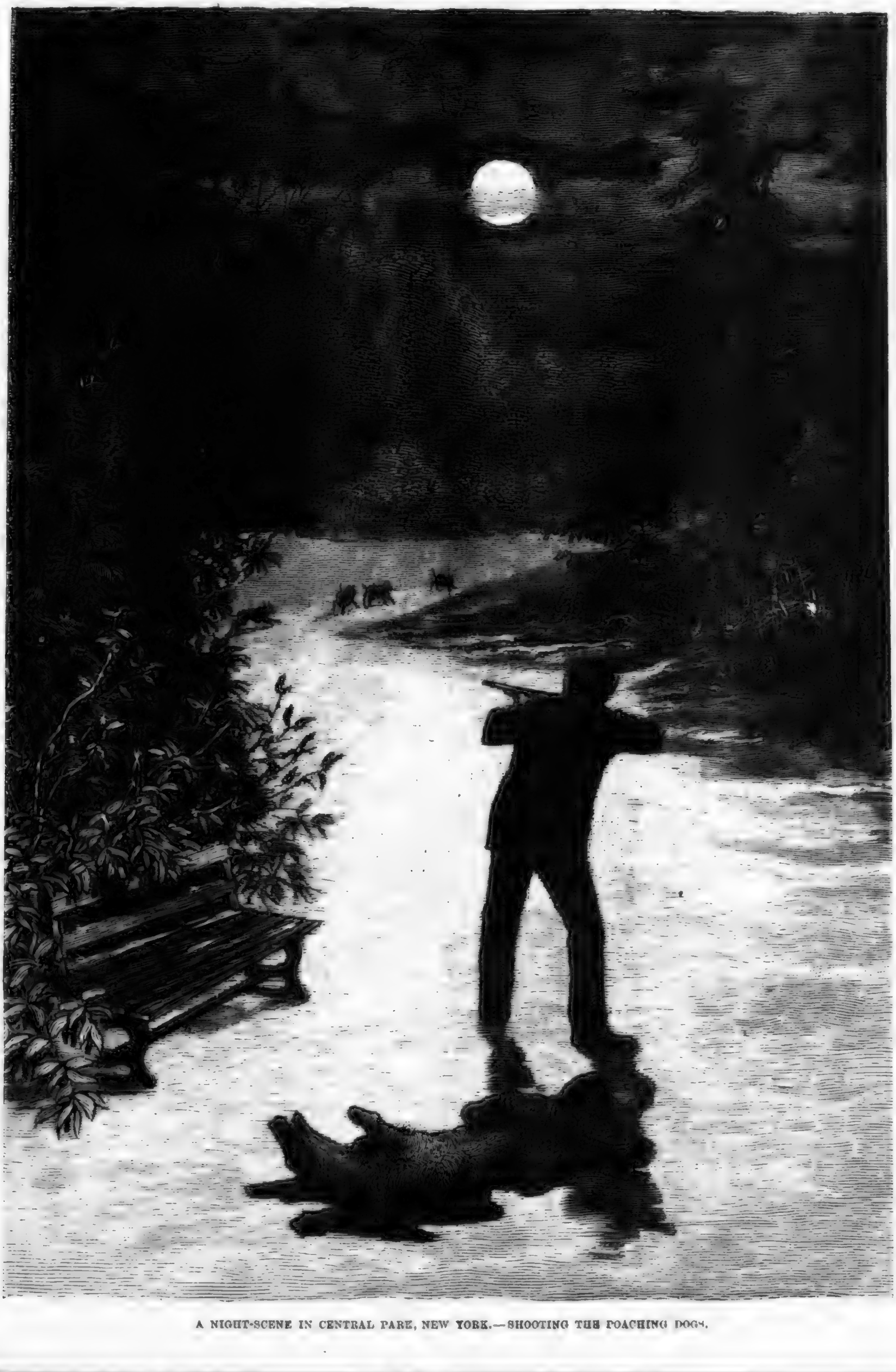
"Pardon—we must go back to grandpa," she said, coldly; "we have left him quite alone."

She glided away up the sloping lawn toward the terrace, where I had seen the old man walking. Her companion arose with a disappointed air, called the dogs, and followed her.

I drew a deep breath. That was the English lover—the young lord who had crossed the ocean to woo the heiress of Greylock Woods.

"He is good and noble," I said to myself, "and he loves her! She has everything here that heart can wish for—wealth, name, happiness, love. Oh, how strange it all seems!"

Could this fortunate, high-toned creature be my lost sister? Might not some accidental resemblance have deceived me? Could I trust my instincts, my memory? Where was the lame lady? Where the pockmarked



A NIGHT-SCENE IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.—SHOOTING THE POACHING DOGS.

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woman who had bought Nan, and paid the money to Granny Scrag years before?

Then my convictions of the morning rushed upon me again with renewed power. I was *not* deceived! They might call her by whatever name they pleased, they might surround her with wealth and splendor, but, all the same, the heiress of Greylock Woods was Nan, my lost sister.

What did I mean to do about it? Heaven knows I had no definite purpose in my mind, but I dared not remain in such close proximity to the house; so I made my way quickly through the evergreens, passed around the lawn, and entered the first path to which I came. This, I hoped, would lead me safely to the entrance gate. It did not, however. I followed it for a while, like a child groping in the dark, and stumbled, at last, upon a pretty, vine-covered cottage, standing alone in an opening of the forest.

There was still light enough left in the sky for me to plainly distinguish all surrounding objects. I drew cautiously toward the house.

"What a charming place!" I thought. "I wonder who lives here."

Then I saw that a piazza ran along the front of the cottage, and there, among flowers and creeping vines, hung a hammock, and in the hammock lay a woman, swaying lazily back and forth in the warm twilight, like a spider in a web.

Her face was turned to one side—I could not see it, but I observed the delicate shape of her head, and its crown of curly dark hair. Billowy garments of gauze and lace overflowed the meshes of the hammock, and one white arm, bound with jewels, trailed indolently down to the flowers that bloomed below her in pots and jars of queer foreign ware.

A strange fascination seized me. Stealthily I advanced across the opening—stealthily I drew near to the piazza. I was determined to catch one glimpse of that hidden face—to see the person lying there in such indolent ease.

I was half way across the green opening, when a door in the cottage flew back, and a stout, brown woman stepped forth.

"The dew is falling, ma'am," she said. "Will you come in, or shall I bring you a wrap?"

Then the person in the hammock raised herself on one elbow and yawned.

"Give me your hand, Hannah. Of course I must not lie her longer. Well, in-door or out, all is ennui and vexation of spirit at Rose Cottage."

The stout woman assisted the occupant of the net to alight on the piazza, and mistress and servant stood plainly revealed to my eyes—yes, with a sickening thrill I saw and recognized both. The former moved with halting step through the flowers.

"I fear I must soon order a crutch," she said, fretfully; "my poor knee positively grows worse every day. Ah, look! Hannah; in Heaven's name, who is that?"

She had discovered me, at last, as I stood there in the open space before the cottage. The woman Hannah came to the edge of the piazza, and looked sharply at me.

"Who are you?" she cried, "and what do you want?"

I could not answer—I was like one paralyzed. She thought me some female tramp, I suppose, for the next moment she shouted angrily:

"Be off, you baggage, or I will set the dogs on you!"

In deadly fright I turned and flew across the open space, and plunged into the woods. Luckily I struck a path which led me down to the gate. Darting through, I was soon in the high road.

I had made suspicion certainty. Beyond a doubt I now knew that I had found Nan.

Home to Cat's Tavern I went along the starlit road, sobbing softly. Stylish turnouts from the hotels and cottages passed me on the way—covered my humble figure with dust. I plodded on, unheeding, my eyes blind with tears, my heart ready to break

Make myself known to the happy, petted heiress of Graylock Woods? Revive in her sleeping memory Harmony Alley and Granny Scrag? Tell her story to the English lord and the world? Never! never! never! In my hard short life I had learned that Love always means pain—sacrifice—renunciation.

"Her happiness shall not be disturbed by *me*," I murmured to myself, as I went on, weeping, yet resolute. "In the old days, when we begged about the city streets hand in hand, I used to say that if I could make a lady of *her* I would myself be content to drudge on ever more for Granny Scrag. Now let me be true to my own words! She shall be the lady—she shall marry her titled lover, and I, God helping me, will drudge on! Yes, it's Nan, my own darling sister, and I love her truly, and for that love's sake, I'll keep her secret till I die!"

CHAPTER XXI.

AT CAT'S TAVERN.

MONSIEUR REGNAULT, the incomparable tenor of the Orpheus Concert Company, stood surveying his handsome dark face in the cracked mirror of the dressing-room, preparatory to mounting the short stair to the stage.

"How are the mighty fallen!" he mused, as he fastened a rose in the buttonhole of his faultless dress-coat. "To what base uses have we come, at last—my voice and I! Was it for this that I studied with the best masters in the palmy days of my youth and wealth? Heaven above! I was then the possessor of millions. Now I find myself strolling over the country with a screeching troupe of third-rate singers. Nothing more is needed to complete my humiliation save a hand-organ and a monkey!"

He sniffed critically at the rose, twisted its green leaves a little more to one side, then smiled.

"Well, one must have money. An empty purse is an unanswerable argument. At least, the traveling troupe has been the means of bringing me to Blackport, to breathe the same air with my beautiful, my peerless darling. I shall see her here—I shall make her mine for ever!"

It was the night of the concert. A large audience crowded the Town Hall of Blackport. The roof was just ringing to the final notes of a duet. Down the short stair bounced the pair of singers. It was time for Regnault to ascend to the stage, and warble his first song.

In orthodox evening dress, gloved, perfumed, the handsome tenor made his bow before the footlights, and with one lightning glance swept the sea of uplifted faces below.

Yes, she was there, with her grandfather and Sir Gervase by her side. The aristocracy of the villa had actually come to listen to a company of traveling singers. For this Ethel was responsible. By dint of much coaxing she had lured Godfrey Greylock to the place.

"It is an absurd whim, I know, grandpa," she had said, feverishly, "but I want to go—I *must* go! And if you love me, you will come with me."

"Really, Ethel, I did not suppose you had such wretched taste," her grandfather had answered, severely. "You *must* go to mix with the rabble of Blackport, and listen to a lot of squalling vagabonds who probably cannot sing a note correctly? I am surprised at you!"

But all the same he went with her, and Sir Gervase, who, of late, had become as her shadow, followed after.

So it chanced that the first faces on which Regnault's eyes rested were the three from the villa. Further on, in the same row, two other persons held his attention: Mrs. Iris Greylock and the brown waiting-woman who seemed to attend her everywhere. The demon of ennui had driven forth the lady of Rose Cottage this night. Even the Orpheus Concert Company was preferable to the solitude and monotony of her den in the Woods.

With her pretty face judiciously touched with rouge and blanc-de-perle, and her evening toilet quite overpowering in style and texture, Mrs. Iris sat swaying her painted satin fan and covertly watching the villa party, just as the duet ended and Regnault started up on the stage, like a handsome jack-in-the-box. Then, what a change was there! At sight of the dark, graceful tenor, Mrs. Iris stared blankly and clutched Hannah Johnson's arm. Under all its rouge and powder her face put on the hue of abject fear and utter horror. Regnault's eyes met hers. She could not fly—she dared not scream. He saw her—he recognized her—the look that flushed into his face told her that—she was lost!

Was he also disturbed? Yes; the sheet of music trembled in his gloved hand. Only for an instant, however; then he recovered himself, and standing there like a faultless Apollo, he fixed his eyes on Ethel Greylock, as if hers was the only face in that crowded hall, and out broke his voice, like a silver trumpet.

He sang solely to her—sang *at* her, with fervor unspeakable—yea, with his whole heart in the hackneyed, yet ever beautiful lines—the call of the lover to his beloved:

"'Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, Night, has flown—
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone.
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.'"

He flung a world of passionate joy and exultation into the words—

"'Oh, young lord lover, what sighs are those
For one who will never be thine,
But mine, but mine, so I sware to the rose,
For ever and ever mine!'"

Sir Gervase would have been very dull, indeed, if he had not discovered something extraordinary about this singer, and the fervor of his song—if he had not seen that his American cousin was trembling with suppressed agitation, and changing color in an alarming way.

"'She is coming, my dove, my dear,
She is coming, my life, my fate!'"

Oh, the triumph of the cry! He called her—she must go! Ethel shuddered and grew terrified—not at a summons that was expected, but at the sudden dread which overwhelmed her. Was her courage ebbing? Did she hesitate to give up wealth, home, kindred, for Love's sake? It could not be—surely she had not turned coward! Where real love exists, is there ever room for cowardice?

The song ended. There was a burst of applause, and in the midst of it Sir Gervase Greylock uttered an exclamation, and sprang to assist Mrs. Iris, who had fallen back in her seat in a dead faint.

She was carried out of the hall, and the party from the villa went with her. Fans and smelling-salts soon restored her to consciousness. Immediately her eyes sought the baronet:

"Be so kind as to call my carriage, Sir Gervase," she gasped; "it is waiting somewhere near."

He rushed to obey. Ethel leaned anxiously over her mother.

"Mamma, mamma, why did you go off like that? You are ill—let me go home with you."

Mrs. Iris looked hard at her daughter, and smiled in a strange, ghastly way.

"There's no room in the carriage—no, I do not need you—I am quite well—it was only the heat of that dreadful hall, my love. One word in your ear." She drew Ethel forward, and whispered, maliciously: "Oh, you sly, artful puss! Is this the way you deceive your grandpa? Is this the way you trifle with your titled suitor? Regnault, your teacher at school—your correspondent, seems very much in love with you. Fie! fie!"

Then she departed. Godfrey Greylock, left behind with the baronet and Ethel, looked at his granddaughter in deep disgust.

"Shall we return to the hall?" he said; "or have you had enough of this, my dear?"

To Ethel the question meant: "Shall I look again on Regnault's face? Shall I hear his voice once more? Shall I wait for some opportunity of communication with him?" Yet she deliberately answered: "I am quite ready to follow mamma. "It *is* very warm in there."

So the party drove away in the track of Iris Greylock, and when Regnault came forth to sing again, to his surprise and vexation, only empty seats met his gaze, where he had before seen a group of faces—one coloring richly under his ardent eyes, and one fainting with fear at sight of him.

For months he had known that Ethel was the daughter of Iris Greylock—the young heiress had often talked to him of her relatives—but to-night, as he recalled the elder woman's swooning, colorless face, the fact startled him as it had never done before.

His feet pressed dangerous ground. Fortunate would he be if he could win Ethel Greylock in spite of the perils that were gathering around his suit. One thing was certain—he had no time to lose. Prompt action alone would secure the prize. To delay now was to suffer hopeless defeat.

At the close of the entertainment he went over to Cat's Tavern with his fellow-warblers, to rest on his laurels and partake of a smoking supper which Mercy Poole had prepared for the troupe.

In the low-ceiled entry Regnault chanced to encounter the sewing-girl Polly, as she was hurrying by on some errand for her mistress. He was in a reckless mood, and catching her by the arm, he bent and looked into her startled face.

"Halloo! a pair of eyes like a deer's. By my soul, you had a narrow escape from being pretty. Bring me a glass of brandy, my child."

She struggled to free herself from him.

"There's no liquor kept at this inn, sir," she answered.

"Ah! Then, if you will permit me to alter Ben Jonson's song a little:

"'Leave a kiss in the cup, my dear.
And I'll not look for wine.'"

Somebody had just entered the inn from the street. Immediately a strong hand tore Polly free, and sent the handsome tenor reeling against the wall.

"Look out, fellow!" cried Dr. Vandine, angrily; "this

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young person is a friend of mine." Polly flashed one grateful look on her champion, and vanished in the direction of the kitchen. Regnault gathered himself up from the wall.

"That little *femme de chambre* your friend?" he sneered; "what taste you have, to be sure! Pray, who are you?"

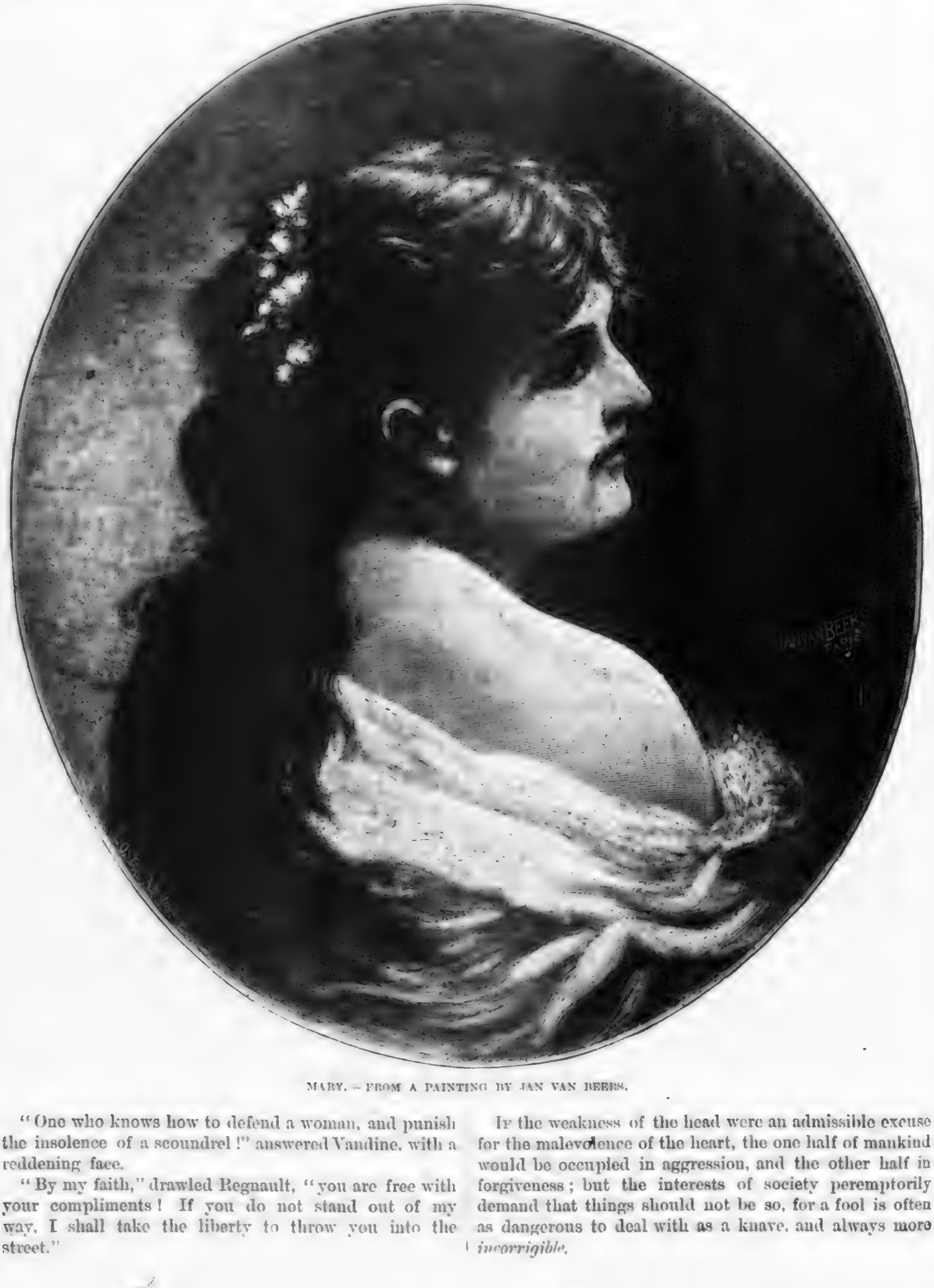
"One who knows how to defend a woman, and punish the insolence of a scoundrel!" answered Vandine, with a reddening face.

"By my faith," drawled Regnault, "you are free with your compliments! If you do not stand out of my way, I shall take the liberty to throw you into the street."

Mercy Poole heard the voices, and came promptly out of the keeping-room.

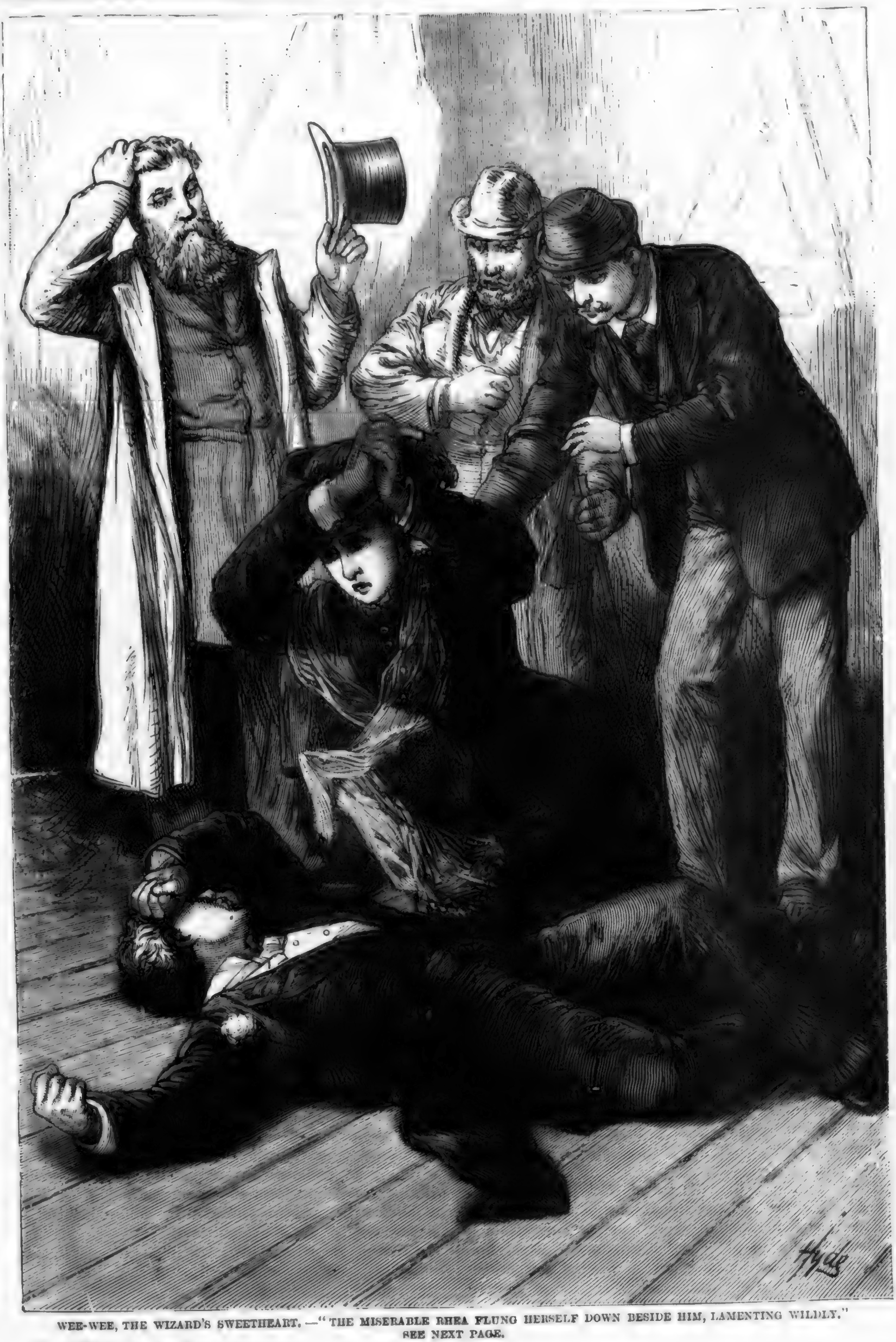
"No wrangling, gentlemen," she said, and stepped betwixt the twain, whereupon Vandine shrugged his shoulders, and went off up the stairs, and Regnault joined the other members of the company at table.

(*To be continued.*)



MARY. — FROM A PAINTING BY JAN VAN BEERS.

If the weakness of the head were an admissible excuse for the malevolence of the heart, the one half of mankind would be occupied in aggression, and the other half in forgiveness; but the interests of society peremptorily demand that things should not be so, for a fool is often as dangerous to deal with as a knave, and always more *incorrigible*.



WEE-WEE, THE WIZARD'S SWEETHEART.—"THE MISERABLE RHEA FLUNG HERSELF DOWN BESIDE HIM, LAMENTING WILDLY." SEE NEXT PAGE.

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A DISH OF TRUFFLES.

A GOURMAND once lived in a fine old hall,
Well shut in all round by a garden-wall,
And in that garden such good things grew—
Fruit and flowers of every hue.
But the things the owner loved most of all
Grew underground, in a frame by the wall;
And these were truffles. Such tender care
Was spent on these truffles, so rich and rare.
Often by night he would go with a light,
To see that no robbers had found out the site
Where his much-loved truffles were hid under ground,
Till his secret made him feel quite profound.
The owner intended these truffles to eat
On Christmas Day, as an extra treat.
They were to be cooked with herbs and batter,
And served up hot on a golden platter.
But I grieve to say that under that wall
There dwelt six snails who were lean and small,
And they said, as they stared at the truffles so sweet,
"They look as if they were good to eat.
And no one to eat them? Terrible waste!
Just let us see how these truffles taste!"
So they took one bite, then two, then three,
And rolled their eyes with extravagant glee.
And they said, "What a capital larder we've found!
We'll spend the Winter here under ground."
And they stuffed and fed at a terrible rate,
Till the truffles grew small and the snails grew great,
And no one found out that aught was the matter
Till the cook was busy mixing the batter.
And then when they went to the garden-wall,
To grub for the truffles, they looked so small
That the cook said "Ah!" and the gard'ner "Oh,
That's not the way for truffles to grow!"
Then they found in each of the truffles quite snug
Was curled up a great big horrible slug!
The cook wrung her hands in dis(h)mal despair,
And the gard'ner said, "How master *will* swear
When he finds how his grand Christmas feasting fails!"
Said the cook, "I'll dish up those six fat snails!"
So she grubbed them up, and cooked them in batter,
And sent them up on the golden platter;
And they looked like truffles, rich and sweet,
And were thought a most delicate Christmas treat!

WEE-WEE, THE WIZARD'S SWEETHEART.

ONE may have fancied that a wizard must be a person of enigmatical age and grotesque aspect; that he must be of goodly stature, and swarthy as an Egyptian; that his beard must be patriarchal, and his eyes immense and bewildering; and that he must eternally wear a skullcap, gloomy robes, and cabalistic decorations.

The popular magician, Elmer Birlea, was totally dissimilar to this creature of legend and imagination. He was youthful, slender and beardless, with features of almost feminine delicacy, a dainty yellow mustache and tawny, curling hair, and a voice as tuneful as those that "waked Psyche in the halls of Love."

But although a finical personage, with lazy blue eyes and almost womanish graces, he was a prestidigitateur, whose occult arts had thrilled and startled wondering thousands.

It was presumed that his private fortune was not inconsiderable, for he lived sumptuously, and was a connoisseur, as it were, of all manner of luxuries. He was undeniably a man of pleasure, but was too fastidiously epicurean to mar his delights by any sort of vulgar excess.

He was the lover of a handsome woman, known as Weewee LeBarre, and his infatuation by her was absolute and notorious.

The LeBarre was a tiny beauty with a faultess shape, infantile dimples, and a charming fairness of complexion. Her full red mouth seemed made for laughter and kisses; her big black eyes were magnetic and mischievous, and she had magnificent lengths of black, wavy hair.

The individuality of this fairy enchantress was, in a certain phase, not insignificant. Hers were the subtle brain and stony heart. Hers was the equivocal genius to simulate all that is sweet and endearing in woman. Hers was the dangerous power to delude and subjugate and hold enslaved, at her will, the one whom she might attract.

Elmer Birlea adored her, believed utterly in her goodness, and trusted her affection entirely. One frown upon her imperious, inky brows agonized him; for one smile of her saucy, witching lips he would have sacrificed much that honorable men esteem precious.

Nevertheless, and despite his gentle and foppish manners, he was not altogether a tame lover. In the might of passions, once aroused, he could be fierce and ruthless as a tiger.

Wee-Wee had seen him with the deadly green glitter of jealousy in his eyes, and she scarcely cared to defy, nor provoke, that savage mood.

"For love of you," he had said to her, "I have renounced everything in this world that an honest man prizes. If you ever will be false to me, Wee-wee—pretty, harmless little thing as you are—I will kill you! Do you hear and understand, you fair, demure Circe? *I will kill you!*"

She understood him sufficiently well—better, perhaps, than he might have wished she would do had he thoroughly realized her cunning and her strategic ability.

But she only sighed, and seemed vastly distressed.

"You ought not say such dreadful things—you really ought not, Elmer," she remonstrated, mournfully. "You frighten me terribly. And besides, we should be perfectly and harmoniously happy while we can, for you know, *mon ami*, a calamity is possible that may unavoidably part us," she concluded, significantly.

"Never!" he ejaculated, with that deadly, dreaded fury blazing in his eyes. "Never in this life shall you be taken from me, nor I from you. I have sworn it. That possible calamity will only come to part two corpses."

Wee-Wee shuddered and sobbed, and clasped her babyish little hands around his neck, clung to him with an assumption of passionate fondness, and would not be comforted. But once again alone, she became immediately and admirably composed.

"He loves me so madly, that he really is capable of murdering me in one of his frenzied moods," she mused, as she toyed with a purse of silver and pearl. "What was it he said about those golden eagles being the last of his riches? Ah, well! I have tired of him. I must plan something."

In the town where the magician appeared during the succeeding week a multitude of admirers nightly crowded the building where he gave his entertainments.

And nightly, the dimmest corner of one particular box was occupied by a strange, solitary figure, all in black, excepting an immovable visage that gleamed luridly within the muffling folds of a heavy vail.

And directly opposite sat Wee-Wee, smiling, brilliant—a queen of witchery—royally attired.

In this provincial city Birlea's exploits of sword-swallowing was best appreciated and most applauded.

He had executed these especial feats one evening, and had just acknowledged the clamorous plaudits of the marveling and delighted spectators, by an exaggerated and

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imposing courtesy, when an unexpected voice, uttering astonishing things, suddenly stilled the noisy crowd.

All listened intently; for the magician seemed to be speaking, although he stood as stark as a wooden image, and his lips were motionless.

"I shall appear no more before you," announced the puzzling tones. "I have accomplished my last exploit. I am concluding my last exhibition. I have abandoned legerdemain for ever, and am about to leave also the stage of life."

The face of the magician was slowly whitening. His rigid form quivered once convulsively, and his hands were clutched together over his breast.

"You have known me only as a wizard, and that I have always been—not for hire, but because I had a natural fondness for the tricks and arts of prestidigitation. But I was once something more. For the love of a woman I left my home, my kin, my name and the society I had never dishonored, taking with me only my temptress and the fortune of my forsaken wife."

At this juncture Wee-Wee sprang up in her box, with a bitter exclamation of anger and perplexity.

For an instant Birlea gazed pleadingly, passionately at the handsome creature who, with flaming eyes and glowing cheeks, stood where the radiant light shone on her exquisite shape, her dress of lace and satin, and the rubies, red as blood, on her bosom.

This resistless woman, with her mind of cunning and her heart of stone, had plotted, but not for such an *exposé* as this.

She had designed to rid herself of this weakish man, of whose person and passion she had wearied, whose wealth she had wasted, whose life she had ruined. But she had not purposed to make herself infamous by his downfall. Still the steady, relentless voice continued:

"You all know Wee-Wee, the wizard's sweetheart. How innocent and puzzled and aggrieved she looks, standing yonder in her beauty and splendor! The gems and silks she wears were purchased with my honor—were bought with gold of which I robbed the true wife who loved and trusted me. My siren tired of me when I had nothing left to give her, and with wily skill she planned to free herself. She put upon my track my outraged and avenging wife. Her stratagem succeeded. My wife is here and avenged. Those sword-blades were envenomed with a fatal poison for which there is no antidote."

The unhappy man tossed up his arms, groaned pitifully, and reeled across the stage like one drunken.

At that moment the black-robed woman who had occupied the box glided to his side with her visage of death.

"I am Rhea, the ventriloquist," she explained to the startled, gaping audience. "I am his avenged wife," and it was I who just now told you the story of his dishonor and my wrongs; who detected and who has disclosed the perfidy of the woman who befooled and betrayed him."

"What is all this? Wee-Wee, where are you?" moaned the prestidigitateur, with the glare of a maniac, as he groped forward in a dazed way, and then fell writhing in the last mortal agony.

The miserable Rhea flung herself down beside him, lamenting wildly. Her wrath was all gone; and she was barely conscious of the deplorable deed by which she had criminated and widowed herself.

And while she sobbed, and prayed and raved over her dead, the beautiful, evil Wee-Wee disappeared.

The treacherous sweetheart of the duped wizard had hurried from the place of tragedy to beguile a newly-favored lover by her charms and caresses.

EARTH FUNGI—TRUFFLE-HUNTING.

The truffle-hunting or collecting season may be said to open with October and conclude with the end of the year; though, with a view to future production, it is thought better not to disturb the ground after the end of November.

Truffles, like mushrooms, belong to the great family of the *Fungi*, but are a distinct and very peculiar genus. They are cryptogamic plants, and subterranean in their habits, their position beneath the soil varying from two or three inches to two feet in depth. They have no root, stem, or leaf, and are of different shades of color, from light-brown to black. They are more or less globular in form, and vary in size from that of a filbert to that of a large duck's egg. Their surface is knotty or warty and covered with a skin, which forms a sort of network of serpentine veins.

The exact method of their production seems as yet scarcely well ascertained. Pliny considered the truffle as an excrescence of the earth, which is scarcely a scientific explanation; while Plutarch attributed its formation to the combined action of thunder, heat and damp, producing lumps in the earth similar to tuberous swellings in the human frame.

This view, however, does not help us much. A theor is also held by some that it is the result of a wound inflicted on the roots of the oak, by a fly or some other insect desirous of depositing its eggs, and that thus a swelling is produced after the manner of the gallnut. But neither is this account a satisfactory one; for truffles grow in pastures and on open downs, far away from any trees, as well as under their shade. They prefer loose soils, and affect the neighborhood of trees—especially oak, beech and chestnuts; though they do not grow in any large numbers in thick woods. This curious fact led to the suggestion that woods and forests, in the best truffle districts of France, should be thinned in order to increase the supply.

Truffles are found in most temperate parts of the world, and are fairly common in Central and Southern Europe, particularly in France, where the Poitou and Périgord districts are most prolific, and in Italy, where Piedmont carries off the palm. Algeria also contributes a large quantity. They are found in various parts of the southern districts of England, but they are by no means so common as they once were.

White, of Selborne, speaks of truffle-hunters in his neighborhood, who offered their spoils at half a crown a pound.

The species of truffles are not many, but it has recently been ascertained that they are more numerous than was formerly supposed. Those best known are the *Tuber cibarium*, or common truffle, the *T. Astivum* and the *T. Moschatum*, which latter is found in some parts of France and Italy.

In Germany the common truffle is called the black truffle, and the name of white truffle is given to the *Rhizophagon album*, a species of the nearly allied genus. It grows half above ground, is of a whitish-red color, and about the size of a walnut. It is less aromatic than the common truffle.

The French truffles are decidedly superior to those of any other country, but they vary in flavor according to locality. In the northeast of France they are grayish in color and nearly tasteless; further south, in the Isère and the Gard, they have a musty taste, which is stronger in those grown in Savoy; in Burgundy they are smaller, dry, and have a flavor of resin; but the Quercy or

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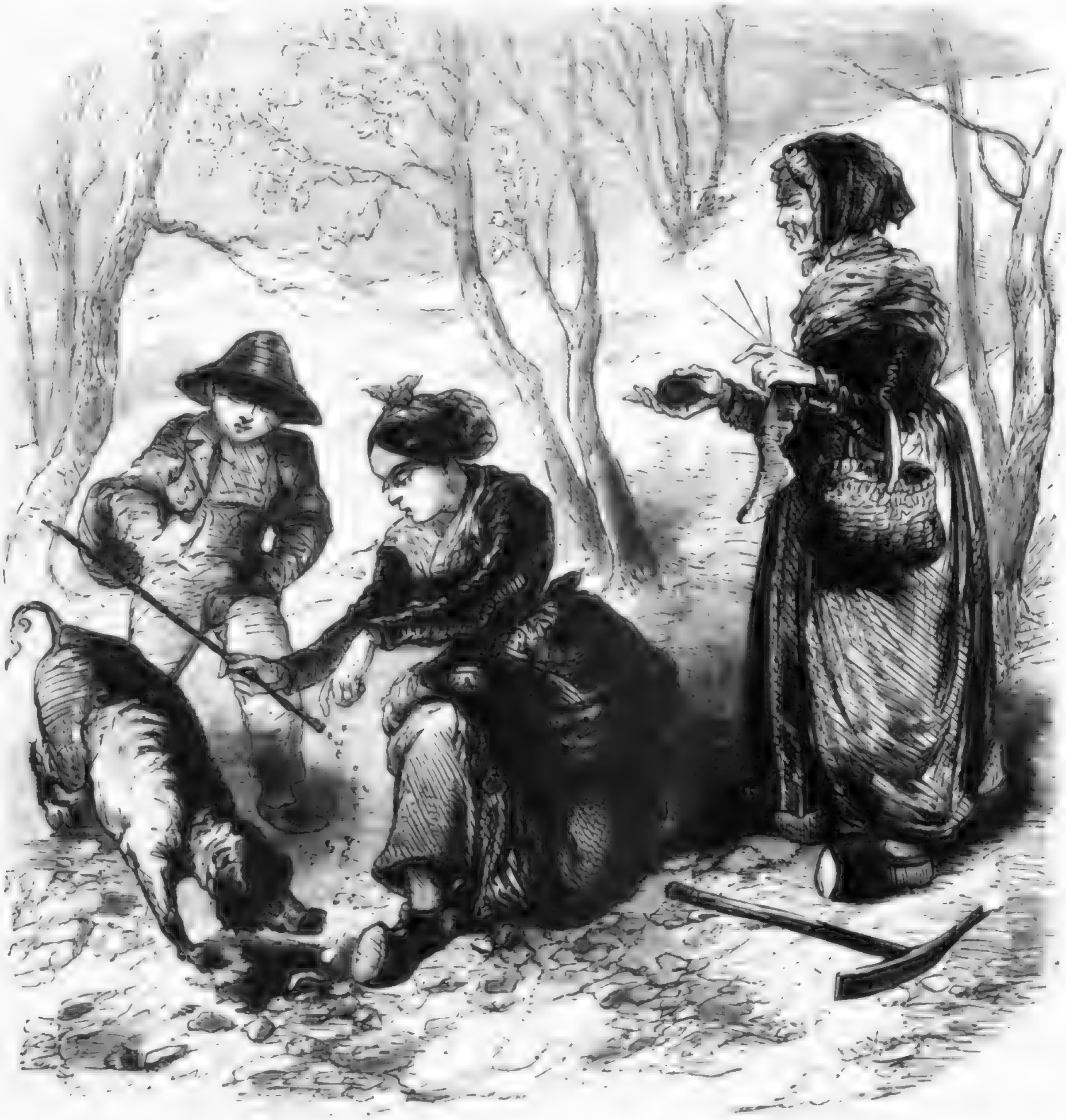
Périgord truffle—somewhat angular in form, firm, and marked with yellowish streaks—is the kind dear to *gourmets*. The Périgord pie is famous throughout the civilized world, and without the subtle flavor imparted by the presence of the Périgord tuber the *pâté de foie gras* would lose more than half its value.

It would be difficult to say when truffles became recognized as an esculent luxury. He who first ventured on the uninviting tuber was as bold a man as he who first swallowed an oyster. The Athenian epicures were acquainted with them; and a story is told of a *bon vivant* who manumitted a whole family of slaves for having invented a delicious mode of preparing them. The Romans, too—at least, in their latter days—were not insensible to their gastronomic charms. They got them from Africa, as they did their oysters from the shores of England. They troubled themselves little about their nature, but classed them as a luxury among ortolans' tongues, peacocks' brains, and lampreys fed on slaves; and in Lucullus's days, a little dinner at a villa at Baiæ would not have been considered perfect without them in some form or other.

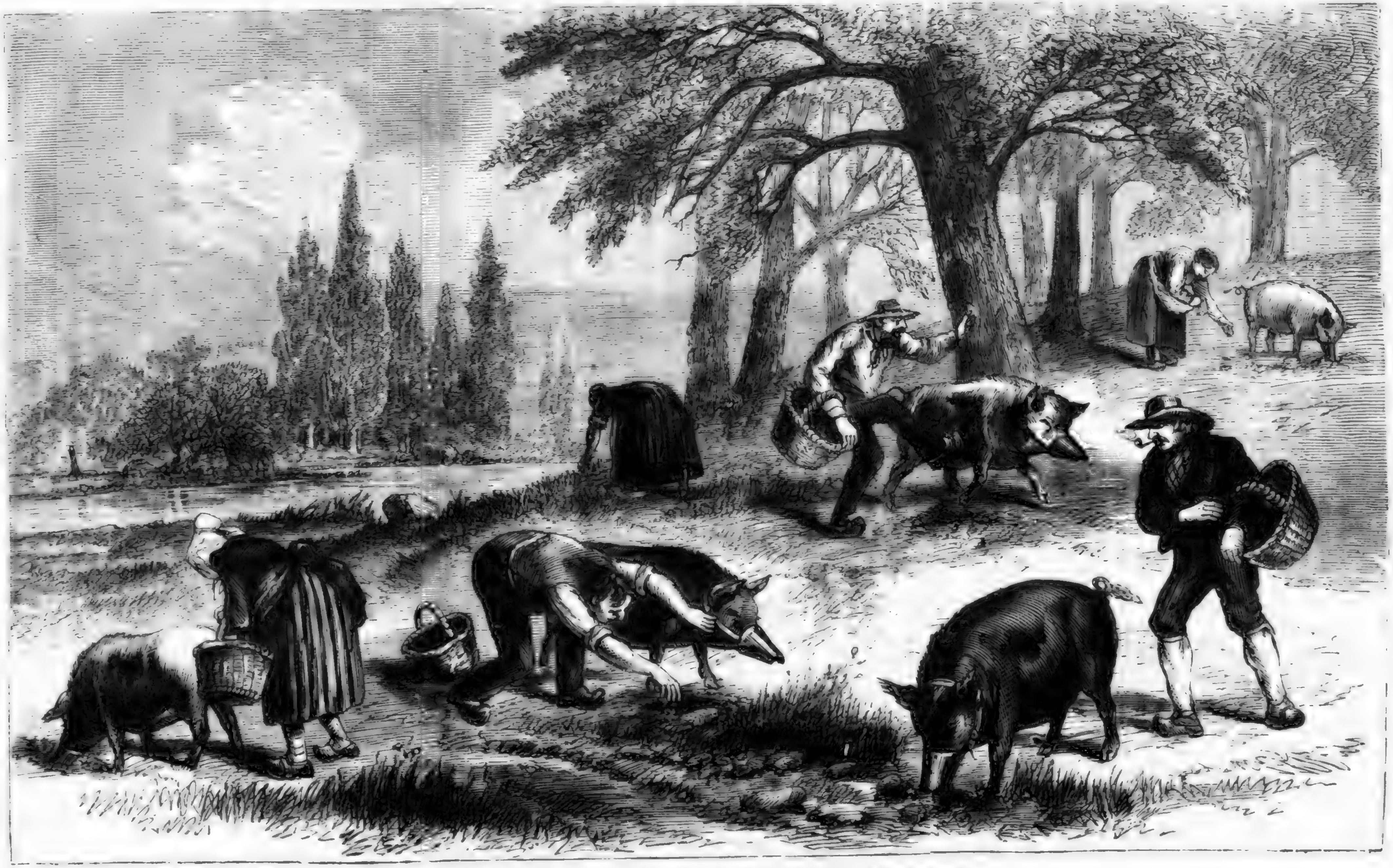


TRUFFLE-HUNTING.—"THAT'S A FINE ONE."

Truffles are mentioned by Juvenal, Pliny, Plutarch and Martial. Nor, again, can we say when our ancestors recognized their merits. This and other historic questions must be left to be settled in a history of gastronomy, which, perhaps, some day or other, an erudite epicurean will produce. As long ago as Dr. Warton's time they were symbols of luxury, for he says in his "Fashion":

> "Happy the grotto'd hermit with his pulse,
> Who wants no truffles, rich ragouts—nor Hulse."

There is no doubt of our appreciation and free use of them now. They may be an acquired taste, like oysters, olives and a score of other things acceptable in the highest degree to the educated palate; but to plead guilty to a want of appreciation of the *Tuber cibarium* of Périgord is to confess oneself devoid of gastronomic æstheticism. A truffled turkey is quite a different bird from that stuffed with sausage-meat, and a truffle boiled in port wine and eaten with salt affords a gustatory pleasure which Apicius would have given half his fortune to have experienced. In scarce seasons truffles have realized two guineas per pound in England; and, therefore, that cautious dietist, the late Dr. Edward Smith, may well say "they are very costly in relation to the nutriment supplied." Still, he has a good word for them, and admits they are "aromatic, agreeable and fashionable foods. He does not,



TRUFFLE-HUNTING.—TRAINED HOGS ROOTING FOR THE VALUABLE ESCULENT.

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however, add, as might have been expected, that they are rather difficult of digestion.

Every one has probably heard of truffle-hunting dogs—*i.e.*, dogs trained for the purpose of finding the tubers, as a pointer or setter does game, by scent. We believe there is no special kind of dog used for this purpose. It is a mere matter of training; but, as a matter of course, the progeny of animals which have been used for the purpose are more easily trained than others. In France the truffle-dogs seem to be called "Loulous," a term which is suggestive of an English cry in the coursing-field when the greyhounds are slipped at a hare.

The method of "breaking" them is to give them for a time pieces of truffles every morning, before they are allowed to partake of any other food. After a certain period, when their appetite for truffles increases, pieces are hidden in the ground, and they are made to find them. Thus they are gradually taught their business, though it often takes as long as eighteen months before a dog becomes skilled in the practical art. A first-rate truffle-hunting dog will fetch as much as $25 or $30, and it appears that of late years the search for the tubers has been pursued by many persons in France as a branch of *sport*.

The action of the truffle-man in stirring up the earth is said to stimulate the growth of a future generation of tubers, though, as above mentioned, it is generally considered that such disturbance of their habits late in the season is not beneficial. In some parts of France—Poitou and Périgord, for instance—pigs are trained for truffle-hunting; and it would almost seem that they have better noses than dogs for this work, probably because the truffle is naturally more esteemed as an article of food by the pig than the dog; and they can do quite as long a day's work as the most lasting hound. Still, they as rarely attempt to eat their quarry as a pointer or setter attempts to eat killed game, the trained pigs being a superior race of porkers. Should, however, one so forget himself as to venture on such an enormity, he is speedily made to remember himself by the application of the iron rod of the hunter. There need be no great wonder at the employment of pigs in this business, for these nearly omnivorous animals are amongst the most keen-scented of quadrupeds.

Almost every sportsman has heard of the famous sow "Slut," which for many years was used as a pointer in England, in the New Forest, by the Messrs. Toomer, within the memory of persons now living. She learned her work in an incredibly short time, and would point partridges, black game, pheasants, rabbits and snipe, far better than the majority of trained dogs. For some occult reason, however, she would never stand to a hare. She has been often known to stand a partridge at forty yards. She would back the dogs in the field, though the latter—from jealousy, perhaps, and a feeling that they were suffering an indignity by being worked in porcine company—would never back her. Her last owner was Colonel Sykes, and after she became fat and sluggish, though she would point game as well as before, she was killed at Bassilden House, weighing at her death 700 lbs. With this instance of the utility of pigs as game-finders, it is somewhat surprising that no attempts have been made since to utilize them.

The export of truffles from France has of late years assumed very large proportions. According to the *Prager Agricultural Gazette*, this export, after a steady increase since the year 1872, amounted to the value of 7,138,000 francs in the year 1875, and rose to the enormous sum of 13,567,000 francs in 1877. The same year's export to England amounted to 128,000; to Belgium, 27,156; to Germany, 50,000, and to other countries, 27,421 kilograms; while the total production of France was estimated at the value of 20,000,000 francs. At Apt alone, fifteen to sixteen tons are sold every year in the market, while the revenue of the truffle grounds at Carpentras is put at $400,000 per annum.

Unfortunately for the lovers of these delicious tubers, like most other comestibles they have not escaped adulteration, and the tricks of those who tamper with the necessaries and luxuries of the table. Just as the champagne district is said not to manufacture as much wine of that honored name as is credited as an export to one Continental country alone, in like manner Paris itself is said to consume more truffles, at least of the best kind, than the whole of France produces. The question arises, "Of what are the truffles of export and commerce compounded?" Says a French paper, more inclined to truth than patriotism, "of old cloth bought of the rag-gatherers," and made into pulp, and afterward hardened, "or, if the merchant is really conscientious, of diseased potatoes."

The bluish tint exhibited by the sickly vegetable is said to be easily changed for the genuine truffle-color by a little chemical sleight-of-hand, and when the desired effect is obtained, the impostor is carefully shaped and rolled in a soil prepared for the purpose, much after the fashion confectioners employ in coating almonds with sugar. Thus manipulated, the homely but diseased potato becomes the aristocratic truffle. If this practice be really carried out to any great extent, it is not surprising that persons who taste the supposed delicacy for the first time aver that they do not find anything extraordinary in truffles.

That truffles are fraudulently dealt with, and that sham truffles, when cut up in pieces in pies and other comestibles, are freely used, we fear, cannot be gainsaid. The gray and almost valueless tubers are certainly darkened, and mixed with scraps of the Périgord to give them something like a proper taste; and whole truffles are often artistically stuffed with clay to increase their size and weight; while walnut-rinds and a variety of nuts are also used for the real article. Thus, truffles are no exception to the category of mundane vanities.

In some districts of France truffles are regularly cultivated, to the great profit of the cultivators; and it might be worth considering whether an attempt in this direction might not be made in this country. Such an attempt was made some years ago in England, and success attended it as far as it went. In a young oak plantation, the soil of which had originally come from a lake hard by, and was full of shells and calcareous substances, the parings of truffles and over-ripe tubers were carefully planted, oak leaves being scattered over them, so that they might not be disturbed in the Autumn and Winter, and the young truffles might have shelter when growing. Some ripe truffles were in due time the result; and tubers weighing two pounds and three pounds were frequently produced. An alteration in the grounds, and the raising of the soil artificially four feet higher, destroyed this truffle plantation just when it seemed to have established itself. The climate of England may not be so favorable for truffles as that of France, nor the soil generally so suitable; but on calcareous soils there does not seem to be any good reason why they should not grow beneath oaks and other trees, if the leaves be allowed to shelter them, and the young tubers are not disturbed by late digging. Who will be enterprising enough to attempt the cultivation of truffles as a native industry?

FUENTARABIA.

ONE OF THE QUAINTEST TOWNS IN SUNNY SPAIN.

By N. Robinson.

"If you want to see the most picturesque town in all Spain, just go over to Fuentarabia! Take the Bordeaux special, that strikes San Sebastian at noon, get off at Irun and walk over to Fuentarabia, about three miles. You will offer me a vote of thanks when you return."

This from my good friend Bill Harris, while at *almuerzo* at the Fonda del Europa, San Sebastian, on a fresh June morning.

"At it!" said I, as I dipped a sponge-cake into a goblet of Catalan wine, after the fashion of sojourners in the beautiful Basque Provinces.

On my way to the depot I encountered a joyous Madrid family *en route* to the picturesque bathing-place, their merry laughter almost waking the echoes of the surrounding purple-tinted, villa-dappled Pyrenees. On the tree-shaded Paseo I was greeted by a couple of dandified Spanish acquaintances, and invited to partake of *una copita de cognac*, or what is known here as a "pony of brandy." At street-corners I was jostled by exquisitely beautiful girls, great flat baskets on their heads laden with sardines fresh from Biscay Bay. But, oh! what unmusical voices from those bare-legged nymphs, their cry of "Sar-r-r-r-d-i-n-e-ros" being simply hideous.

On the Plaza a pigeon-breasted, muchly-decorated officer was engaged in manœuvring a regiment of long-coated, sandal-shod, sunburnt soldiers, a bevy of handsome and quaintly-attired nursemaids looking on with the profoundest interest, their charges playing at mimic bull-fights or assisting the row of anglers at the seawall, who fish from rosy morn to dewy eve, and actually do catch fish—ay, and "whoppers" to boot.

I took a turn through the new and commodious market, purchased a couple of pounds of small green grapes, and struck the dusty highway to the station; passing the barrier where grim, cocked-hatted custom-house officials probed loads of merchandise packed on carts with solid wooden wheels creaking like Don Quixote's windmill, drawn by patient, starry-eyed oxen, goaded by peasants in crimson caps, short blue blouses, knee-breeches and sandals. "Oi, da!" This is all that the driver ever says to his enduring team, while he stirs them up with a sharp nail inserted in a long switch of willow.

At a wayside *venta* a number of men were playing at bowls beneath a vine-shaded trellis, *lavanderas*, or washerwomen, engaged in criticising the play, their huge bales of clothes reposing by their sides.

At the depot were a number of people waiting to receive their friends from Madrid, Burgos, Vitoria, and the numberless small stations along the line at which the tortoise-like train stops with such undeviating and exasperating certainty. In addition to your ticket, you must purchase an admission to the platform, a privilege on this occasion gladly utilized by the writer, as the perfume of garlic, in addition to that of very unwashed humanity, rendered the waiting-room a trifle worse than Sir John Falstaff's celebrated buck-basket.

Beside me, in the English-built, first-class compartment, was a Spanish lady of somewhat mature years, but with the coquetry of a soubrette in an opera-bouffe. The sixty minutes between San Sebastian and Irun passed as five, while this skittish old young party taught the occupants of the compartment the language of the fan. Her eyes were black as night, and exceedingly expressive, and as her vail descended to the marked eyebrows, and the *abanico*, or fan, ascended to the lower lids, the battery was, indeed, a powerful one. When I alighted at Irun I plainly perceived that a very youthful Frenchman, a clerk in a winehouse in Bordeaux—so he informed us—considered her the most beautiful woman in the world. I wish it to be distinctly understood that there was not a scintilla of impropriety in her conduct. She was a coquette, full of animal spirits, and a most charming and agreeable traveling companion.

The town of Irun, so stubbornly defended during the last Carlist war, lies about half a mile from the station, to the right, and is approached by a road, a veritable bower, since the trees are locked in embraces overhead. Close by is the river Bidassoa, over which the Duke of Wellington crossed into France, to thrash Marshal Soult on the fortified heights of the Arrhune. In the distance stands the French frontier town of Hendaye, a bleak, bare, angular-looking place, a little island in the middle of the river beneath it forming a chapter or two in the history of France, for on l'Ile de la Conférence Louis XI. of France and Enrique IV. of Spain met to negotiate the marriage of the Duke of Guienne, in 1463; and here the exchange took place, in 1525, of Francis I., then a prisoner of Charles V., for his two sons, who remained hostages.

My road lay through vineyards on the one side and great fields of yellow corn, dappled with blue and red and purple poppies, on the other. Behind lay the Pyrenees, verdure-clad to the sky-line; the sky, a keen, full blue. The lights and shadows, as they played hide-and-seek on these picturesque mountains, were absolutely fascinating in their exquisite combinations. Farmhouses bordered the road—the inevitable stable for the mule, ass and cow underneath; the dwelling, with its wooden gallery above; the cesspool and dungheap at the entrance. A girl was combing her hair on one of these galleries as I passed. The comb stuck in the luxurious masses. I laughed. She laughed and blushed, and then shook the blue-black tresses right over her face, till they concealed her as if behind a mask. This, till I passed upon my way.

Two little *ventas*, or wayside inns, were occupied by cattle-drovers, and from one interior came the "click, click" of the castanets and the twang of a guitar.

Fuentarabia came in sight at a turn of the road, its walls dented and incrusted like an old oyster-shell, and rich in tufts of yellow flowers and luxuriously green ferns and lichens and mosses. Fancy a drawbridge of century-bleached oak, and a Moorish gate and a fountain, whereat pretty maidens in vivid-hued garments gossiped with lads in red caps and short blue blouses. Two or three lazy soldiers stood in the arch, as if to bar passage, while a sentinel passed to and fro, his bayonet flashing in the sun. Boys, brown as coffee, halloed shrill halloes at cattle that threatened to make love to the yellow corn, and little maids ran down the white road to me, their petticoats mustard-yellow, their bodices crimson, offering me bouquets of poppies, purple and red and blue.

Everybody stared at me as I entered the walled city, and strolled up a street deep in shadow, and so narrow that the neighbors chatted, almost in whispers, across from house to house. And such houses! Gray stone, carved and slashed and sculptured; armorial bearings on one; coats-of-arms on another; gargoyles and quaint images running all over them, and deep eaves of green glazed tiles bringing the roofs together till they formed a canopy.

The stores were dark, open-windowed, and unsavory as to perfume, garlic being predominant. The wineshops gave forth sour odors. Around the shoemakers' stalls old

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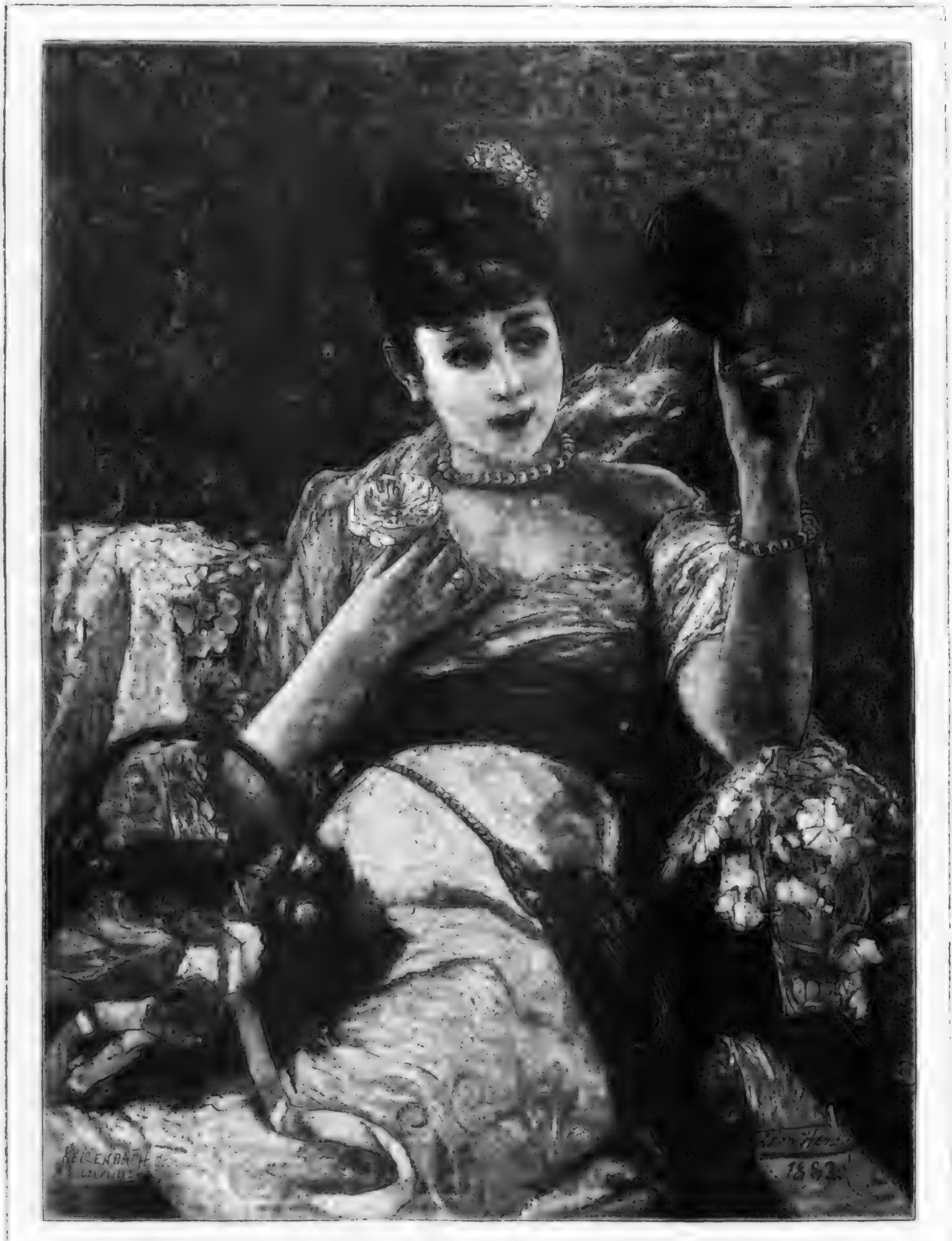
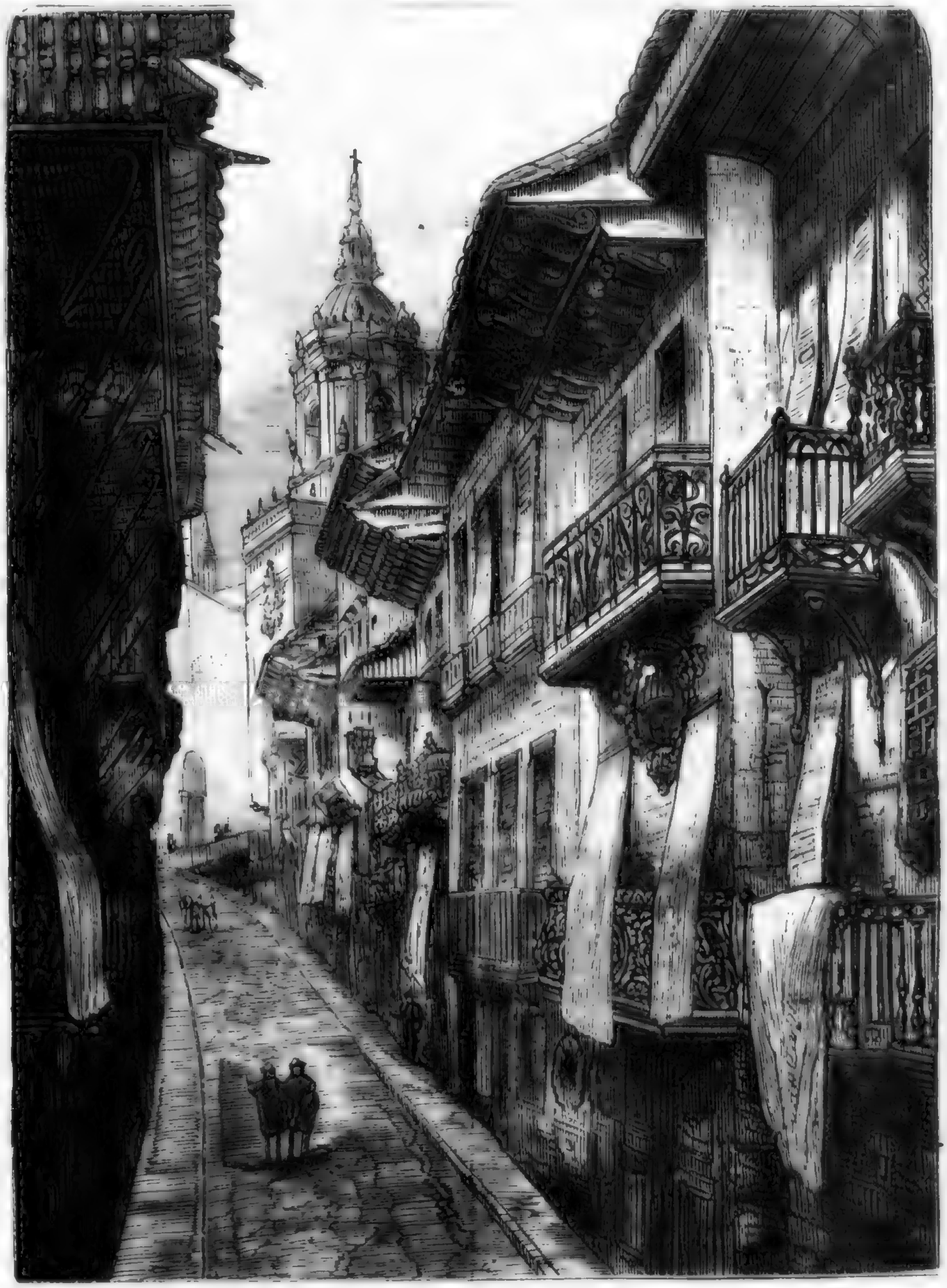
cronies were gathered for gossip, wrinkled as badly kept October pippins in Spring, toothless as horse-collars. The balconies were occupied by housewives busily spreading gaudy awnings in preparation for the afternoon siesta, or by indolent dames, some of whom puffed the coquettish cigarette in the most nonchalant manner.



A COQUETTE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY LEON HERBO.

My first visit was to the church. Pushing aside the coarse, heavy woolen hanging, and running the gantlet of some very miserable-looking cripples, I plunged into the darkness. Presently the high altar loomed up with its luminous gilding and Chirugesque ornamentation. Then the statues in minor coignes of vantage came out of the darkness, and lastly, the recumbent and prostrate forms of some half-dozen female worshipers wrapped-up in piety and—black vails.

In a remote corner burned a couple of candles before a painting dark as Erebus. Opposite to this painting stood a young artist at an easel. He was engaged in making a copy of the black picture, and of the same proportions. I drew near, and discovered in the copyist a young American, whom, for obvious reasons, I shall call Smith. He was quite as glad to see me as I was to meet him.


FUENTARABIA, ONE OF THE QUAINTEST TOWNS IN SUNNY SPAIN.—SEE PAGE 599.

"Why are you copying that dingy old painting?" I asked.

He put his finger to his lips, looked mysteriously around, and then replied in a whisper:

"I mean to give my new lamp for this old one. Take a look at my copy."

The subject was the Stable at Bethlehem, quaintly treated. Smith's coloring was simply "immense." As a matter of fact, the modern artist's picture "took the shine" out of that of the ancient master.

"I am trading with the padrone here—a very intelligent, agreeable gentleman—on the quiet, to exchange my copy with him for the original, which is a gem, and we are coming closer to terms. He originally wanted 2,000 pesetas and my copy. I have got him down to 1,000 and a brand-new frame. You will meet him by-and-by at dinner. You must boost my copy up to the roof, old man."

"And what on earth will you do with the original, supposing you trade?" I asked.

"Sell it in London at a profit like 500 per cent."

"To one of our countrymen?"

"No. To a London dealer, who will sell it to the Duke of Norfolk, an Arundel, a De Trafforde, or some of those howling Catholic swells, for the altars in their private chapels. I know one artist, Lulworth, who is making his pile at this sort of work. He confines himself to Andalusia, and hopes to drop on a Murillo some fine day. So do I."

"And who is *your* original by?—any painter of note?"

"Not much. One Ramon Sanche. He's away down, but then he's as old as the hills."

Mr. Smith washed his brushes, covered up his work, and took me for a stroll on the walls of this medieval little town. Away in the distance was the tawny sand, upon which, years before, I had seen Napoleon III. and his beautiful wife frisking with the Prince Imperial, then known as "Loo Loo." The Villa Eugénie stood out in bold relief; the little town of Biarritz hidden behind a dull-white eye-aching succession of sand-hills.

We spent an hour seated on gray stones, the shiny-backed lizards darting into knots of yellow flowers, or coyly peeping at us from behind tufts of ferns and moss-bedded lichens. We witnessed the pursuit of a smuggler from Hendaye across the River Bidassoa, by a gorgeously equipped French customs officer. The Spaniard plunged boldly into the stream, his pack of contraband on his back. The Frenchman gesticulated fiercely, but did not take to the water. He fired two shots from a revolver, but the bullets went wide of their mark. In a few minutes the Spaniard's foot was on his native heath, and he danced a war-dance, not for the purpose of mocking the discomfited enemy, but in order to wring the Bidassoa from his clothes.

The artist boarded at a most picturesque hotel, formerly the residence of some hidalgo of a dozen names, whose coat-of-arms in stone still sprawled over the entrance.

The rooms were low and wainscoted, the stairs rickety to the last degree, but exquisitely carved. Mr. Smith's room gave on a balcony over the river.

At the table d'hôte we had a custom-house official, a notary, a retired sea-captain, the padrone and ourselves. The soup was garlicky to a fearful extent, the fresh sardines delicious, the roast leg of lamb spoiled, to my taste, by garlic, the roast chicken, with which my Spanish dinner ends, as plump as a partridge, and browned to perfection. After dinner we adjourned to Smith's balcony, the padrone accompanying us.

"What do you think of your friend's copy of our picture?" asked the priest.

"I consider it an admirable copy," I replied; "and what is more, I imagine that if I were one of your parishioners, sir, I would prefer the new picture to the old."

"So *I* think, too," he said; "but there are venerable people here who regard the removal of the old painting with something akin to horror. However," he added, as he lighted a cigarette, "I think I can come to terms with *them*, if your friend will come to terms with *me*."

"I will give you seven hundred and fifty pesetas and a new frame, or, eight hundred and fifty and no frame," said Smith.

The padrone said that he would have to consult a friend, and asked if this was the ultimatum. Smith replied that it was the "ultimate ultimatum," and the subject dropped.

After our black coffee we returned to the church, where I sat watching my young friend at work. He was also honored by the presence of a ragged but reverential group of the good citizens of Fuentarabia, who gathered behind him, in various and somewhat picturesque attitudes; symphonies in brown.

Smith accompanied me to the station at Irun, the Pyrenees towering skyward, their wondrous purple so vivid yet so dreamy, their green so keen, so refreshing to the eye.

"I'll get that picture," he observed, as the train lumbered over the bridge.

I was so enchanted with Fuentarabia that I paid it two visits during the ensuing week, always to find my young friend engaged on his copy, which seemed to me to be now very perfect indeed. On the occasion of the last visit, a cloud was on his usually sunny brow.

"They—I mean the padrone and curate—want to *buy* my picture," he wofully exclaimed, almost as I entered the church, "but don't want to part with *theirs*. What do you think that they offered me?—you'd never guess. A flock of goats. Yes, sir; a flock of bumptious goats, that you can see skipping about the streets; one of them butted at you the last day you were over. Now isn't this exquisite? Ain't these Spaniards two hundred years behind the time? They're as hard up for coin as ever they can be, and yet they refuse eight hundred and fifty pesetas, or say over two hundred dollars, hard cash, and a new, although *I* say it, a bang-up picture for a dingy old dab, by a tenth-rate artist."

"Then you've had your trouble for nothing."

"I guess so. It is to be decided to-day. I'm awfully glad that you are here. Come right up to the Fonda!"

The artist was about washing up his brushes, when a small boy burst through a mysterious door, to inform Smith that the padrone would be glad to see him in the vestry.

I had only time to catch the train, and, as I left San Sebastian for Santandar by steamer on the following morning, I lost sight of Smith, the Sanche and the goats.

This I *did* learn, however, from an acquaintance, whom I subsequently met at Burgos, and who had visited Fuentarabia: that the principal picture in the church had been *cleaned by an American expert, the process being absolutely new.*

"Oho! Master Smith," I chuckled to myself, "so you did succeed in exchanging your new lamp for the old one!"

When in London last year I met Smith at the Royal Academy Exhibition.

"What about that Sanche?" I inquired.

"Oh, confound it! it wasn't a Sanche at all. It was a worthless daub. You see," he added, "the light was so infernally bad that anybody would have been deceived."

"Then the padrone got the best of the bargain?"

Smith grinned as he replied:

"I'm awfully sorry I didn't take those goats."

OUR IRREPRESSIBLE TENOR.

A CERTAIN Mr. Biggs was the one and only tenor we possessed in a class of twenty members started by an energetic lady in our quiet little country town of Shallerton, and his price—as far as the singing was concerned—was obviously above rubies.

This view of the matter entirely coincided with his own, and he assumed the airs of an ineffably superior being—an archangel among the heathen.

There was not a member of the class who did not show him an almost obsequious deference to his face and avow detestation of him behind his back—a long-continued hypocrisy to which we reconciled our consciences by arguing its necessity. He was indispensable to the class, and there was nothing for it but to pocket our dislike and make a phenix of him, especially as the most trifling neglect or omission of the small attentions he considered his due was sure to produce a remark to the effect that he was thinking of leaving the class. Any statement of this kind infallibly brought us all, figuratively speaking, to his feet, and a chorus of entreaties that he would not desert us was poured into his well-pleased ear, and prevailed on him to continue his past favors.

So dearly did he love the flattery bestowed on him on these occasions, that he not unfrequently fished for it by announcing his intention of giving up the class, obviously for no reason beyond a desire to be coaxed into recalling his decision.

He was a tall, limp-looking individual of about forty, with narrow, sloping shoulders and somewhat of a stoop. The effect of an unusually receding forehead was heightened by his habit of carrying his chin forward, while any expression that might have redeemed his face from dull inanity was rendered impossible by the fixed distortion of his nose and brow, necessitated by the exigencies of his eyeglass; for he was one of those men who are not deterred from wearing this fascinating decoration by the adverse conformation of face.

Imagine the unconcealed disgust of the basses at seeing this personage surrounded by ladies, all lavishing adulation upon him! The wrath and contempt with which they twirled their mustachios, as they watched the group, their scornful looks and occasional puny attempts at sarcasm—all these added immeasurably to the enjoyment of Mr. Biggs, who would lean against the mantelpiece, alternately staring superciliously at the envious crew, and casting languishing glances at the members of what, with singularly original gallantry, he always called the "fair sex." At such times he was supremely content.

If only he could have a witness of the immediate change that took place when he left the room ! An audible sigh of relief, and murmurs of “Odious man !” “Horrid creature !” “Detestable fellow !” escaped the bosoms of the fatigued ladies, who then set to pulling him to pieces and holding him up to ridicule, apparently without any twinge of remorse at their doublefacedness, while the basses joined in the proceeding with a glee that was not unreasonably malicious. They mimicked him, they caricatured him, and the ladies were convulsed with merriment.

But his appearance at any moment was the signal for their resuming at once their obsequious manner, and the unsuspecting Mr. Biggs learnt to regard himself with complacency as more and more of a lady-killer.

His dress grew more and more that of an elderly beau, while the simper and drawl in his manner increased with his years. His one ambition in life was to be a social lion, and, having failed to establish his position in that character in any large and fashionable circle, he was obliged to be content with the simulated admiration of a country town.

The story went—and subsequently proved to be true—that years ago he had such an intense faith in his own vocal organs as to believe that he had only to present himself and sing before the manager of any operatic combination, to be recognized at once as a prize—a great catch—to be seized without delay. Accordingly, after cultivating his Italian—and his hair—for a few months, and dubbing himself Signor Bigi, he applied for admission to an operatic company and had his services accepted, though without the eagerness he had expected.

So far good ; the chasm between his present position and the summit of his profession would, he believed, be bridged over by a single step, for surely the most undiscerning public would have sufficient sense to hail him upon his first appearance as a star of the first magnitude. Alas ! it was not to be. He was fairly well received, it is true, and his solos met with moderate applause ; but neither his appearance nor acting was prepossessing, and he was left at the end of the evening with an unavoidable consciousness that his success had been by no means the triumph he had looked for. At the end of a very short time, disgusted by the manager's fault-finding, and at the want of taste manifested by an undiscriminating public, he quitted the stage, and, resuming the ordinary and scarcely euphonious name of Biggs, retired to Shallerton to lament the degeneracy of the time, and the hopeless barbarity of a world that, as he used to remark significantly, had been truly said to know nothing of its greatest men.

But if society at large refused to lionize him, surely Shallerton would not overlook his claims. Mistaken as he was herein, the treatment he met with was far from calculated to convince him of his error. Shallerton, if it did not discover the greatness of Mr. Biggs as Mr. Biggs, did discover his greatness as the possessor of Mr. Biggs's voice, and, as we have seen, courted him accordingly. He was satisfied, believing himself to be the lion of the place, and justified in adopting the ways and privileges of a lion. He need not wait on the ladies—lions had only to receive gracefully the attentions of the “fair sex”; he need not be punctual—lions were permitted to exhibit a lordly indifference to the arrangements of other people ; he need not attend to the bâton and instructions of the conductor—lions were not subject to dictation.

The difficulties which this view of his position entailed upon the class will be patent to every one who comprehends the circumstances of the case. Remember, he was our only tenor—without him the class must have broken up, while with him it prospered ; for his one powerful and true voice was quite sufficient to sustain the balance of the parts. He was necessary to us ; and the knowledge of that fact increased his carelessness of our wishes and of the conductor's directions.

The meetings began nominally at eight o'clock, but we were constantly delayed by the non-appearance of Mr. Biggs. At length—when in despair we had taken our seats without him, and were trying over the separate parts, in a state of suspense lest he should not come at all —the door would open slowly and Mr. Biggs would enter, putting up his eyeglass and leisurely surveying the class to see who was there.

Any bass in a similar position always sneaked to his seat as quietly and expeditiously as possible ; but not so our tenor, who would saunter up to Mrs. Rawlinson, the hostess, and make a few condescending remarks to her, without offering any apology for his lateness, then cough to attract attention, and contrive to pass between Mr. Gilman (the conductor) and the class on his way to his seat. There he would make a rustle with his music, and ask his neighbor questions as to what was going on, in a voice not the least subdued by the fact that the sopranos were singing. As to paying any attention himself to the conductor, that he evidently considered as something not to be expected of him.

Suppose, for instance, he had a notion of the time at which a thing should be taken that differed from Mr. Gilman's, it was by no means uncommon for him to manifest his difference of opinion by dragging the whole way through if he thought it ought to go slower, or hurrying if he wished it taken faster.

Mr. Gilman, as keenly alive as the ladies to the necessity of propitiating the one representative of the tenor part, yet chafed inwardly at this persistent disregard of his bâton, and at last one day matters came to a crisis. Mr. Biggs was singing hard considerably ahead of the rest of the class, when Mr. Gilman brought down his bâton on the stand with a smart rap.

“I really must request the tenors not to hurry on so fearfully in advance of the other voices !” he said, sharply, looking hard past Mr. Biggs—of whom, as Mr. Gilman was very well aware, “the tenors” consisted.

Mr. Biggs's face was a study as he adjusted his eyeglass and cast upon Mr. Gilman a look in which were mingled and concentrated perplexity, astonishment, and deep indignation.

“Can the—does the man mean *me?*” he whispered beneath his breath ; then looked appealingly at the ladies, as if to ask, “Is this audacity permissible—tolerable ?”

Mr. Gilman, irritated, proceeded : “I make the beat perfectly clear—there can be no difficulty in following ; and I really must beg that the whole performance may not be spoilt by the hurrying of one part.”

“Perhaps,” said Mr. Biggs, attempting sarcasm, “you scarcely understand, Mr. Gilman, that one part, though strictly in time, may appear hurried if the remaining parts are being dragged.”

“In this case the class, as a whole, was doing well,” replied Mr. Gilman, sharply ; “it was distinctly you who took each note *before* the beat. The first requisite in class-singing is that each member should watch the bâton, and go exactly with it.”

“I maintain that the whole class, and I may add its conductor, were dragging just now !” said Mr. Biggs, superciliously.

“That is not a remark for any member of a class to make,” retorted Mr. Gilman, hotly. “As conductor, I have a right to expect that my beat should be followed,

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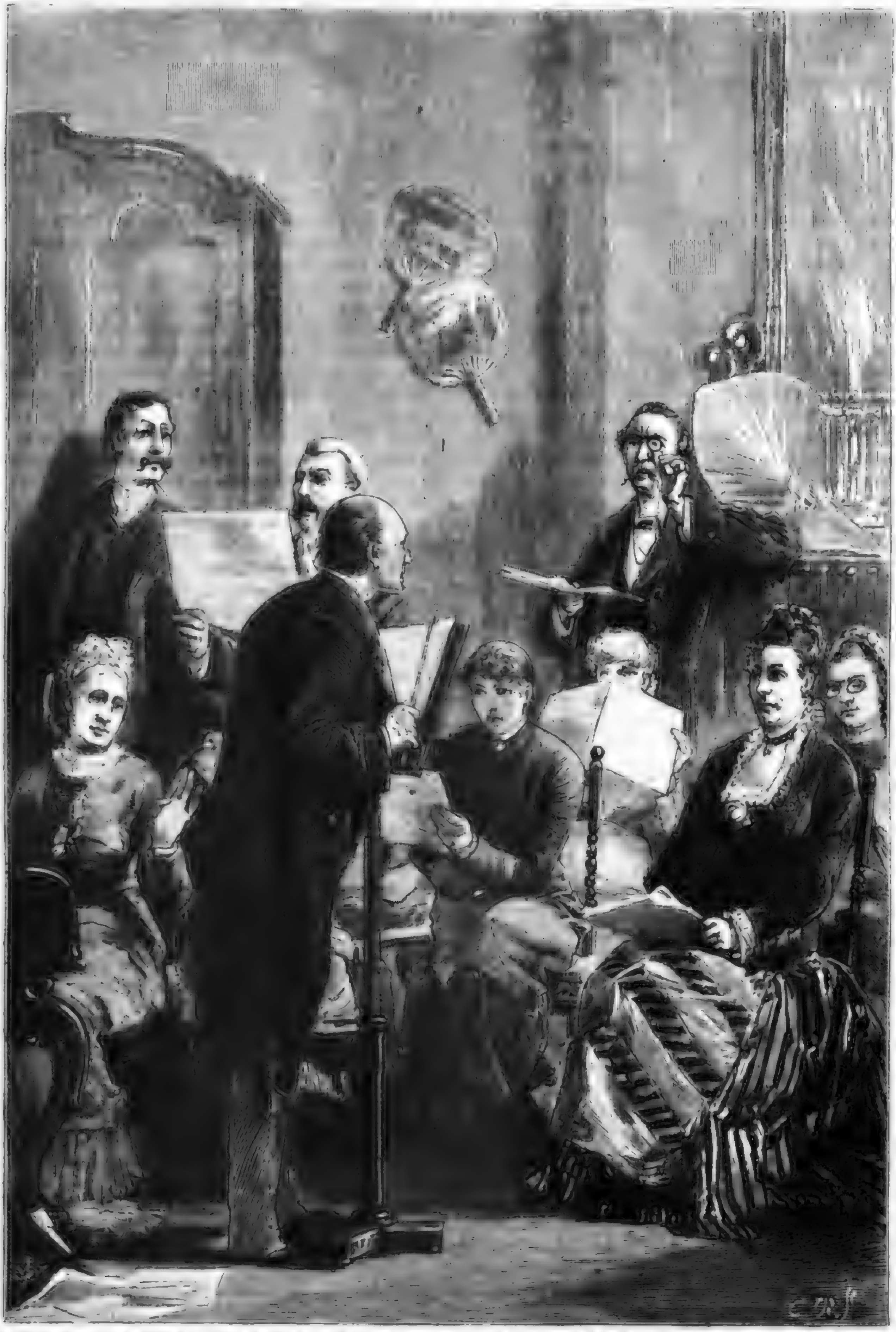

OUR IRREPRESSIBLE TENOR.—"MR. BIGGS'S FACE WAS A STUDY AS HE ADJUSTED HIS EYEGLASS, AND CAST UPON MR. GILMAN A LOOK IN WHICH WERE MINGLED PERPLEXITY, ASTONISHMENT AND DEEP INDIGNATION."

and not disobeyed, by individuals to suit their own idea of the *tempo*." This was becoming more and more unpleasant. The basses alone appeared to enjoy the novel spectacle of Mr. Biggs catching it from the conductor. Mrs. Rawlinson glided up.

"Please, please let the music be gone on with," she entreated, in alarm at what might be the result of this dispute. "Please, Mr. Gilman, change the piece and go on with something else for the present."

For that evening nothing more was said, but the next day Mr. Biggs called on Mrs. Rawlinson and signified his intention of quitting the class.

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"You see, my dear madam," he said, with a sigh, as he dropped languidly into the easiest chair in her drawing-room, crossed his legs, put his head back and his chin forward, and pressed his finger-tips together—"you see, I cannot but feel that our friend Mr. Gilman had truth on his side when he said that a conductor should be supreme. In theory nothing can be more certain, but practically—in this particular instance—his supremacy is not possible while I belong to the class. It would be ridiculous"—here Mr. Biggs simpered—"for me to pretend to be unconscious of the fact that I am a far better musician than Mr. Gilman. He has studied much, I believe, but the seed has fallen on barren ground; it bears no fruit, my dear madam, it bears no fruit. I, on the other hand, am a born musician, and the inevitable sense of my superiority makes it peculiarly difficult for me to submit my judgment to his. May I therefore ask you to accept my resignation?"

He closed his eyes and leant back in sweet anticipation of the usual cry of dismay and subsequent adulation and entreaties. A sudden cold shower-bath could not have astonished him more than did Mrs. Rawlinson's unconcerned reply.

"Of course you must do as you think best, Mr. Biggs. We shall be sorry to lose you, but that cannot be helped, I suppose. Must you really give it up?"

Mr. Biggs sat up and stared at her, utterly taken aback by this unheard of indifference to his threat.

"Well—yes; really—I don't know—you see, I consider at any rate, Mr. Gilman owes me an apology," he stammered. "Perhaps if he would make me one, and admit that it is better to consult me on doubtful points—perhaps in that case I might reconsider my decision."

Mrs. Rawlinson shook her head, and said, frankly:

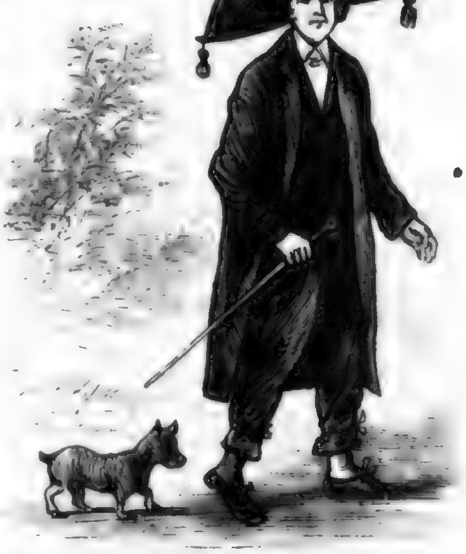
"I don't at all think Mr. Gilman will make an apology to you—in fact, he thinks you owe him one."

He—the lion—owe any one an apology! This (and the careless way in which Mrs. Rawlinson spoke) was quite too much for Mr. Biggs; he rose, and, saying a feeble good-by, left the house.

He had barely closed the door behind him, when Mrs. Rawlinson burst into a hearty laugh. "Poor dear!" she said, aloud; then drawing a letter from her pocket, read over for the third time the following few lines which occurred in it: "By-the-way, some old friends of ours, the Woodruffs, are going to settle as near neighbors of yours. I think you will find them an acquisition in every way, especially the two sons, who both sing tenor and will be valuable additions to your singing class, if that still exists."

By the end of the day every member of the class had heard that Mr. Biggs had really ceased to belong to it, and that two new tenors would shortly take his place. The delight was universal.

The poor man, disappointed of the looked-for blandishments and solicitations, was obliged, since he had not for a moment contemplated really leaving the class, to eat humble pie, and himself signify his readiness to return.

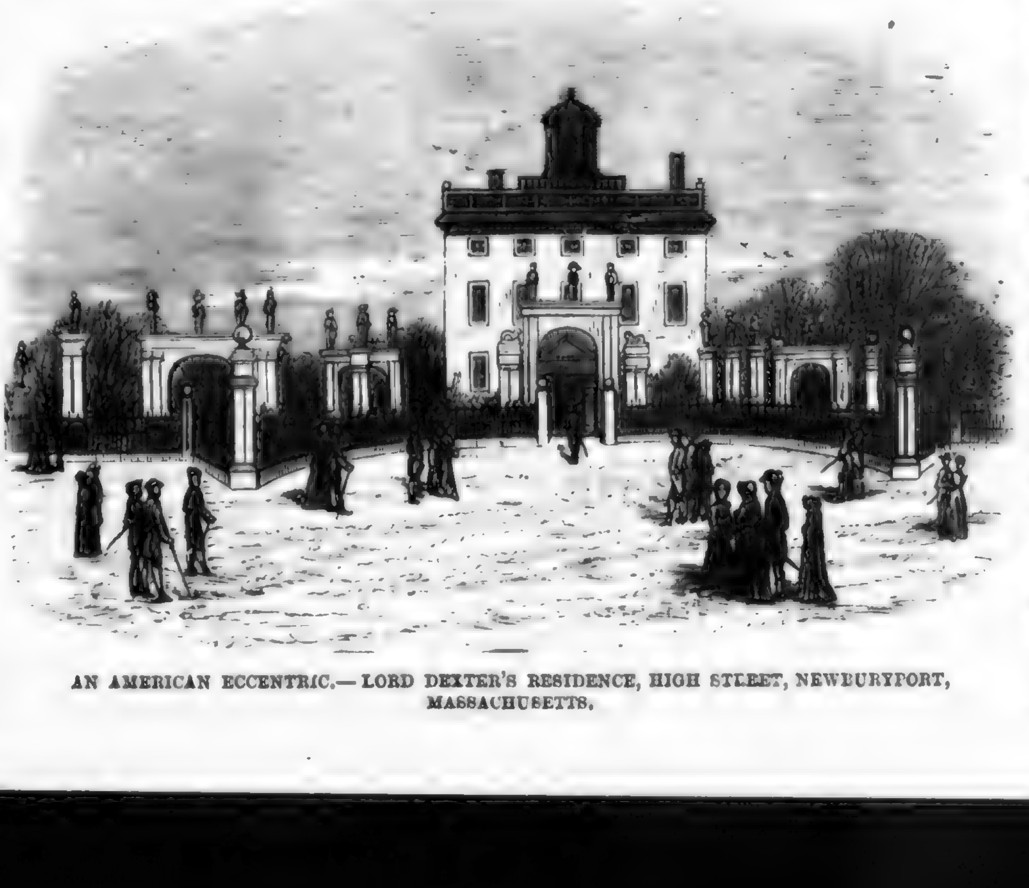

LORD DEXTER AND HIS DOG.

AN AMERICAN ECCENTRIC.

In the hurry and stir of American life eccentricities are generally overlooked, or receive only a passing notice. They do not produce the impression usual in more staid communities, where all runs in the same routine for centuries. But occasionally some oddity appears who makes a lasting impression. Such a one was Lord Timothy Dexter—as he chose to call himself—recollected as the author of a strange production called "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones."

Timothy Dexter was born in Malden, Mass., January 22d, 1747, and after serving an apprenticeship with a leather-dresser, he began business in Newburyport, and, being industrious and economical, soon found himself comfortably off. By his marriage, in 1770, he acquired such an addition as to give him a moderate fortune.

In addition to his regular business of selling leather, breeches, gloves, "soutable for wimmen's ware," etc., he engaged in commercial speculations and in various kinds of business, and was unusually successful. He traded with merchants and speculators in


AN AMERICAN ECCENTRIC.—LORD DEXTER'S RESIDENCE, HIGH STREET, NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.

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the then Province of Maine, and was engaged to some extent in the West India trade. He also purchased a large amount of what were called State securities, which were eventually redeemed at prices far exceeding their original cost.

In his extraordinary production, "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones," he thus describes two of his queer but successful ventures :

> "How Did Dexter make his money Inw ye says bying whalebone for stain for ships in grosing three houndred & 40 tons bort all in boston salum and all in Noue york under Cover oppenly told them for my ships thay all Lafed so I had at my one prise I had four Couning men for Rouners thay sounded the horne as I told them to Act the fool I was foull of Cash I had Nine tun of silver on hand at that time all that time the Creaters more or Less Lafing it spread very fast heare is the Rub in fifty Days thay smelt A Rat found whare it was gone to Nouebry Port speklaters swarmed like hell houns to be short with it I made seventey five per sent one tun and halfe of silver and over one more spec Drole A Nouf I Dreamed of warming pans three Nits that thay would doue in the west ingas I got not more than fortey two thousand put them in Nine vessele for difrent ports that tuck good hold——— I cleared sevinty nine per sent———the pans thay mad yous of them for Coucking very good master for Coukey blessed good in Deade missey got Nise handed Now bourn my fase the best thing I Ever see in borne days I found I was very luckkey in spekkelation I Dreamed that the good book was Run Down in this Counntrey Nine years gone so Low az halfe prise and Dull at that the bibbel I means I had the Ready Cash by holl sale I bort twelve per sent under halfe prise thay Cost fortey one sents Each bibels twenty one thousand I put them into twenty one vessels for the westinges and sent A text that all of them must have one bible in Every familey or if not thay would goue to hell and if thay had Dun wiked flie to the bibel and on thare Neas and kiss the bibel three times and Look up to heaven Annest for giveness my Capttens all had Compleat orders heare Coms the good Luk I made one hundred per sent & Littel over then I found I had made money A Nuf I hant speck A Lated sence old times by goverment secourities I made or cleared forty seven thousands Dolors that is the old A fare Now I toald the all the sekrett Now be still Let me A Lone Dont wonder Now more houe I got my money boaz T. DEXTER."

The fact was, as he stated, he made a corner in whalebone, and was a heavy gainer by it ; while his wild shipment of warming-pans to the West Indies proved as fortunate, the articles being bought up for a very different use from that intended.

Thus, in various ways he added to his property, and in a few years he became a wealthy man. With wealth came the desire of distinction, and, as his vanity was inordinate, he spared no expense in obtaining the notoriety he sought.

In the first place, he purchased an elegant house in High Street, Newburyport, and embellished it in his peculiar way. Minarets, surrounded with golden balls, were placed on the roof, a large gilt eagle was placed on the top, and a great variety of other ornaments. In front of his house and land he caused to be erected between forty and fifty wooden statues, full length and larger than life. The principal arch stood directly in front of his door, and on this stood the figures of Washington, Adams and Jefferson. There were also statues of William Pitt, Franklin, Bonaparte, George IV., Lord Nelson, General Morgan, Cornplanter, an Indian Chief, Jack Tar, Traveling Preacher, Maternal Affection, two Grenadiers, four Lions and one Lamb ; and, conspicuous among them, were two images of Dexter himself, one of which held a label with the inscription : "I am the first in the East, the first in the West, and the greatest philosopher in the Western world."

In order that the interior of his house should correspond with the exterior, the most costly furniture was imported from France, and the walls hung with paintings brought from Holland and other parts of Europe. A library was also provided, but how large or valuable we are not able to say. An elegant coach, with a span of beautiful cream-colored horses, was procured, on which was painted his coat-of-arms, with the baronial supporters, after the manner of the English nobility. With this equipage he took the title of Lord Dexter, because, as he said, it was "the voice of the people at Large." He was sometimes called the Marquis of Newburyport.

Having completed the embellishments of his house and gardens, Lord Dexter busied himself in receiving the visits of the crowds who were drawn by curiosity to his house. His gardens were thrown open to their inspection, and he was liberal to all. The fame of his hospitality attracted as many visitors as the fame of his images. To gratify his vanity he selected, in imitation of European princes, a poet laureate ; this was no other than his former apprentice, Jonathan Plummer, Jr., a native of Newbury. They had once been associated as master and apprentice, but now stood in the relation of patron and poet. From the autobiography of Plummer—a very curious and scarce production of 244 pages—the following extract is taken, which may serve to give some idea of the versatility of his genius : "I had," says he, "some practice as a physician, and earned something with my pen, but, for several years, was obliged chiefly to follow various kinds of business accounted less honorable, viz. : Farming, repeating select passages from authors, selling halibut, sawing wood, selling books and ballads in the streets, serving as postboy, filling beds with straw and wheeling them to the owners thereof, collecting rags, etc."

He had previously served one or two campaigns as a soldier, and on his return from the wars he taught school for some time in New Hampshire. The ballads which he hawked about were generally his own composition. Every horrid accident, bloody murder, a shipwreck, or any other dreadful catastrophe, was sure to be followed by a statement of the facts, a sermon and a poem. In the capacity of ballad maker and monger he attracted the notice of Dexter, in whose service he entered, for a small salary, as poet laureate. He wore a livery, consisting of a black frock-coat adorned with stars and fringes, a cocked hat and black breeches.

He was crowned, in the garden of his patron, with a wreath of parsley instead of laurel ; but the ceremony was interrupted before its completion by a mob of boys, and both patron and poet put to flight.

How well Dexter was satisfied with the praises of the poet we are not informed, but feeling, probably, that no person but himself could do justice to the ideas which he wished to present to the public, he commenced writing for the press. Several of these effusions were printed in the newspapers. The larger part of them, written at different times, are embodied in "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones," a large edition of which was published by himself and given away. In this edition not a stop or a mark was used in any line of his writings ; but in the second edition one entire page was filled with periods, colons, commas and dashes, with a recommendation from the author to his readers to use them where they were wanted in the work—or, in his own language, "to peper and soolt it as they pleased."

Dexter had two children, Samuel and Nancy, neither of whom was distinguished for strength of intellect. The son was a dissipated prodigal, and died young.

His own temper was irascible, and several stories are told of the excesses into which it would sometimes lead him. He ordered his painter, Mr. Babson, to place the word "Constitution" on the scroll in the hand of the figure of Jefferson, which the latter, knowing the artist designed it to represent the Declaration of Independence, refused to do. Dexter was so incensed by this refusal that he went into the house and brought out a pistol, which he deliberately fired at the painter; but he was a poor shot, and the ball, missing its object, entered the side of the house.

At another time, seeing a countryman, as he thought, rather impudently viewing his premises, he ordered his son to fire at the stranger. He refused to do so, when the father threatened to shoot him unless he complied; his son then obeyed. The stranger escaped unhurt, but entered a complaint, and Lord Timothy was, in consequence, sentenced to the House of Correction for several months. He went thither in his own coach, priding himself on being the first man who had been to the county house in his own carriage, drawn by two splendid horses. He soon grew tired, however, of his confinement, and procured a release which, it was said, cost him a thousand dollars.

"Not insensible that he must share the common lot, Dexter, many years before his death, prepared himself a tomb. It was the basement story of his summer-house, magnificently fitted, and open to the light of day. His coffin, made of the best mahogany which he could find, superbly lined and adorned with silver handles, he kept in a room of the house, and took great pleasure in exhibiting it to visitors—at other times it was locked up. Soon after his death-apparatus was prepared, Dexter got up a mock-funeral, which, with all but his family and a few associates, was to pass as real. Various people in the town were invited by card, who came and found the family clad in mourning, and preparations for the funeral going forward. The burial service was read by a wag, who then pronounced a bombastic eulogy upon the deceased. The mourners moved in procession to the tomb in the garden, the coffin was deposited, and they returned to the large hall, where a sumptuous entertainment was provided.

While the feast was going on a very loud noise attracted the guests to the kitchen, where they beheld the arisen lord caning his wife for not having shed a tear during the ceremony. He entered the hall with the astonished mourners in high spirits, joined in the rout, threw money from the window to the crowd of boys, and expressed his satisfaction with everything except the indifference of his wife and the silence of the bells."

Lord Dexter died at his house on the 26th of October, 1806, in his sixtieth year, and, by direction of the Board of Health, his remains were interred in the common burying-place. His grave is marked by a simple stone.

We give a very excellent and faithful representation of Lord Dexter in his walking-habit, and the likeness of the dog is equally perfect. The dog was perfectly black, and the skin as entirely free from hair as that of an elephant.

THE STORY OF SIGNBOARDS.

The signboard was the earliest kind of advertising practiced, and was in use at a very ancient time. Whose bright intellect first hit upon the idea is not known, but its use dates back to the time when men began to trade and dicker. The lithe nilotic-looking traders of ancient Thebes and Memphis were adepts in the science of signboards, as were also the lean, bearded, turbaned Assyrian and Babylonian. This was at least two thousand years before Christ.

The first signboards were nothing more than pictures of the goods sold within. When the large mass of people could not read, it was necessary for shopkeepers and traders to call the attention of customers by some rude device. If a man kept sandals and shoes for sale, a representation of a sandal hung above the door announced the fact. So, if he were a fishmonger or a jeweler, he simply hung out a wooden fish or a pair of scales. In the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum many of these signboards have been found. A baker's sign at Pompeii represented an ass bearing a huge cruet, which would be mysterious enough if we did not know that the loaves of bread in that city were stamped with this uncouth device.

During the middle ages shops and inns were designated by the quaintest signs imaginable. Even as late as the time of Addison, a writer in the *Spectator* complained of the street being "filled with blue boars, black swans and red lions."

The same writer, in speaking of the singular combinations to be met with, remarks: "The fox and the goose may be supposed to have met; but what has the fox and the seven stars to do together? And when did the lamb and dolphin ever meet except upon a sign-post?"

Some of these curious combinations came about in a way that was natural enough. For instance, a glover who sold gloves at the Sign of the Angel, wishing to indicate the kind of goods he sold, took for his sign a rather chunky angel grasping a long glove or gauntlet. In referring to this particular shop, people confounded the sign of the shop with the picture of the goods sold within, and termed it the "Angel and Glove." In the same way we have the Lamb and Breeches, the Negro and Comb, and the Lion and Shoe. Sometimes an apprentice who had served out his time, and was setting up in business for himself, would add the sign of a master under whom he had learned his trade to that which he chose for himself. One young man, who had served his apprenticeship at a shop called the Three Nuns, chose a hare for his device, and added to it his master's sign, which thus became the Three Nuns and a Hare, a most absurd combination.

Innkeepers very often put up for signs the coats-of-arms of their patrons or of the great man of the neighborhood, and their houses would be called after them, the Somerset Arms, the Norfolk Arms, etc. The King's Arms was naturally a great favorite, and was represented by the English coat-of-arms, which, as is well known, has for supporters a lion and a unicorn. Not unfrequently, in speaking of the house, travelers would designate it by the individual names of the supporters, and in time the King's Arms would give place to the Lion and Unicorn. In the same manner the Warwickshire Arms became the Bear and Ragged Staff, and the Gloucestershire Arms the Boar's Head.

Again, the tenant or dependant of a house bearing a lion's gules for its crest, in adopting the crest as the sign of his shop or inn, as the most natural thing in the world, would translate the heraldic term literally and paint a red lion upon his signboard. This accounts for all the White Bulls, Blue Boars, Black Swans, Golden Eagles, Three Cranes, and other fanciful names, which any one who has taken up an old English book must have stumbled across.

Some of the old innkeepers and ale-sellers were in the habit of embellishing their signs with bits of doggerel verse, some of which are very curious. One of these who had opened an ale-house in the neighborhood of four

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others called respectively the Bear, the Angel, the Ship and the Three Cups, wrote under his sign :

"My white horse shall bite the Bear,
And make the Angel fly ;
Shall turn the Ship her bottom up,
And drink the Three Cups dry."

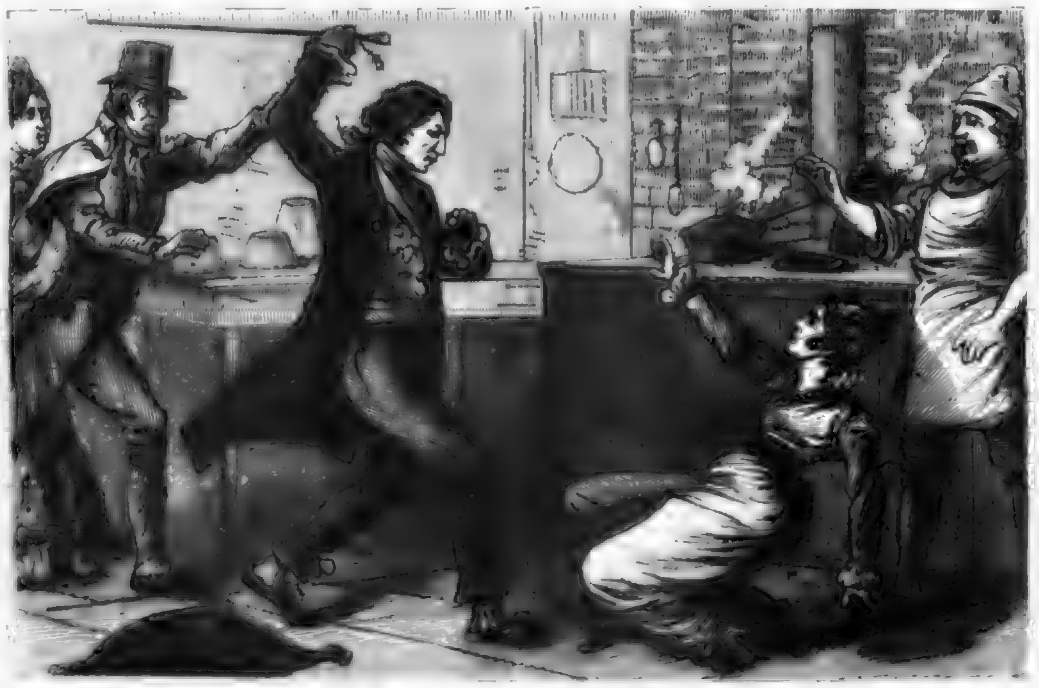
The sign of the Fox at a country inn bore the following quaint inscription :

"I ham a cunen Fox
You see. Ther his
No harm attached
To me. It is my Mrs.
Wish to place me
Here, to let you no
She sells good Beere."

An innkeeper at Warwickshire, who was determined that the public should not complain for any reminder of the scriptural text, wrote as follows under his sign :

"Stop, brave boys, and quench your thirst,
If you won't drink, your horses murst."

The invitation, if not the rhyme, must have compelled assent.



AN ECCENTRIC AMERICAN.—LORD DEXTER CANING HIS WIFE.—SEE PAGE 605.

The use of sign-boards at present is mostly confined to inns and public-houses.

Their reign has passed away, with many of the other petty but inconvenient customs of a rude age. There are some notable exceptions, however. Striped poles are still used as signs for barbers' shops. The origin of these date back to the time when the barbers were also professed chirurgeons or blood-letters. Formerly blood-letting was the common remedy for almost every disease. When a patient was desirous of being bled he went to his barber, who made him grasp a pole during the operation, as that was supposed to make the blood run more freely. This pole was painted red so that the blood-stains might not show so much. When not being used it was hung outside of the door, and the linen bandages employed in the operation were sometimes twisted around it to dry. In this way a striped pole came to be recognized as the regular sign of a barbers' shop. At one time it was the fashion for barbers to put out a blue-and-white pole, while surgeons used a red-and-white one.

The three gilded balls which denote a pawnbroking establishment are part of the ancient coat-of-arms of Lombardy, where the first bankers originated. In the old time bankers were accustomed to advance money on valuables, and thus were gradually transformed into pawnbrokers. The balls were formerly painted a blue color. The colored lights in the windows of apothecaries are a reminiscence of the days when street-lamps were unknown, and those who did business at night must notify the public of the fact in this manner.

ON BOARD THE "MONGOLIA."

"'EVERY nation and tribe under heaven.' Let me see," and Miss Stuyvesant counted on her fingers. "An Italian —does he call himself a prince? Yes, I believe he does. Well, then, an Italian prince ; a Russian nobleman ; an English lord, wife and seven children—there's luck in odd numbers ; a French general, with an interesting scar on his left cheek—just such a scar as a good general ought to have ; a Japanese student, distrait, and all that ; a California gambler—at least he looks like a gambler, and I believe he comes from San Francisco ; a United States Senator—he will never want to go back to Congress if half that the newspapers say of him is true ; an Irish patriot, who looks as if he was aching to make a speech on his suffering country ; a Swedish—Swedish —well, as he doesn't seem to be anything in particular, I'll call him an ambassador. That sounds well. He is a tall man, and it's a good long word."

"I hope your list is not yet exhausted, Miss Stuyvesant. It is too interesting to be cut short."

"That is not my fault, sir. I didn't imagine it worth while to include the few commonplace Americans we have on board, like you and me, for instance. Ah, here comes the French general. I always see the scar first."

Mr. Clyde drew back as the gentleman approached. He might be very erect on the tented field, but on the steamer-deck his bearing was a little unsteady.

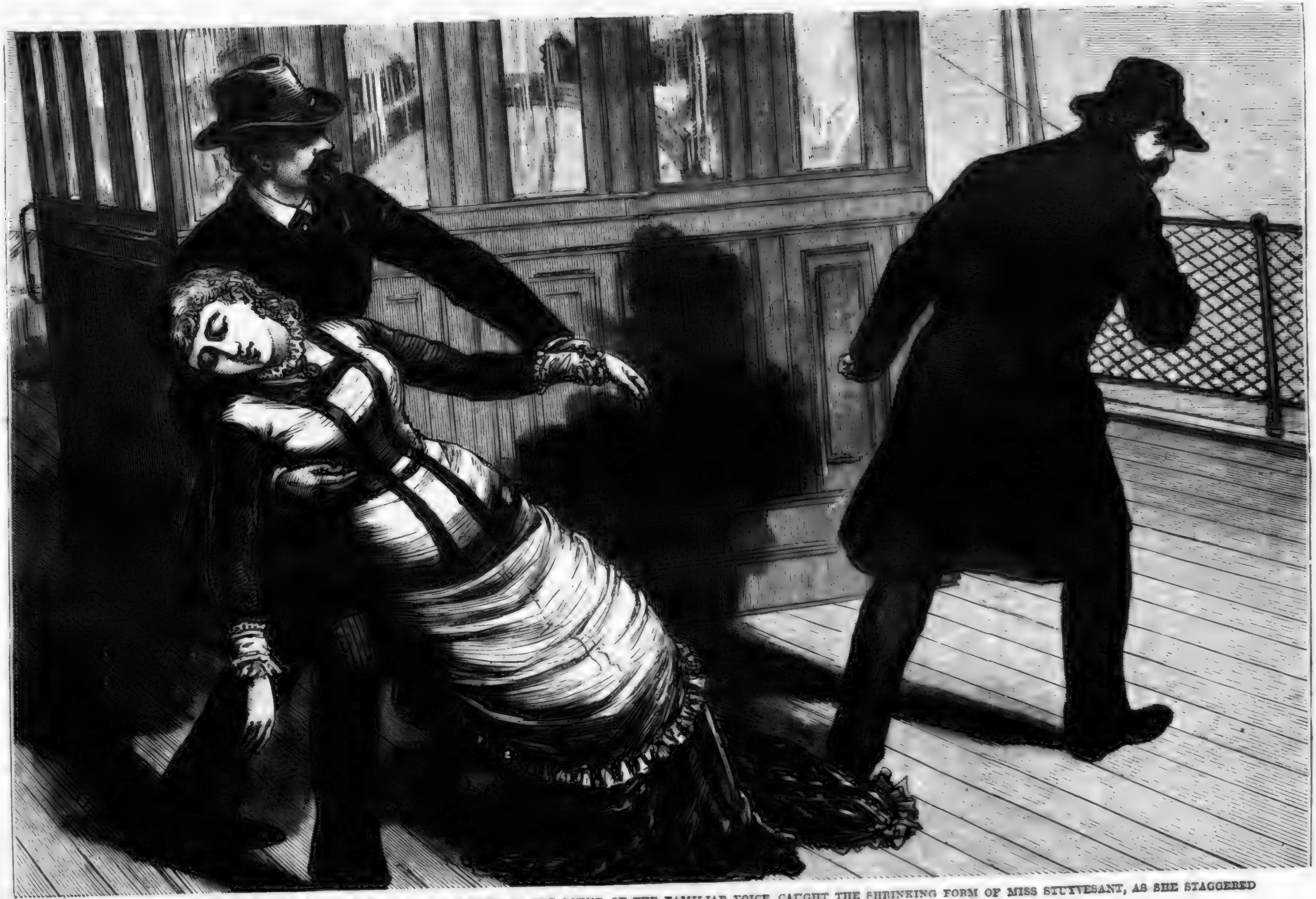
"You are facing the wind, Miss Stuyvesant," was his remark, as he laid his hand on the arm of a chair in which she was reclining.

"As you face the music, general," she answered. "I am trying to be brave in a woman's way."

"Very fair weather for this time of year," remarked the United States Senator, John Morgan, who joined the group. "Not a very large company either, so everybody can be sociable."

"Yes, if they so desire," was the lady's reply. "The worst part of that fact being that they must be, in a measure, whether they wish it or not."

She opened a book which lay in her lap, looked over a few pages, closed it, and occupied herself in twisting her fingers through the fringe of the hood she wore. Miss Stuyvesant was evidently bored, and not anxious to conceal the fact.



ON BOARD THE "MONGOLIA."—"MR. CLYDE SPRINGING FORWARD, AT THE SOUND OF THE FAMILIAR VOICE, CAUGHT THE SHRINKING FORM OF MISS STUYVESANT, AS SHE STAGGERED BACK FROM AN UPLIFTED ARM. IN THE DARKNESS A MAN'S FIGURE STOLE AWAY NOISELESSLY."

The clouds were settling down heavily ; a few drops of rain began to fall ; then gave place to snowflakes, which danced through the chilly air. But there was no wind, and most of the passengers were on deck. Of course shuffleboard and quoits received due attention.

To those who cared nothing for such exhilarating sports, were not addicted to cards, and had read through all the novels in general circulation, there was but one other attraction—Miss Stuyvesant. With the exception of the wife of the English lord, she was the only lady on board. She was handsome ; always witty, entertaining when she chose to be, and was seldom without a group about her, each one of the number showing the most marked admiration.

But Miss Stuyvesant evidently found it dull on the steamer. Perhaps she had crossed the ocean before, and unfavorably compared the voyage to more pleasant ones which had preceded it.

But she was a woman who gave no history of her past, no hint of her future, and she was not one of whom people would venture to ask questions. "New York" stood against her name on the passenger-list, and the *Mongolia* was *en route* for Glasgow. That was all that was known of her.

The Japanese student evidently disapproved of her, but then he was not accustomed to seeing women use such freedom in speech and action.

The Swede understood very little English, and spoke less. The Italian prince was only nineteen, and had apparently not reached an emotional stage of existence ; the Californian played euchre most persistently with three of the "commonplace Americans," and the English lord was afflicted with the rheumatism.

With these exceptions, all the gentlemen on board were interested in the lady, some enough so as to be very uncomfortable in their minds.

John Morgan wondered what she would think of that elegant house of his "out West," which had been three years without a mistress. The French general, who had long since "done with war's alarms," was sure she would enjoy Paris, and Mr. Clyde's memorandum-book was filled with distracted arithmetical problems, wherein he tried to prove that fifteen hundred dollars could luxuriously support two persons, and leave a slight surplus over.

"How do you gentlemen manage to live without the daily papers ?" Miss Stuyvesant suddenly asked one day. "I saw one of you reading a *Herald* this morning, probably for the sake of keeping in mind what a newspaper is like. I should enjoy looking at it myself, Mr. Sargent."

"With pleasure, Miss Stuyvesant.'

He took it at once from his coat-pocket.

"It was my last purchase before leaving New York. I gave the boy half a dollar for it, having no further use for American money. You ought to have seen his face."

There was a general laugh.

"Is there any special news in it ?" Miss Stuyvesant asked, carelessly, as she turned it over ; "though it could scarcely be called 'news' at this late day."

"Well, there's a fine editorial on the great Belden sensation. That's the bother of spending ten days on the ocean. Now, I'd give fifty dollars this minute if I knew whether they've discovered anything more."

"Ah, yes," Miss Stuyvesant replied ; "I remember. It was the talk of the city when we sailed."

"You could not have felt much interest in it, Miss Stuyvesant, if it has left your mind already."

"No, not nearly as much as you seem to do. But, really, those affairs seldom interest me. Crime is an old story to the world—murders, robberies, the whole long list. Cain killed Abel. Murder has ceased to have any novelty since the first one was committed. All these modern exploits are only variations on the original theme."

"But I'm sure," emphatically remarked Mr. Sargent, persistently adhering to the subject, "that the Belden mystery will sooner or later be cleared up. I saw Holt the day before we left—Holt, the detective, you know. He believed he could put his finger on his man in Europe."

"In Europe ! Then the arm of the law is not only strong, but long," laughed Miss Stuyvesant.

"Of course he telegraphed," remarked Mr. Clyde.

"Most likely. He's got a brother over there now helping him work up the case. They're shrewd ; but, as I was saying, I'd give fifty dollars to know what's been discovered since we left."

The senator came up with a dish of fruit in his hand.

"Now, Miss Stuyvesant——"

The words were cut short by a man who lurched heavily from the smoking-room, jostling the plate from Mr. Morgan's hand. It was the Californian, as Miss Stuyvesant called him. He stared at Mr. Morgan ; then, without a word of apology, turned on his heel and walked down the deck.

The gentleman stood petrified.

"Well," he said, slowly, as he stood looking after him, "if that rascal was sober I'd knock him down. He'll answer for this when the whisky——"

"But, Mr. Morgan, you surely don't think that was done on purpose ?"

It was Miss Stuyvesant who asked the question.

"I shouldn't, if he had said a word ; but he didn't, and he looked ugly, too."

"Our passenger from San Francisco is evidently a little reckless," remarked Mr. Sargent. "Captain Allen interfered last night in high-play poker, I understood, that was going on between the gentlemen. There were high words, too, and a splendid diamond cross that he staked was——"

Mr. Clyde sprang to his feet. His quick eye had noticed what others might have failed to see—a curious pallor that crept around the lips of the lady as she listened.

"You are not well," he said, impulsively, as he bent over her.

Her eyes flashed, angrily, one might have thought, as she motioned him away with her hand.

"Nonsense, Mr. Clyde !—and to interrupt an interesting story in that way ! Do I look pale ?" She rubbed her cheek with her hand. "Is it all right now ?" she asked, smiling upon him as if in atonement for her previous words. "And the diamond cross, Mr. Morgan ?" she added, turning toward that gentleman.

"Oh, that's all right. Of course the captain stopped that sort of business, but he says he shall keep a sharp eye on him for the rest of the voyage. I guess he's a queer customer."

That evening, Clyde, pacing the deserted deck, his mind still occupied on the distracting fifteen hundred dollar problem, heard voices at the stern of the vessel, behind the wheelhouse.

"Curse you !" The ejaculation was in a man's voice, hoarse, suppressed, but distinctly audible. "I'll stand no interference from you, do you hear ?"

"But you are watched—you——"

There was the sound of a blow, a low moan, and Mr. Clyde, springing forward at the sound of the familiar voice, caught the shrinking form of Miss Stuyvesant, as

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she staggered back from an uplifted arm. In the darkness a man's figure stole away noiselessly.

"For God's sake—Miss Stuyvesant!"

She lay on his breast in an agony of tearless sobs, which shook her from head to foot. He was wild with apprehensions of he knew not what.

She grew calm in a moment more, but he still held her, and stroked her hair caressingly, longing yet not daring to speak.

"Mr. Clyde, I am grateful that it is you. Be my friend, as you have been. I have no one else."

"Your friend! Oh, if I might only——"

There was no mistaking the passion in his voice.

"No, no," she broke in; "if you are my friend you will spare me—everything."

She lifted his hand and laid her cheek softly down upon it.

"Poor boy!" she whispered, as if to herself, not him.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, as soon as he could command his voice.

"Nothing, nothing," she answered, hopelessly. "My life came to an end long ago. Only forget what you have seen and heard. I thank you that you ask me no questions. I cannot tell you my miserable story—nor his."

She stood upright as she finished speaking, drawing her shawl up over her head. Once more she looked the stately, elegant Miss Stuyvesant.

Her companion gazed at her, perplexed, speechless, as with the word "Good-night" she turned from him and walked away.

* * * * * *

The *Mongolia* had been out nine days. Her passengers hourly waxed impatient for the sight of the land they were soon to reach. Ulsters and slouched hats had been exchanged for broadcloth and "stovepipes," and while trunks were being hauled from the hold of the vessel, the transfigured owners gayly exchanged good wishes, and hopes for a future meeting, as they congratulated each other on a near release from "a life on the ocean wave."

As usual, Miss Stuyvesant had many friends about her, but during these last days it was always Mr. Clyde who stood nearest and seemed most in favor.

The little packet which was to convey them to shore came steaming close up to the side of the great ship as she lay at anchor in sight of Greenock. The first persons to step on board the steamer were two gentlemen, one of whom Sargent greeted effusively.

"Why, Holt! You here?"

The gentlemen shook hands, while his companion, with keen eye and alert movement, made his way to that part of the deck where, apart from the rest, with an unlighted cigar between his teeth, stood the Californian. All eyes were upon them. It took less than a minute for the few words exchanged between them.

The passenger from San Francisco drew a pistol from his pocket, only to have it sent spinning over the side of the vessel, while Holt, springing forward, helped secure his wrists in handcuffs, with a professional dexterity for which he was unprepared. All the men gathered around the group.

"My prisoner, gentlemen," explained the officer; "arrested for the great Belden diamond robbery in New York."

A woman fell at the criminal's feet—Miss Stuyvesant, her ashen face crushed down upon the heavy boot with which he spurned her from him.

"Allow me to introduce my wife before leaving you, gentlemen. As for her name, you can read it in the papers. At any rate, it will never be Morgan or Clyde," he added, with a vicious look at the two.

"For shame! for shame!" shouted the first-named gentleman, while the latter raised her from the deck.

The officer moved on toward the saloon, his prisoner following.

"You must take me, too, for I cannot leave my husband."

They were the last words her fellow-passengers ever heard Miss Stuyvesant speak, while with uncovered heads they watched her as she disappeared down the companionway.

THE SHORTEST WAY HOME.

"The shortest way by half a mile—
I come so very often by it—
Is up the road across the stile,
And through the meadow. Shall we try it?"
The days were not without a charm
When talking soft and looking silly,
My love and I walked arm-in-arm,
And lanes were lone and fields were stilly.

We found so many things to say,
That always in the shiny weather
We took the—well, the *shorter* way,
To be a longer time together.
We spoke about—(but, goodness knows
Our topics of confabulation)—
About the weather, I suppose,
The crops, the harvest, and the nation.

At all events, although the talk
Was neither wise nor very witty,
We ended each successive walk
With "Home already: what a pity!"
We might have lost a little ground
Through coming by the road selected
But both agreed that we had found
The journey shorter than expected.

Can Life's experiment support
The paradox that Love proposes?
Does *any* path seem very short,
Unless it be a path of roses?
We seldom find the nearer way;
And if we hit upon and take it,
By creeping on from day to day,
It seems as long as length can make.

The road to Fame is never brief,
The way to Wealth is dull and dreary:
All earthly routes, in my belief,
Are very long and very weary.
Nay—*one* that leads through care and strife
Is short, when mortals once begin it:
We take the "near cut" *out* of life,
Although we take the longest *in* it.

HOOKS-AND-EYES.

For more than a dozen years the manufacture of hooks-and-eyes for women's and children's dresses may be said to have been dead, buttons having superseded them. But there are indications that hooks-and-eyes are again to come into use, at least to a considerable extent. If this should prove to be the case it will gladden the hearts of some who have preserved their machinery from the scrap-heap.

Thirty years ago the State of Connecticut had manufactories within her territory that produced these little articles to the value of $112,000 annually, at fifteen cents a gross. Previous to 1830 or thereabout, hooks-and-eyes were made by hand and sold at $1.50 per gross. The machines for making hooks-and-eyes are quite ingenious,

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those for the hooks being capable of making ninety per minute, while those for the eyes 120 per minute. That for making the hooks takes the wire from a reel through a straightener, cuts off the wire to the exact length, when a blade strikes the piece in the middle of its length, and two side blades, moving simultaneously, bend the wire double, laying the two halves of its length close together and parallel. Then two pins rise, one on each side of the ends of the wire, to form the eyes of the hook, and two semi-rotating pushers bend the ends round the pins, making the eyelets for sewing the hook on to the fabric. The unfinished hook is still perfectly flat, when a horizontal pin, and vertical bender working upward, curve the double end of the hook, and a presser flattens the end to a "swan bill." The eye is formed in another machine, but by means of similar appliances.

THE SHORTEST WAY HOME.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 611.

Brass wire is used for silvered hooks and eyes, and iron wire for the black or japanned goods. The silver coating is made by mixing an acid precipitate of silver with common salt and the cream of tartar of commerce to produce a paste. Certain proportions of this paste and of the brass hooks-and-eyes are placed in a tumbling-barrel, and by attrition and affinity the brass and silver unite. The articles, as they come from the tumbling-barrel, are a lustreless white, but are polished by being placed in cotton-cloth bags with bar-soap and rubbed with hot water under the vibrating arm of a washing-machine.

THE FIRST MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

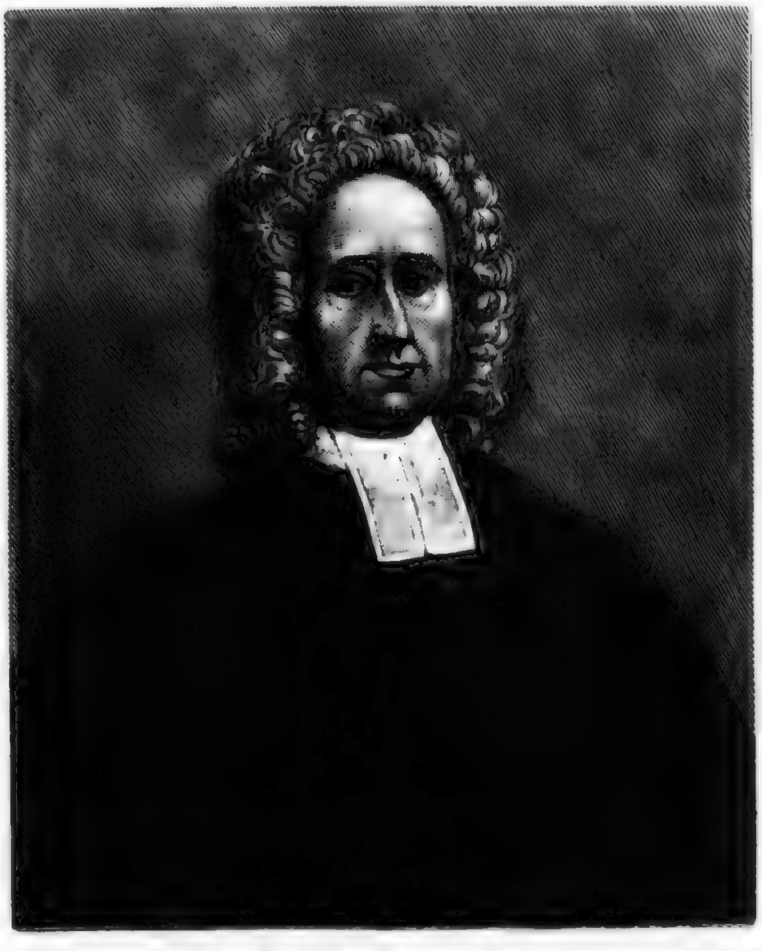
In 1723 there lived in Pesth, the capital of Hungary, Karol Kowates, a shoemaker, whose ingenuity in cutting and carving on wood, etc., brought him into contact with Count Andrassy, with whom he became a favorite. The count, on his return from a mission to Turkey, brought home with him a piece of whitish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity, on account of its light specific gravity.

It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it must be well adapted for pipes, as it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Karol cut a pipe for the count and one for himself. But in the pursuit of his trade he could not keep his hands clean, and many a piece of shoemaker's wax became attached to the pipe. The clay, however, instead of assuming a dirty appearance when Karol wiped it off, received wherever the wax had adhered to it a clear brown polish, instead of the dull white it had previously had. Attributing the change to its proper source, he waxed the whole surface, and, polishing the pipe again, smoked it, and noticed how beautifully it colored, and how more sweetly the pipe smoked after being waxed.

THE ORIGIN OF NEW YORK CHURCHES.

By Evert A. Duyckinck.

The Episcopal Church, notwithstanding the zeal and activity of its opponents, continued to gain ground in the city. Its alliance with the Mother Church of England, and its consequent connection with the state, secured it the steady support of the Government officials in the Province; it had a large endowment of land; to a certain extent was assisted by legislation; various social influences were in its favor; and, what is not to be forgotten in the estimate of its advantages, it was faithfully served by its clergy, a body of men carefully selected, and trained in the best school of missionary experience, whose piety and moderation were illustrated in long terms of ministerial labor. The first rector of Trinity, the Rev. Mr. Vesey, held the office for half a century; he was succeeded at his death, in 1746, by a man of kindred amiable character, the Rev. Henry Barclay, who had previously been employed as a missionary to the Mohawk Indians. During his rectorship the second Episcopal church in the city was built—St. George's, a chapel of ease, as it was called, in association with Trinity. The location chosen for it was in what was then a crowded and ill-built part of the city, the population, following the line of the New England communication, having mainly extended on the eastern side of the town. Six lots were purchased from Colonel Beekman on the street bearing his name, near the "swamp," at the cost of six hundred and forty-five pounds currency ($1,612.50), which was voluntarily paid by the inhabitants of Montgomery Ward, in which the property was situated. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave ten pounds sterling ($50.00), and Sir Peter Warren one hundred pounds sterling, toward the building of the chapel, which was opened for divine worship on the 1st of July, 1752. It is described as a very neat edifice, built after the plan of Robert Crommelin, a member of the Vestry, and an architect of considerable taste and skill. It was faced with hewn stone, and tiled ninety-two feet in length, exclusive of the chancel, and seventy-two feet in breadth. The steeple, which was lofty but irregular, furnished with a fine large bell which cost about $500, was one hundred and seventy-five feet in height.* This church remained till 1811 associated with Trinity Church, when it was endowed by the latter with liberal grants of land from the Queen's Farm property, and entered upon an independent organization as St. George's Church. The grant of land was increased in 1813. The following year the church, excepting the walls, was destroyed by fire, and in 1815 was rebuilt at the expense of Trinity Church. Writing in 1847, Dr. Berrian says: "Upon a careful estimate of the present value of the lands with which St. George's was endowed by Trinity Church, and the various gifts and grants of this munificent corporation, the total amount cannot be set down at less than $220,000." It was this wealth which enabled the corporation to build the present costly St. George's Church on Stuyvesant Park. The old Church in Beekman Street, occupied for some time as a missionary station, was finally removed in 1868.



PORTRAIT OF REV. WILLIAM VESEY.

In 1764, on the death of Dr. Barclay—whose family has since been so honorably distinguished in New York, in the virtues of his son and grandson, Thomas and Anthony Barclay, who successively held the office of British Consul in the city—the Rev. Samuel Auchmuty was appointed rector of Trinity Church. A native of Boston, Mass., he was educated at Harvard, and, after his ordination by the Bishop of London, became, in 1748, assistant minister and catechist at Trinity. He had thus been sixteen years connected with the parish in active service when he was called to preside over it. He found the Church in New York in a flourishing condition. Ten years only had elapsed after the opening of St. George's Chapel when a third was projected by the Corporation of Trinity. The building of St. Paul's Chapel was determined upon at the close of 1763, and the corner-stone was laid the following May. Dr. Auchmuty thus found the work in progress.

The ground on which it was built—a portion of the Queen Anne gift—at the time the work was decided upon was covered with a field of wheat, and the vicinity presented a rural appearance. On the west, where its tower and spire were finally erected, the church looked upon the Hudson and the rising hills of New Jersey, on what was then an uninterrupted view; on the east its

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* Berrian's "History of Trinity Church," p. 82.

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portico faced the public city grounds known as the Commons. A more pleasing object can scarcely be conceived than was presented to the citizens of that day, as this graceful structure, still substantially unaltered, rose in this beautiful situation. Its architect was a Scotchman named McBean, a pupil, as is supposed, of the London architect Gibbs, whose Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields is said to have furnished a model for the interior. The building was sufficiently advanced to be opened for divine service on the 30th of October, 1766. The occasion was one of unusual ceremony. The clergy and various officers of Trinity, attended by the Mayor and Corporation of the city, waited upon Governor Sir Henry Moore, at Fort George, and were accompanied by him and General Gage, the commander of the royal forces in the city, to the chapel. There, after appropriate services, a sermon was preached by the rector, Dr. Auchmuty, and by special permission the exercises were varied and assisted by a band introduced by the Governor. These circumstances were recalled in the commemorative centennial services held at the church in 1866. Three days were devoted to this memorial, to each being assigned appropriate musical and religious exercises. On the first Sunday, the 28th of October, a sermon tracing the progress of the church was preached by the Rev. Dr. Francis Vinton; on the second, the rector of Trinity, Dr. Morgan Dix, delivered an address on the history and antiquities of the church; and on the third he read the very sermon which Dr. Auchmuty had delivered exactly a hundred years before. Though services were regularly held in the church after its opening, the edifice was not for a long time completed as it at present appears. The steeple was not added till some time after the Revolution – in 1794.

We have spoken of the persecutions to which the Presbyterians were subjected by Cornbury at the beginning of the century. They were then but a small flock, a few families devoted to the religion of their Scottish forefathers, with a sprinkling of New Englanders, worshiping in private, aiding one another in their devotions without church or settled ministry. This continued till 1716, when they organized a regular congregation and called the Rev. James Anderson, a native of Scotland, then preaching in Delaware, to be their pastor. The use of an apartment in the City Hall was granted them by the Common Council, and there they worshiped for three years, when the first Presbyterian Church was erected on a lot in the immediate vicinity in Wall Street. Contributions for this work were obtained from Connecticut and Scotland. Endeavors to obtain a charter of incorporation from the council, though favored by its president, Schuyler, and the amiable and philosophic Burnet, failed of success, in consequence of the deference to the interests of Episcopacy. Nor were later efforts more successful. Though the privilege was at last granted, the result of an appeal to the King in council, in Governor Tryon's administration, its execution was delayed by Kemp, the royal attorney in the province; and it was not till after the Revolution that this simple independent organization was finally secured. The property up to that time was vested in a committee of the General Assembly of Scotland.

A temporary division in 1722 drew off some of the members of the Church disinclined to the rigid Scotch observances of Anderson, to form a new congregation which held its services in a small building in William Street. The separation would have long ago passed into oblivion, had not the new Church secured for its ministry a newly-licensed graduate of Yale College, then only in his nineteenth year, who was destined to make his mark in the religious and philosophic literature of the country. This was Jonathan Edwards. It is one of the richest memories of old New York that its scenery and association with his friends in the city warmed to the most exalted flame of devotion his pure spirit of piety. In after life he recalled this period in a private memorandum of his religious history, written in the finest glow of poetical enthusiasm. "I very frequently," he says, "used to retire into a solitary place, on the banks of Hudson's River, at some distance from the city, for contemplation on divine things and secret converse with God: and had many sweet hours there." Here his soul grew in the contemplation of that "divine beauty, far purer than anything here upon earth, of a sweet, pleasant, charming, serene, calm nature, which brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness and ravishment to the soul, that made it like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers, enjoying a sweet calm and the gently vivifying beams of the sun." Here, too, on the 12th of January, 1723, he writes: "I made a solemn dedication of myself to God, giving up myself and all that I had to Him; to be for the future in no respect my own; to act as one that had no right to himself in any respect; vowing to take God for my whole portion and felicity; looking on nothing else as any part of my happiness, nor acting as if it were, and His law for the constant rule of my obedience: engaging to fight, with all my might, against the world, the flesh and the devil, to the end of my life."[*]

Heart utterances like these, it must be admitted, are not the usual food of historians; but these few lines, warm from the heart of this young divine, have a vitality at this day, and may have been productive of far weighter results in their own, in the genuine life of the city, than any of the long-forgotten pompous requisitions of boards of trade, or the edicts of Governor and Council.

With Edwards's retirement at the end of eight months, his congregation returned to their former church, where Anderson was presently succeeded by Ebenezer Pemberton, a Bostonian, and graduate of Harvard, who appears to have relaxed something of the old orthodoxy in a leaning to New England Congregational practices. It is to his credit that he appreciated the labors of Whitefield, and furnished him with the only pulpit at his service in the city in his visit in 1740, and subsequently; the apostle of Methodism at other times preaching in the open air in front of the old Exchange on Broad Street, and in "the fields," the site of the present City Hall Park. The church in Wall Street grew by this liberality, being enlarged by nearly a third of its original dimensions, in 1748, to the size which it retained till the new building which existed on the spot within the memory of the present generation was built in 1810.

In 1765 the Rev. John Rodgers, a native of Boston, Massachusetts, was called to the pastorate of the church, and continued in its ministry the long period of nearly half a century. In 1768 an offset from the old congregation erected a Scotch Presbyterian church on Cedar Street, the first pastor of which was the learned John Mason, of Scotland, the fame of whose acquirements has been obscured in the recollections of the city by the greater reputation of his distinguished son; and in the same year was also opened a new Presbyterian church, in association with the Wall Street church, at the corner of Beekman and Nassau Streets, built on a lot described as the Vineyard, in what was called "the fields," and procured from the corporation of the city on a perpetual lease for forty pounds a year. This building was known as the Brick Church; it remained till a few years ago, when the congregation removed to its present successor, the noble edifice on the Fifth Avenue.

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[*] "Life of President Edwards," by Sereno E. Dwight, 65-6.

The life of the venerable Dr. Rodgers, written by his associate and successor, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Miller, an able author and pioneer in our historical literature, is a work of much interest. It is curious to note in its pages the points of controversy which vexed the early church in Wall Street, and were brought before the Synod. One of these was the substitution of Dr. Watts's poetical translation of the Psalms for Rouse's "old Scotch version," a third party being in favor of Tate and Brady. Then the ministers were complained of for giving exhortations at funerals, and for making the introductory prayers in public worship, reading the Scriptures and giving out the first psalm from the clerk's desk instead of the pulpit. Dr. Rodgers, at the risk of offending the adverse party, amended the latter on his arrival by performing the whole service in the pulpit.

The first Methodist church in America was built in New York city, in 1768. The great division, or rather supplementary growth, of the Anglican Church, of which this was an offshoot destined soon to be greater than the parent stock, had its origin about forty years before in a revival of religious enthusiasm by a few Oxford students. In a skeptical or indifferent period they were laughed at for the frequency and regularity of their pious observances. Hence the name Methodists, and a worthier appellation could not have been bestowed upon them. The "Holy Club," as this little assembly was more derisively called, was fortunate in having among its members three leading spirits, men of genius and resolution, of capacity and of irrepressible force of character, in the brothers John and Charles Wesley, and George Whitefield. They were all early attracted to America; the Wesleys at first by the inducements of Oglethorpe, who desired to enlist their devotion in the service of the settlers and Indians of his infant colony in Georgia; and Whitefield, who succeeded them in the same sphere, which he afterward so greatly enlarged in his numerous triumphant journeys through the provinces. We have noted his appearance at New York, and his kind reception by the Presbyterian Church. His visits, however, were brief, and though his earnest eloquence doubtless produced a more lasting impression than the admiration of the moment, they were not attended with any efforts at an independent Church organization. This was to be the result of more quiet and less exciting influences. The parable of the grain of mustard-seed was to be illustrated in the growth of Methodism in the city. A few humble emigrants from Ireland, who came and lived for a time unnoticed, were the founders of the infant Church. Our readers will remember the emigration in the reign of Queen Anne, under the royal protection, of a large body of Palatines to the banks of the Hudson. Contemporaneously with this movement, a number of the same class of refugees to England found a home in Ireland, near Limerick, where in due time they were visited by Wesley, and became enlisted among his most ardent and faithful disciples. Their virtues, however, could not always conquer the hard conditions of Irish peasant life, and many were compelled to emigrate to secure the means of subsistence.

Among those who came to New York was Philip Embury, a carpenter, who had been licensed by Wesley as a local preacher in Ireland. He arrived in 1760, and was accompanied and followed by others of the same religious convictions with himself. For a while no attempt appears to have been made to hold these converts together in a society of their own. At length they were aroused by the zeal of a woman, Mrs. Barbara Heck, one of their fellow-emigrants, who, coming upon a party engaged in what she considered the profane amusement of card-playing, seized these "devil's picture-books," threw them into the fire, and called her recreant countrymen to a sense of their religious obligations. Hastening to her relative, Embury, she invoked him in a most earnest appeal to resume his old vocation as a preacher.

"Brother Embury," she exclaimed, "you must preach to us, or we shall all go to hell, and God will require our blood at your hands!"

The energy of this "mother in Israel," as the historians of her Church delight to call her, was not to be resisted.

"How can I preach?" said Embury; "for I have neither a house nor a congregation."

"Preach in your own house and to your own congregation," was the reply.

So the first meeting was held—an attendance of six persons collected by Barbara Heck, at Embury's home, a low one-story building in Barrack Street, now Park Place. This was in 1766. The meetings speedily grew in numbers. Three musicians of the neighboring barracks are reported as among the converts. Embury was invited to preach at the almshouse, where several, including the superintendent, joined the new faith. A large room was hired for the services, and presently the congregation occupied the upper story of a building in William Street, below the site of the North Dutch Church, the "Rigging Loft," a famous locality in the traditions of the Church, which remained standing till the year 1854. The new assembly, however, was soon to have a more definite place of worship in a church-building, or "preaching-house," of its own.

Before relating how this was accomplished, we should not neglect to notice the important aid Embury was receiving by the arrival of a coadjutor in his ministry, in a redoubtable personage in those early annals, Captain Webb, a true disciple of the Church-militant. He had served with distinction in the recent French war, lost his right eye by a musket-ball at the siege of Louisburg, and been wounded in the right arm when with Wolfe at Quebec. Some years after, in England, he had been converted at a service of Wesley's, who, observing the character of the man, subsequently licensed him as a preacher. He returned to America and held the position of barrack-master at Albany. Hearing at this place of the movement of the Methodists at New York, he hastened to join them. His appearance among the little gathering at Embury's house was striking—a war-worn veteran in full regimentals, wearing his sword, participating devoutly in the exercises. At the close he announced himself of the King's service, but also "a soldier of the Cross," holding his commission from John Wesley. Henceforward he was a burning and a shining light in the new ministry, not only in New York, but at Philadelphia and elsewhere. There is abundant testimony to his ardor and success. Wesley wrote of him: "The captain is all life and fire; therefore, although he is not deep or regular, yet many who would not hear a better preacher flock together to hear him, and many are convinced under his preaching." And John Adams, who heard him at Philadelphia, in 1774, says: "In the evening I went to the Methodist meeting, and heard Mr. Webb, the old soldier, who first came to America in the character of a quartermaster, under General Braddock. He is one of the most fluent, eloquent men I ever heard; he reaches the imagination and

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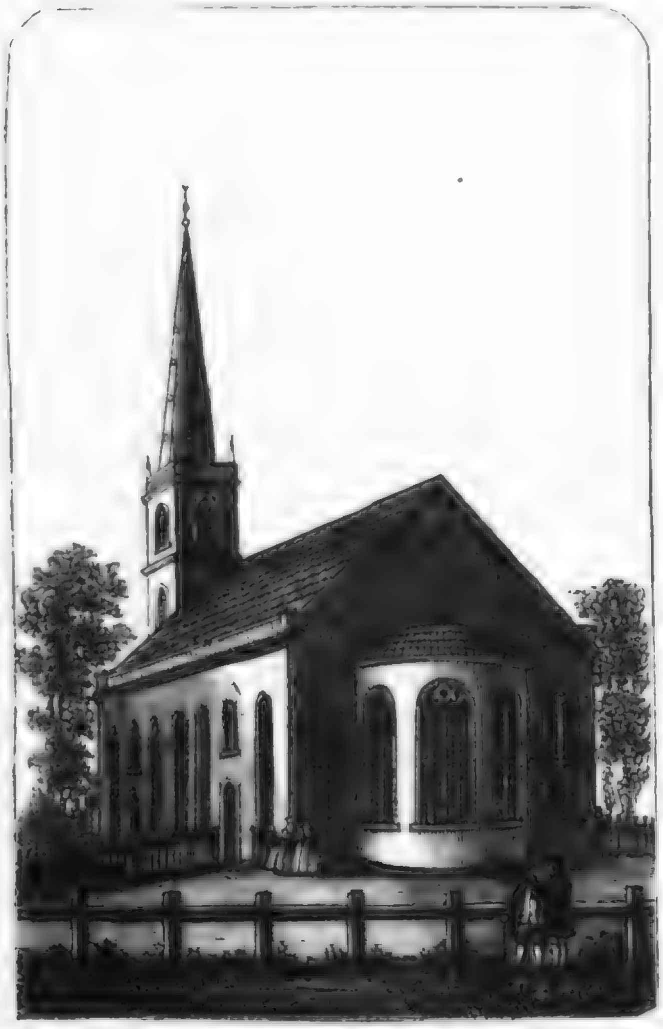
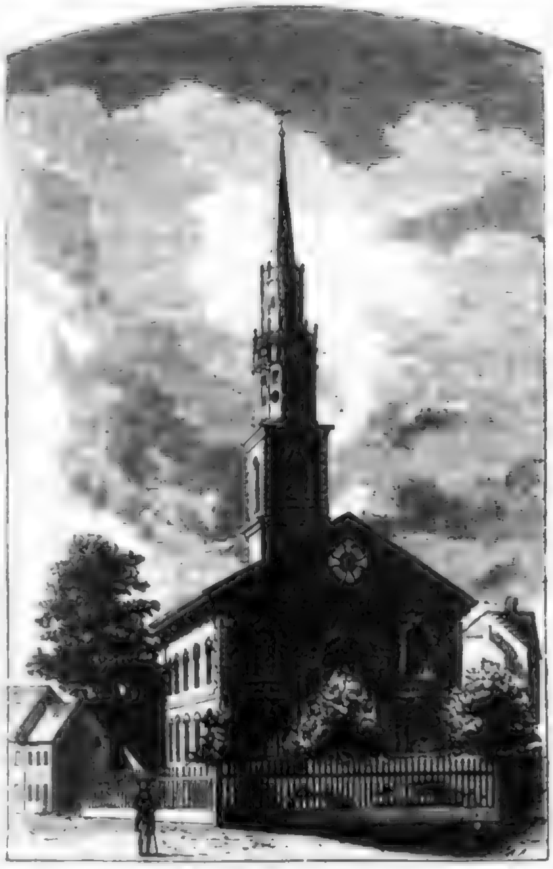
touches the passions very well, and expresses himself with great propriety."

The captain was a man of practical energy. When he heard of a rich man being converted he always asked, "Is his purse converted?" An engraved portrait of him, published in London in 1797, presents him in a striking attitude. A portly figure, his forehead crossed by a strip of black silk covering the lost eye; his right hand laid impressively on his breast, over the lapel of his regimental coat; his left pointing to a text in an open Bible; before him on the stand his sword and cocked hat. A coat-of-arms is engraved below, with the motto, "I have fought a good fight." He died at the age of seventy-two, in 1796, at Bristol.

The ground for the old John Street Methodist Church, revered as the cradle of Methodism in America, consisting of two lots, each twenty-five feet by ninety-five feet, was a part of the estate of the Rev. Henry Barclay, the second rector of Trinity, and was first leased and afterward purchased for the sum of £600 ($1,500). The subscription-list for the erection of the building has been preserved. It contains the names of more than 250 subscribers, contributing in the whole a little over £400. Heading the list is Captain Webb, with the largest subscription—£30. It is pleasant to see the enterprise supported by leading citizens, and especially by the clergy and vestrymen of Trinity. Lieutenant-governor Delancey contributes £3 5s.; the Rev. Mr. Auchmuty, the rector of Trinity, £10; and the Rev. Mr. Ogilvie and the Rev. Mr. Inglis, his assistants, something less. Among the civilians who aided the work may be mentioned Oliver Delancey, Edward Laight, David Clarkson, Philip and Peter Livingston, James Duane, Frederic de Peyster, Nicholas Stuyvesant; nor in this enumeration should be forgotten the mites of sacrifice of the poor African female servants, indicated by their simple Christian names. In those days of slavery they had no other. Other collections were made and gifts received; among others, £50 in money and books to be sold, from John Wesley.



TRINITY CHURCH AS ENLARGED IN 1737.

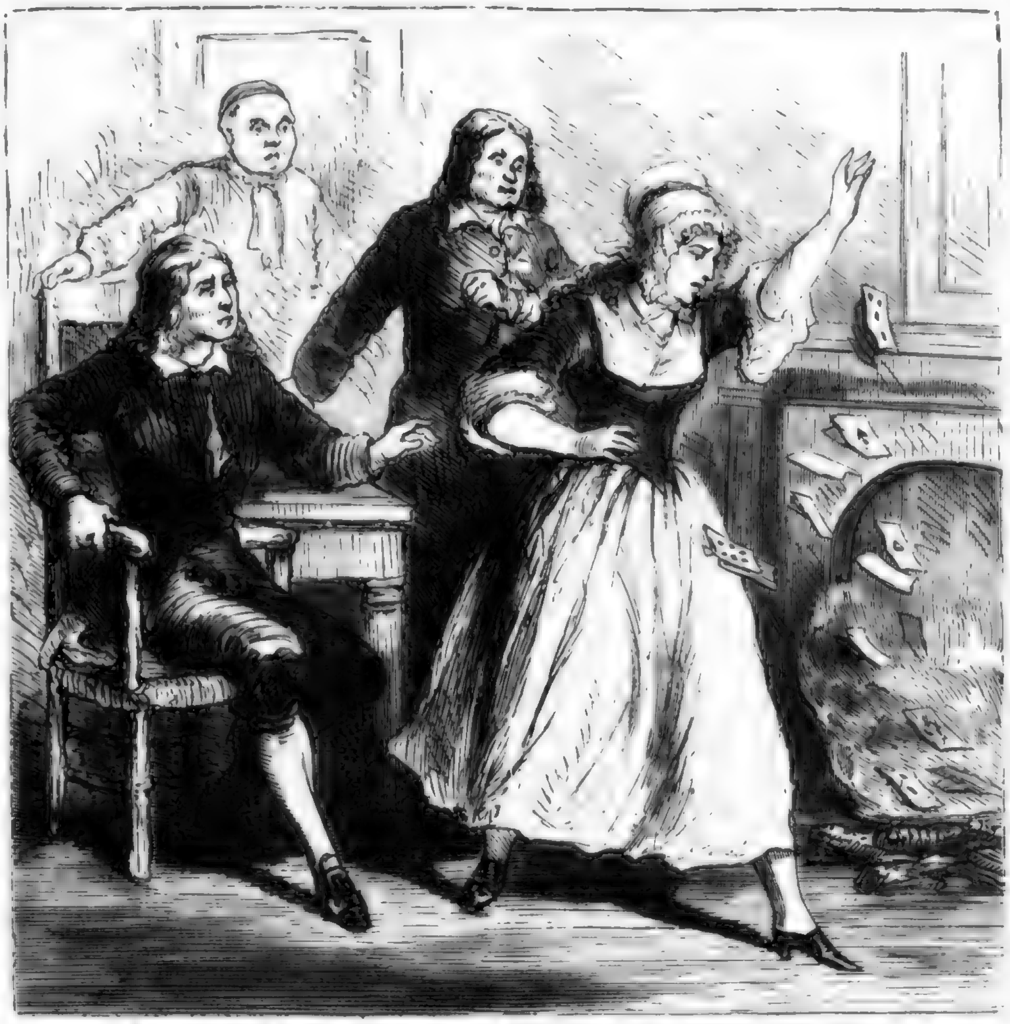


THE BRICK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NASSAU AND BEEKMAN STREETS.

The building as erected was a plain, substantial structure of stone, set back from the street, sixty feet in length and forty-two in breadth. It was opened for consecration on the 30th October, 1768, when Philip Embury preached from a pulpit which his own hands had made, from the text in Hosea: "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon you."

An humble parsonage or "preacher's house" was afterward added on a portion of the ground in front of the church facing the street. The household furniture for the occupants of this building was contributed in small gifts

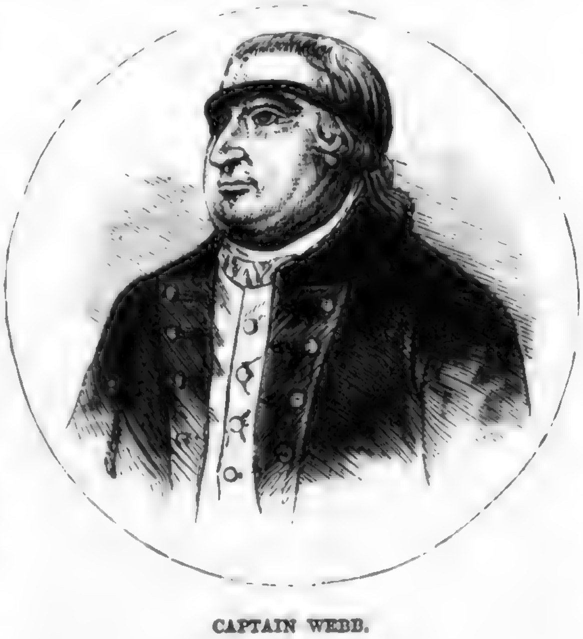
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, BROADWAY AND FULTON STREET.



BARBARA HECK, THE FOUNDRESS OF METHODISM IN AMERICA, REPROVING HER COUNTRYMEN.

of separate articles by the ladies of the congregation. A list of these donations is given by the Rev. Mr. Wakeley in his curious antiquarian volume entitled, "Lost Chapters Recovered from the Early History of American Methodism." Four teaspoons which were lent, and six knives and forks "given," indicate the moderate allowance of the preacher's housekeeping. Wesley Chapel was the name by which the old church in John Street was known till its walls were demolished in 1817 to give place to a new and more imposing structure on the spot, which in 1841 was succeeded by the present church edifice.

In 1769, in answer to an appeal to Wesley, Richard Broadman and Joseph Pilmoor came out as preachers to America. Both preached for a time in New York, as well as in other cities, returning to England together on the eve of the Revolution, in 1774. Pilmoor subsequently returned to New York as a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, when an unsuccessful application was made for his appointment as assistant minister of Trinity. He was subsequently placed in charge of an Episcopal church in Ann Street, and was afterward rector of a church in Philadelphia.



CAPTAIN WEBB.

Among the reminiscences of the old John Street Church, some mention of the colored sexton, Peter Williams, should not be forgotten. Mr. Wakeley, in the volume already cited, has devoted several interesting chapters to his memory. It is to the credit of the American Methodist Church that it showed a friendship to the negro race from the start. Williams, the child of African slave-parents, himself born a slave in New York, was one of the early attendants upon the preaching of Embury and Webb at the old "Rigging Loft." His master was a tobacconist; and he was taught the business, which he afterward pursued on his own account in a store of his own in Liberty Street. His freedom was purchased by the trustees of the John Street Church, and repaid them by Peter out of his earnings. The property which he had acquired enabled him to be liberal; he assisted by his purse and personal exertions in erecting the first church built expressly for the people of color in the city, in 1801—Zion Church, at the corner of Leonard and Church Streets. He laid, says Mr. Wakeley, the corner-stone of this building, and was one of the original trustees. His amiable character, which was shared by his wife, caused the pair to be greatly esteemed while he was sexton, and they lived as attendants upon the early itinerant apostles of Methodism, Asbury, Dickins, Dr. Coke, and others, who came to lodge in the "preacher's home." His son, William, became a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was assisted in his education by Bishops Moore and Hobart, and ordained by the latter, when he was made minister of St. Philip's Colored Church in Centre Street.

The Baptists, also, date their Church organization from this formative period of the last century. The first regular church of the denomination built in this city was erected in 1762, in Gold Street. Previously to this, however, there were several occasional congregations or groups of worshipers holding their meetings for the most part in private houses, extending back to the early days of the colony under the Dutch dominion. In

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1657, in a report of the state of the Churches in New Netherland, addressed to the Classis of Amsterdam, the Dutch dominies, Drisius and Megapolensis, described, among other intruders into the fold of orthodoxy, "a fomenter of error," who had recently made his appearance in Long Island; a follower, doubtless, of Roger Williams, who had founded his Church in Providence twenty years before. "He was a cobbler from Rhode Island, in New England, and stated that he was commissioned by Christ. He began to preach at Flushing, and then went with the people into the river and dipped them. This becoming known here, the Fiscaal proceeded thither and brought him along. He was banished the province."[*]

After this summary proceeding we hear nothing of the sect in New York until about the year 1709, when a Mr. Wickenden, of Providence, an Arminian, was imprisoned in the city for preaching without a license. Mr. Whitman, of Groton, afterward preached at the house of Mr. Ayres with success, baptizing twelve persons. This was in the time of Governor Burnet, to whom a petition was addressed in 1721, by one Nicholas Eyers, a brewer and Baptist preacher, in the City of New York, whose hired house, it appears, had been legally registered for a Baptist place of meeting, in which he had been publicly preaching for several years. His application for protection, under the law exempting dissenters from former penalties, supported by a certificate of good conduct from the mayor and aldermen, was granted.[†]

In 1724 Mr. Ayres became the pastor of the little flock gathered by Whitman, and a few years later a place of worship was erected on Golden Hill, a locality the name of which is still preserved in Gold Street. In 1732, Ayres having removed to Rhode Island, and his successor, Stevens, to South Carolina, the meeting-house was sold and the society dissolved.

Thirteen years after, another private congregation is spoken of at the house of Jeremiah Dodge, a Baptist from Fishkill, and the same year a movement was started by Benjamin Miller, of the church at Scotch Plains, New Jersey, which developed into a larger congregation, worshiping in a rigging-loft in William Street. The Church of Calvinistic Baptists, founded in Gold Street, had for its first pastor a man of singular devotion and religious experience in Elder John Gano, a native of New Jersey, of French Huguenot descent, who had been highly successful in his missionary work in North Carolina. He continued with the church in New York till 1788, when he left for Kentucky. At the breaking out of the Revolution the church had more than 200 members; on the return of the pastor in 1784, but thirty-seven of the old flock could be gathered.[‡]

The Moravian Brethren, whose establishment as a religious society virtually dates from the settlement, in 1722, of Herrnhut, "the Watch of the Lord," on the estate of Count Zinzendorf, in Upper Lusatia, was at once a domestic and missionary institution. As a social organization, it strengthened itself at home by the community of interest of its members, while its principle of devotion to the Saviour's work carried its labor of love into all lands. The rising States of North America naturally attracted the attention of these friends of mankind. It will be remembered how the early devotion of John Wesley, the apostle of Methodism, was animated by intercourse with the Brethren on his voyage to America and in his visit to the home of the sect in Germany; and how the labors of the two were associated by the enlightened and liberal Oglethorpe in Georgia. It was, it is said, on a voyage to New York, in 1736, that Bishop Spangenberg, the director of the Moravian mission in the former province, so impressed the captain of the vessel by his Christian fortitude during a severe tempest, that he invited the Brethren to enter upon their missionary work at his home on Staten Island. We hear of preaching there by a Moravian in 1742, the first beginning of a society which, with remarkable tenacity of life, has survived and is in existence at the present day.

The intercourse of the Georgia settlement appears to have been constantly kept up with the City of New York, which all along had a few disciples or favorers of the Brethren ready to extend the rites of hospitality to the preachers proceeding on their errands of benevolence. The missionary Rauch was thus received at the house of the Presbyterian Thomas Noble, in 1739; and in 1741 a company of nine persons was organized by Bishop Peter Boehler, who is said to have been the first Moravian minister who preached a sermon in the city in a private house.[*] About the same time came Count Zinzendorf himself, on his tour through the provinces, whose presence doubtless strengthened the infant society in New York. His followers, however, did not always experience here the kind treatment to which their beneficent lives and liberal principles entitled them.

In 1743 several Moravian missionaries, who had established themselves at the Indian mission at Shecomico, in Dutchess County, were arrested and brought before Governor Clinton and the Council at New York, on a charge of tampering with the loyalty of the Indians. The absurdity of this accusation against the unwarlike peacemakers was immediately apparent, when much was said of their coming into the country without permission of the Government, and of their unwillingness to take the oath of allegiance.

Their examination proved the disinterestedness of their conduct, and may be read at the present day with admiration, as a memorial of the early simplicity and opinions of the missionaries of the Brethren. They were of necessity acquitted, and sent back to their homes; but a stringent law leveled at the Moravians was presently passed, requiring the state oaths to be taken under a pecuniary penalty, or of six months' imprisonment, the registry of every place of religious worship, and the consent of Governor and Council to the residence of any person among the Indians, under pretense of bringing them over to the Christian faith. The passage of this Act provoked inquiry from the Board of Trade in England, where a more liberal policy had been pursued, and an apology for it was drawn up by Daniel Horsemanden, whose attempted justification of the measure strongly resembles the unhandsome method he pursued in the prosecution and history of the Negro Plot. It is an appeal to prejudice throughout, opening with a citation of the old popery alarm from Georgia in the days of the "plot"; following this up by a contemptuous notice of Whitefield and his followers; presenting a similar picture of the Moravians as vulgar, illiterate persons, "who were wont to be content to busy themselves in their native country in the ordinary and humble occupations they were bred to, viz., bricklayers, carpenters, woolcombers, tailors, and such like mechanical or handicraft trades, till they were infatuated with a certain degree of enthusiasm or folly sufficient for qualifying them for the plantation of the Gospel in foreign parts; of whose delusions, it seems, the

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[*] Documentary History, III., 106.

[†] Ib. 480-2.

[‡] Disosway's Earliest Churches of New York, 190-5.

[*] Disosway's Earliest Churches of New York, 214.

Count has laid hold and thought them proper tools to be employed in his service, perhaps with views unknown to these creatures themselves, though at the same time they are forwarding his schemes."* Here is the old suspicion of conspiracy transferred from the negro to Whitefield and Zinzendorf.

It is pleasant to compare with this tirade of vulgar prejudice the quiet, even good-humored terms of the address of Zinzendorf himself to the Board of Trade in reference to these petty vexations. "I petition," says he, "for a declaration or order to keep honest people, as well strangers in as inhabitants of America, from being harassed with and plagued, without the least reason, and, as it were, only *de gayeté de cœur*."† The Church, consecrated by Bishop Spangenburg, was regularly served to the period of the Revolution. On the return of peace its worship was resumed, and has been continued to our own day, the old place of meeting on Fulton Street having been succeeded by a new building in Houston Street. In its later annals, in the nineteenth century, its pastorate has been illustrated for the continuous period of seventeen years—from 1812 to his death in 1829—by the services of the apostolic Benjamin Mortimer.

Quakerism, also, outliving its early persecutions in the province, had continued to assert itself, and since the beginning of the century had maintained its regular organization and place of assembly in the city. The first Friends Meeting-house was on Crown Street, now Liberty, a locality which was kept possession of by the sect till 1825, when the last building they had erected for their worship on the spot, a brick building, sixty by forty feet, was disposed of to Grant Thorburn, who for about ten years occupied it as a seed-store. Some of our readers may remember the picturesque and cheerful appearance the old building then presented, as bright a spot as any within the circuit of Manhattan. It was set back from the street, and approached by a courtyard in front, brilliant in the season with tulips and hyacinths; within, the atmosphere was fragrant with dried herbs and living plants; while the galleries of the former silent meeting-house rang with the song of canaries and mocking-birds. The quaint, short figure of the eccentric Grant himself in a drab costume, which favored the dress of the sect, moving among the marvels of vegetable life and the curiosities which he had placed on the walls, was in thorough keeping with all the scene. For he, garrulous of old times in New York, was something of an antiquarian, and by his contributions to our local annals, deserves at least passing mention in a sketch of the progress of the city.

New Yorkers who had not the fortune to hear the story from his own lips when he was yet among us fifty years ago, may learn from his published autobiography how, at the age of twenty-one, he left his native town in Scotland and was landed one day in the Summer of 1794, at Gouverneur's Wharf, New York, with three cents, the gift of a fellow-passenger, in his pocket, and a hammer, the instrument of his calling (that of a nail-maker) in his hand; how by industry and mother wit, by cunning, frugality, and "special providences," he got along with various personal adventures, and began his purchase of plants for sale, with a knowledge of botany incapable of distinguishing a geranium from a cabbage-head. This new traffic he arrived at in the most simple and logical way. In a small venture as a groceryman, he sold empty flower-pots, which he took it into his head one day would look more attractive covered with green varnish-paint. The thing took, and the next suggestion came from a walk through the Fly Market, that the pots would be still more attractive with a plant in them. Citizens bought the plants, but countrypeople who were attracted to his store could not carry them away so readily, so he thought of providing them with seeds, and thus began the seed-store. There were many lucky hits in Grant's life, but his one great business operation was the purchase of the Quaker meeting-house property in Liberty Street. It consisted of six lots, for which $26,000 were paid; the four, with the meeting-house occupied by Thorburn, costing him $20,800. He occupied the premises till 1835, when the original six lots which he had purchased were sold for $100,000.

The charter of King's College as the new seat of learning in New York was named, was not granted till 1754, eight years after the Act for its foundation, nor was it till the following year that it was fairly organized. This delay was caused, as we have stated, by the opposition led by Livingston, the ground of resistance being the relation which the projected institution bore to the interests of Episcopacy. The interval, however, was not suffered to pass without advantage by the friends of the college. They had time to mature their plans and make provision for a suitable president when he should be needed. Such a person—and a better choice could not have been made—they found in the Rev. Dr. Samuel Johnson, a gentleman of great worth and moderation of character, and of sound and varied learning. A native of Guilford, Conn., a graduate of Yale College, in 1722 he had left his position of tutor in that institution, and accompanied President Cutter to England to receive Episcopal ordination. He returned to America to become the first minister of the Church of England in Connecticut, being established at Stratford as the missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Here, at the time of his appointment to the presidency of King's College, he had labored for more than thirty years, securing the respect and confidence of the community in his difficult position, receiving in 1742 the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Oxford University, and enjoying the esteem, among other friends of learning, of Franklin and Berkeley. The former wished to secure him as the head of the projected University of Pennsylvania; the latter, in 1749, so early was Johnson marked out for his post of duty in New York, wrote to him urging upon him, in his care of the college, attention to the thorough teaching of Greek and Latin, and a steady regard to "good life and morals." Dr. Johnson's salary as president was £250, a sum unequal to his support, which was supplemented by the payment which he received as assistant minister of Trinity Church. In the organization of the college, care was taken by the provisions of the charter to secure in its government a representation of the leading religious interests in the city. In addition to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the First Lord Commissioner of Trade and Plantations, the Governor and chief officers of the Province, including the judiciary, the mayor of the city, with the rector of Trinity Church, the senior minister of the Reformed Dutch Church, the Lutheran, French and Presbyterian ministers, were to be *ex-officio* governors. Immediately upon the instrument of incorporation being delivered, Trinity Church, out of its property of the Queen's Farm, conveyed to the college as a site for its future building the ground lying between Church Street and the North River and Barclay and Murray Streets, subject to the condition, expressed also in the charter, that the president should always be a member of the Church of

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* Dr. O'Callaghan's "Documentary History," III., 1022-7.

† Doc. Hist. III., 1021.

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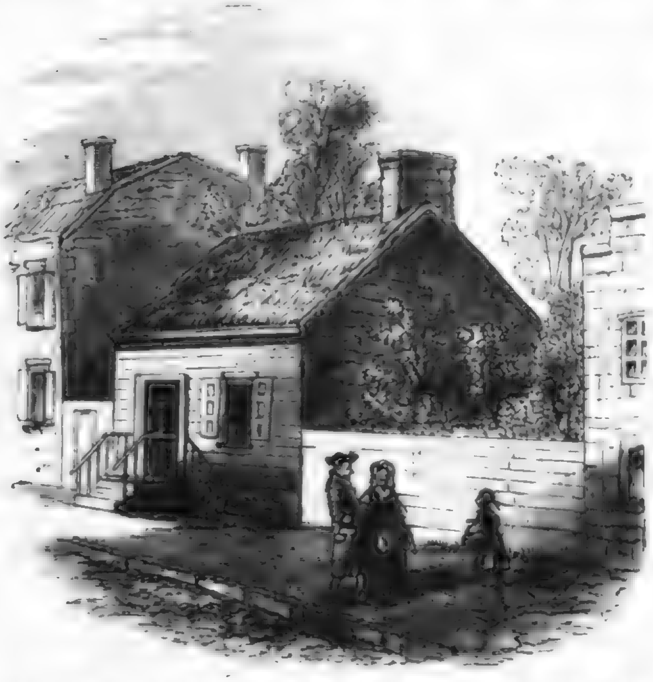
England, and that the service in the daily worship should be taken from its liturgy.

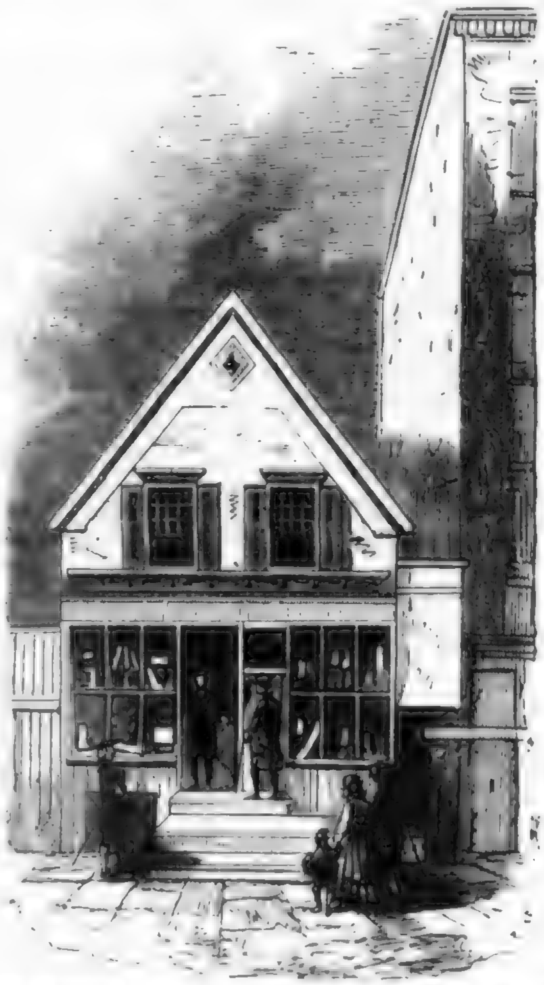
A class of eight, admitted in May, 1754, composed the first body of students of the college. They were instructed by Dr. Johnson in the vestry-room of the schoolhouse belonging to Trinity Church. Five of them, Samuel Verplanck, Philip Van Cortlandt, Rudolph Ritzema, Samuel Provost, Joshua Bloomer, with Isaac and Josiah Ogden and Joseph Reade, were the first graduates, in 1758. Meantime funds were being collected for the erection of the college building. The original lottery appropriations under the influence of sectarian jealousy had been reduced by the Assembly one-half, yielding something over three thousand pounds. Liberal donations and bequests came in, Mr. Joseph Murray leaving to the college his library and property, valued at about eight thousand pounds. Addresses, in behalf of this object, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the First Lord Commissioner of Trade and Plantations, the Bishop of London, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and subsequently to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the learned societies of Great Britain, were prepared and sent. Dr. James Jay was commissioned as agent for these collections, and returned to New York with the honor of knighthood, and the handsome sum of nearly six thousand pounds sterling for the college. Independently of this, the King gave four hundred pounds.



PHILIP EMBURY'S RESIDENCE, NEW YORK CITY, WHERE THE FIRST METHODIST SERMON WAS PREACHED.

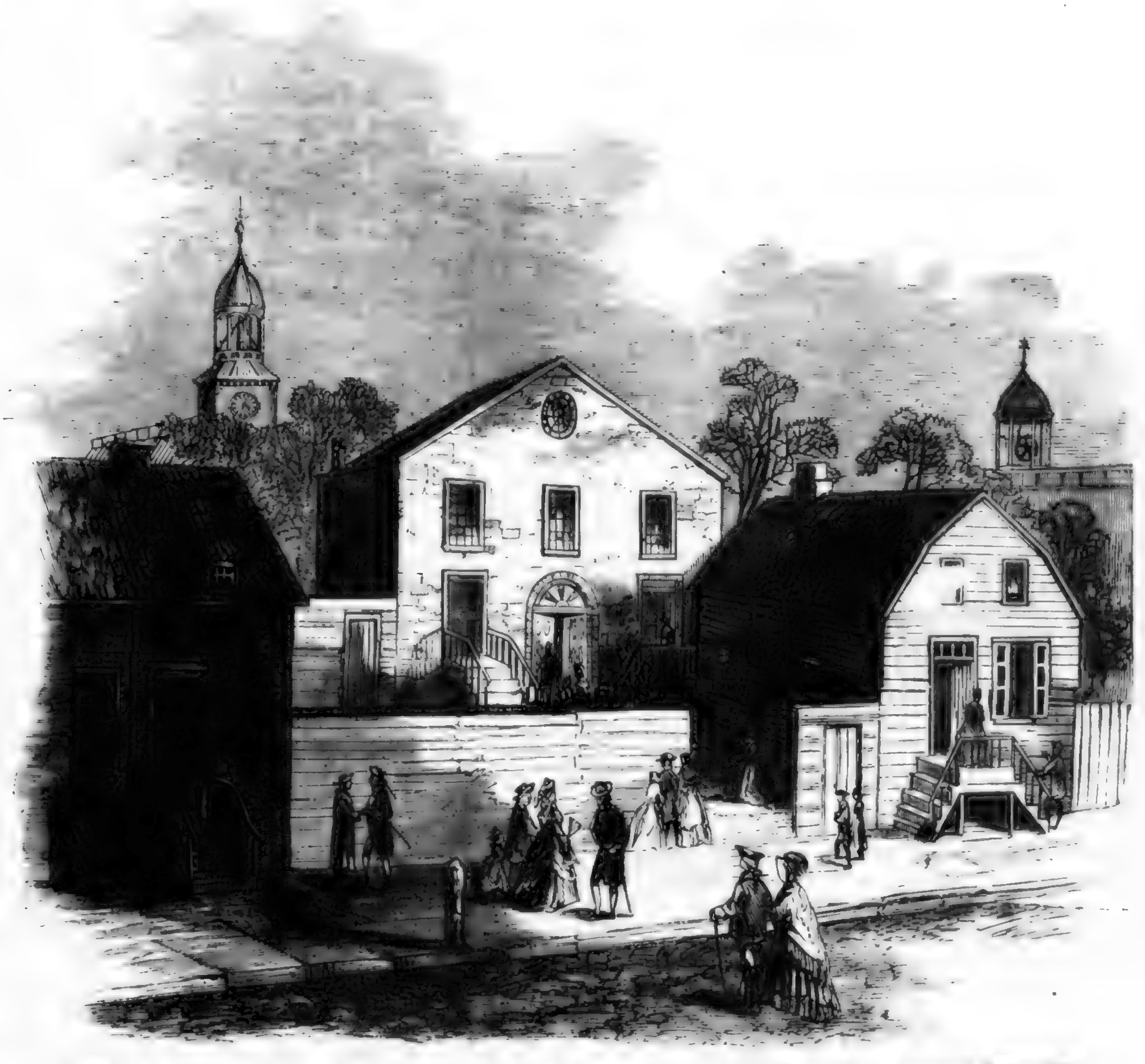
The corner-stone of the building was laid in August, 1756, by the Governor, Sir Charles Hardy, when Lieutenant-governor Delancey congratulated the governors in a brief Latin speech on the progress of the work. In 1760 the edifice was sufficiently completed for the reception of students. It formed the central portion of the later college building known to the present generation, and contained twenty-four apartments, each with a sitting-room, study and bedchamber. The situation at that time was a beautiful one, with the air and retirement of the country and an uninterrupted view of the river. Dr. Johnson continued as president till 1763, when he returned to his old clerical station at Stratford, where he died in 1772, at the age of seventy-six. He was succeeded in the presidency of the college by Myles Cooper, a recent graduate of Oxford ; a young man for the office, being but twenty-seven when he was sent to take possession of it by Archbishop Secker. We shall hear more of him in the early days of the Revolution. Up to that time—the year 1776—the college sent forth 100 graduates. Among them we read the names of Philip Livingston, John Jay, Egbert Benson, Benjamin Moore, Gouverneur Morris, Marinas Willett, and others of historic interest.

Contemporaneously with the foundation of the college, another liberal enterprise for the advancement of literary cultivation in the city was undertaken in the formation of a public library. The project was started early in 1754 at a private meeting of a few gentlemen, among whom were Philip Livingston, Robert R. Livingston, William Livingston, William Alexander, subsequently known by his title of Lord Sterling, and John Morin Scott. A subscription-roll was prepared, setting forth that " a public library would be very useful as well as ornamental to the city, and may be also advantageous to our intended college." The appeal met with a ready support from the leading citizens, and the plan was speedily carried into operation. By the terms of subscription, each member was to pay into the treasury five pounds, and thereafter ten shillings yearly. A fund of £600 was thus collected, to be applied to the purchase of books and the requirements of the reading-room, which was established in the City Hall. It was known then and for a long time after as the City Library. An annual meeting of the subscribers for the regulation of its affairs was held at the Exchange on Broad Street. One of the original articles of the subscription-roll shows a jealous provision for the safe return of the books. A subscriber on taking out a volume was to deposit in cash at least one-third more than the value of it with the library-keeper.



THE "RIGGING LOFT," NO. 120 WILLIAM STREET, USED BY THE METHODISTS IN 1767.

In 1772 the collection having become "very considerable," a royal charter was obtained from Governor Tryon and the Council for the institution under the name of the New York Society Library, which it still retains. The first body of trustees named in this instrument were John Watts, William Smith, Robert R. Livingston, Whitehead Hicks, William Livingston, Goldsbrow Banyar, Samuel Jones, Peter Van Brugh Livingston, Peter Ketteltas, Walter Rutherford, David Clarkson and Samuel Bard. The City Library fared no better than the college. Its organization having been broken up for the time, many of the books were lost or destroyed, and it was not till 1788 that a new election was held for trustees, and its regular operations resumed. An Act of the State Legislature the following year, passed "for the removal of doubts respecting the charter," continued its old privileges. In this instrument several of the names of the original trustees reappear, with the addition of Brockholst Livingston, Hugh Gaine, Daniel C. Verplanck and others. Until 1795 the library continued to be deposited in the City Hall, and during the sessions of the General Government in New York, formed the library of Congress. In the year just named it was removed to a commodious building erected for its use on ground purchased by the society in Nassau Street, opposite the Middle Dutch Church, where it remained until 1836, when the property was sold, and a new and more ambitious edifice built at the corner of Broadway and Leonard Street. Here the institution continued till another sale took place, and the building which it at present occupies was erected on University Place.



THE OLD METHODIST CHURCH AND PARSONAGE IN JOHN STREET, OCCUPIED AND DEDICATED OCTOBER 30TH, 1768.

MOTHS are by no means the only enemy of the library, as is pointed out by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries.* "A singular instance," he says, "of the havoc among books which may be made by the growth of fungus was brought to my notice recently. An outer pipe becoming choked, the water it should have conveyed ran down the wall outside. When the presses and books near the wall were examined, the former were found to be strained and loosened, the latter covered with a coating of brownish fungus, three or four inches thick, which fastened them to other books so attacked and to the shelves of the bookcases. On trying to open the books, most of the leaves were found so firmly glued together by a white, silky, sporadic formation, in shape somewhat like seaweed, that attempts to separate the leaves without tearing them were futile. Hundreds of pairs of leaves, in books two or three feet from the wall, were thus penetrated; and, thin as was the coating of fungus, it almost obscured the letterpress, and of course ruined the plates."

THE seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.

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THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

By Robert Burns.

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning;
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstained wi' plunder,
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reached the bonny glen
Where early life I sported;
I passed the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted;
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turned me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' altered voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
Oh, happy, happy may he be
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've served my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger."

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever;
Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never;
Our humble cot and hamely fare
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge—the dear cockade—
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gazed—she reddened like a rose—
Syne pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
"By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!

"The war's are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted."
Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenished fairly;
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!"

For gold the merchant plows the main
The farmer plows the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honor;
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember, he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

A LAST CHANCE

By Annie Thomas.

Like the majority of girls, when I left school, at seventeen, my thoughts were pretty equally divided between the dresses and the lovers I should probably soon possess. I had experienced but few of the changes and chances of this transitory life, and the few I had known were all from good to better. I had gone from a happy, wealth-adorned home to a luxurious school, where learning was made so easy, that the only lesson I learnt thoroughly was the one of pleasing myself. So now, at seventeen, when I was considered finished, I was as ignorant, as vain and as pretentious as only a boarding-school taught, self-willed girl can be.

The home I went back to welcomed me as a delightful addition to its circle, nevertheless. My father, a hard-working lawyer, who made the large fortune so lavishly spent, by incessant labors, was gratified at my appearance, full of faith as to the accomplishments I had acquired, and well satisfied with the perfect repose of manner which I had attained unto, in the firm belief that it was essentially aristocratic.

My mother, the best-hearted and most easy-going of women, was proud of my prettiness, of my taste in dress, and of that love of power which made me take the reins of household government off her shoulders at once, and save her all the trouble of directing the *ménage*.

My dear lenient ones! It was their gentle judgment of me that made me scrutinize my claims more closely, and finally find myself wanting in so much. For, I was their only child, and in time it came to me to feel that an only child owed it to her parents to be superior to little frivolous me.

But this light was not shed in upon me when I went home, at seventeen.

My home was one of the fine old houses in one of the west-central squares which Fashion had deserted for a generation, but which is still the abiding-place of much substantial wealth, and of much good blood.

At first I had a sense of grandeur in being the occupant of a house, the corridors of which were so long and wide, that echoes woke in them as I strutted through in my progresses to and from my own boudoir to the saloons below.

But, after a bit, the fatal pretentiousness of my nature developed, and I began to sigh to leave the grand but gloomy locality that was convenient for my father in all respects, and to aspire to a more western square, or even a western suburb.

It was after being at a ball in one of the palaces out on the Exhibition Road at Kensington that this idea took root in my mind, and the next morning at breakfast I propounded it to my father with much enthusiasm.

A few whispered words from a Guardsman with whom I had waltzed half the night had done the mischief.

I found that the west-central district was foreign soil to him, and in my girlish snobbishness I did long to leave it and live in the regions where he and those of his order were at home.

So I put on my most winning, petting air, and tried to prevail upon papa to at least allow that it "was a pity" we lived here.

But he only laughed at me, and called me a "silly little Ella for preferring one of those studies in stucco" to this fine old mansion, "that will see them crumble into dust, after all."

"But, papa, they won't crumble into dust in my time," I urged, "and that is all we need care for. You see, they're within the pale, and we seem to be out of it here, and it *is* a pity to lose knowing nice people just for the sake of indulging a foolish prejudice in favor of firm foundations."

"Nice people can come here, my dear," he said, dryly.

"But, papa, the sort of people I mean have their caste prejudices, and we seem beyond them here," I said, blushing a good deal; and then my father said:

"Look here, Ella! I don't want to have any small butterflies fluttering in the direction of our home, wherever it may be. Talk to your mother about your trouble, if you have one, and be satisfied with your position, my child. Believe me, it is a very happy one."

Finding, after many attempts to undermine his determination, that my father was resolved to maintain it, I began to crave for a riding-horse, or a carriage and pair of ponies, and permission to go to the park every day during the season.

Both the horse and the permission were granted to me, and then a difficulty presented itself. I could not go there constantly with a groom only, and I had no male relatives with whom I could ride.

From this dilemma I was rescued by my friends in the Exhibition Road. "They rode in the Row daily, and I could always join their party." They were handsome little brunette daughters of Israel who made this proposition—the children of a firm that rolled in wealth, and, above all, they had been the means of my knowing Captain Turnour.

He was lounging over the rails the first day I rode in the Row, but the lounge was exchanged for an erect position, and the steady stare of indifference for a bright smile of recognition, as I passed him. The next day he was on horseback, and stopped for a moment to speak to the Sharam girls; and the following morning he joined our party and rode by my side.

"He is the heir to one of the oldest baronetcies in England," one of the girls whispered to me. "One of his ancestors did some dirty work for James II., and that monarch rewarded him in the easiest way. Alfred Turnour is the nephew of the present baronet, so mind what you are about, Ella."

"Especially as he's one of—what shall I call it?—the *broadest*-moraled men in London," another Miss Sharam said, with a laugh. "He generally flirts with married women, because, whatever is said, he can't be led to the altar by one of them; so trust him not, he's fooling thee," she added, with a laugh.

I looked my sparkling little Jewish allies in the face with a cool smile on my lips and in my eyes, though my heart was burning in my bosom at these imputations.

"Don't be afraid for me," I said, lightly. "I'm fond of chess, and all games of skill——"

"So was the little boy who eventually sang the woful ditty, 'Last night I played with Tommy, lighting straws,'" Marion Sharam said, laughingly. "Take advice, Ella—the advice of one who is more in the world than you are—*yet;* don't light straws with Alf Turnour."

"You speak of him with the familiarity of great friendship, at any rate," I said, rather piqued at hearing her pronounce my idol's name so glibly.

"Oh! all the women who have flirted with him call him Alf," she said, carelessly; "he'll be asking you soon to let him 'hear his name from your lips.' That's one of the first straws he lights, Ella, I assure you."

I at once settled in my mind that Miss Marion Sharam had grossly deceived herself with regard to the handsome, courteous Guardsman, and that now she was revenging herself for his indifference toward her, by striving to poison my mind against him. But it was useless. In quite a fine fury of constancy and fidelity, I assured myself that it was useless, and that I would trust on, trust ever! Whispered words should not spoil truth in this case.

I need not depict on every phase of the affair. It is enough to say that Captain Turnour soon condescended to explore the unknown region in which we dwelt, and to get himself introduced to my father. But when he had gone thus far, he stood still, as it were. That is to say, though I was convinced that he loved me, he did not tell me so.

Two years passed away, and still Captain Turnour was a frequent guest at my father's table, and an *habitué* of my mother's drawing-room for afternoon tea. He treated me with that peculiar manner—that sort of half-expressed and a good-deal-suppressed air of interest—which men do sometimes permit themselves to show to girls to whom they are not openly pledged.

He never missed an opportunity of seeing me—that I knew of. He never devoted himself to any one else while I was by. He never neglected to bestow a warm pressure on my hand when he could do so unobserved. He made me a slave, in short—made me a slave to the passion he so assiduously nurtured. Yet he never suffered me to wear shackles openly in the sight of all men, as I should have been proud of doing. And by a certain sort of moral force that he exercised over me he caused me to guard our secret, till the care with which I did so amounted to deception.

Now that these days are so long passed, I may venture to say candidly what I was then. In very truth, if my fate had been as fair as my face, it would have been a beautiful one, indeed. At nineteen I was as bright a specimen of womanhood as could be found in London. A radiant blonde, with forget-me-not eyes, and the health and figure of a Hebe.

How brilliantly I might have married had it not been for that ideal engagement to the tawny military Adonis, who hesitated so long! I "cast a cornet from me once," as penny-a-liners would express it. To be sure, the cornet covered the white hairs and weak brain of a man old enough to be my father.

But what of that? To the world my beauty was in the marriage-market, and I was a fool for letting such a chance slip.

More than one of the men in my father's rank of life proposed for me. A young barrister, with a literary talent, wanted me for his wife.

"You're a jolly girl, and you see a joke," he said to me, while he was culminating toward a climax.

And that remark sealed his fate. I learnt that he was a burlesque-writer in embryo, and I declined the post of honorary audience.

But I was a girl of the period, inasmuch as two years seemed to me to be a very long time, and so, at nineteen, I began to talk of the "past" more than of the "present" or the "future"—a sign with young girls that they consider they have "gone through" something. And all this time my god never moved from his pedestal, and never seemed to consider that I had a hot heart burning itself out for his sake.

At last, on my nineteenth-birthday ball, he spoke out. Shall I set the scene, and place the people for you, reader? Ah! well, many another actress in real life has

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had to suffer the agony that comes from playing this part, doubtless.

It was my birthnight ball, and I was very much the queen of it, in a dress of silver satin and Honiton lace, with silvery pearls in my hair. What golden, glistening hair it was then! And now it is coarse and gray, and never admired; and I am only twenty-nine!

"Do you remember the first time we waltzed together?" he whispered to me, as he swung me around to the strains of the Hilda Valse.

"Yes. What a long time ago it seems, Alf!" I sighed, for the climax that Miss Sharam had prophesied had come to pass; and he was "Alf" to me at his own request.

"That's because you're so young—such a mere child still," he said, encouragingly. "When you're my age you'll think nothing of two years—they'll pass by too quickly, especially when they are such happy ones as these two last have been."

The exigencies of the exercise we were taking forbade my answering just then. And so I was glad when he counseled a pause, for I was longing to say something that should let him know that my heart had not been so entirely at rest as he really seemed to think during the last two years.

But I found a great difficulty in breaking the silence that settled upon us, as we sauntered away from the ballroom into a conservatory at the back of the house.

When I saw that it was untenanted, I knew that, unless he had a purpose in bringing me there, he would at once make some movement toward returning to the ballroom.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 622.

But he made no such movement. On the contrary, he led me to the most secluded corner, behind a blooming hedge of azaleas and camellias. And when he got me there he placed his hand on mine, as it rested on his arm, and said:

"Ella, would you like to know my uncle and aunt, Sir Lewis and Lady Turnour?"

"Yes—at least——" I began blushing and trembling, and consequently speaking with the awkwardness of a schoolgirl.

"Do you think that Mr. and Mrs. Leyton will let you pay my people a visit?"

"I am sure papa and mamma will, if—I—if you——" I stammered; and he asked:

"If I and if you—what?"

"If I am asked to go and see them properly," I said, trying to be dignified.

"My deal girl, do you want a deputation from them?" he asked, with a laugh. "My dear girl, my invitation is all-sufficient, I assure you. I am as a son to them. They have heard of you, my sweet little friend, and they'll welcome you warmly."

"Are they in London?"

"No; they're too old to care to be torn from their own roost; their place is in Norfolk. I should like you to see it, Ella; it will be mine some day."

"But I can't go without an invitation, and alone," I urged.

"Of course you'll have an invitation from Lady Turnour as soon as I can tell her you will go; and as for going alone, can't your cousin, Mrs. Percy, go with you?"

"Do you know my cousin?" I asked, quickly.

"Oh! yes; Lady Turnour knows her very well, and she naturally occurred to me as a fit and proper chaperon for you, Ella."

"I have never been out to stay without mamma," I answered, gravely; "and I don't think she would like me to go with Lina Percy."

"Are you not friendly? I never meet her at your house," he said, carelessly.

"How funny that all this time I should never have found out that you knew Lina!" I said, thoughtfully.

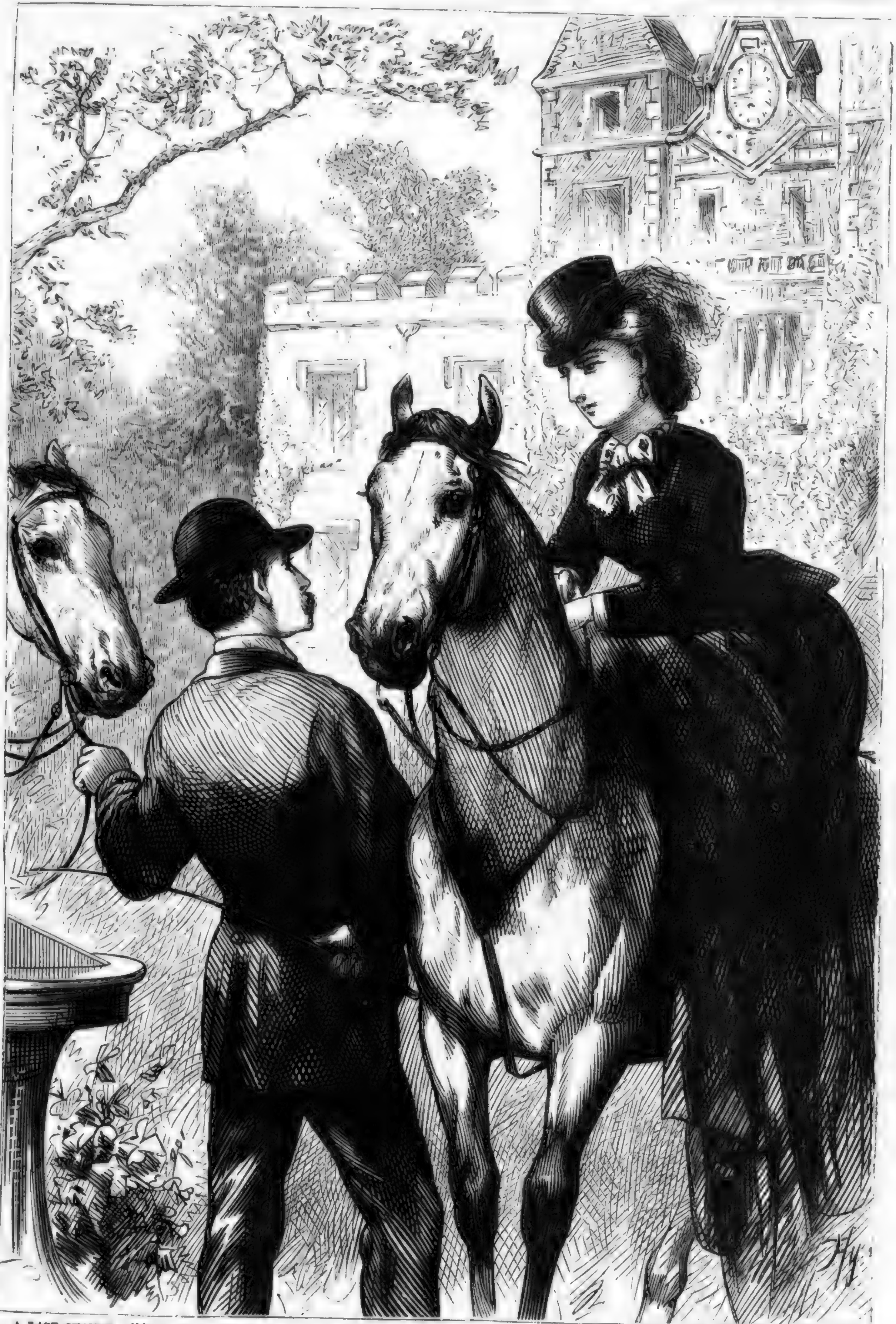
"A man can't proclaim the name of every lady he knows aloud upon the housetops," he said, laughing. "I suppose I forgot her. Don't tell her that, though, or lovely Mrs. Percy will put me in her blackbooks, and punish me by refusing to chaperon you."

"Papa thinks her rather——" I hesitated, and he asked, sharply:

"What does your father think her?"

"Rather flighty," I stammered out. "She was so young, and Mr. Percy so old, when they married, that she got into the way of going about alone a good deal, and papa didn't approve of it."

"I suppose, as old Percy is dead, and she has no other natural protector, your father can scarcely blame her for



A LAST CHANCE.—"'A LAST CHANCE—AND IF IT FAILS! ELLA, WILL YOU BE MY FRIEND STILL, IF, IN THE COURSE OF THIS DAY, I LOSE FRIENDS AND FORTUNE, AS I MAY VERY POSSIBLY DO?'"—SEE PAGE 622.

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going about alone now," he said, dryly. "Well, Ella, it would please me very much to get you down to Marley; I won't press you any more, but I will only tell you that it would please me."

He said no more about the plan then; but the longer I dwelt upon it, the more feasible did it appear. Before the ball was over I told Alf that I would use all my powers of persuasion to induce my parents to let me do as he wished. And I was rewarded by his pressing my hand affectionately, and calling me his "dear little Ella."

The following morning, while I was sitting alone with mamma, I propounded our scheme to her.

"Captain Turnour tells me his people want to know me, mamma. I am to have an invitation to visit them at Marley from Lady Turnour."

"My darling, I have never tried to force your confidence," she said, lovingly; "but I must ask you now, Are you engaged to Captain Turnour?"

"No, mamma; but I feel sure he loves me, and that is why he wants his uncle and aunt to know me; and *do* let me go—*do*, my own darling mother."

"I am afraid it is rather a perilous thing to do," she said, thoughtfully; "it is, in fact, a trial trip that they want you to go upon. If he were your avowed lover it would be different; but as it is——"

"As it is! Oh! mother, dear, my going will be the means of its coming right all the sooner," I pleaded.

"But what reason can they give for inviting you?" she urged.

"They know Lina Percy very well," I said, "and I am to be asked to go with her."

And then mamma shook her head, and said the subject required grave consideration.

Mrs. Percy called on us that day, and as she rarely came near us more than once in a twelvemonth, I naturally thought that she had come to speak about the topic that was uppermost in my mind. But when I asked her about it she professed utter ignorance of it, and laughed, and said it was very cool of Captain Turnour to try and use her as a cat's-paw.

"I didn't know till last night that he knew you, Lina," I said.

"In fact, until he thought he could make me useful he forgot my existence," she said, laughing merrily. "Well, dear, though Marley is a dull hole, and the two old people are the prosiest of the prosy, and look upon me as an imp of the evil one into the bargain, if they ask me, I'll go, for your sake."

"We should have asked you to Ella's birthday ball, Lina, if we had known where you were; but you were in Paris, the last time we heard," my mother said, half in reproach, and half in apology.

"Yes," Lina replied; "and went on to Marseilles, meaning to go to Jericho, but funds ran short, as usual. Oh, Ella, whatever you do, don't marry an old man who'll reward you for your devotion to him by dying and leaving you a wretched hundred and fifty a year to starve upon."

"Poor child," my mother said, softly; and, to my surprise, my lovely cousin, whom I had never known other than the gayest of the gay, burst into a passion of tears, and ran and fell on her knees by mamma's side, and buried her brilliant face in mamma's lap, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"What a wretch I am—what a wretch I am!" she moaned, and then she jumped up, and wiped her eyes, and said, "And what a fool I am to make so much ado about nothing," and laughed, and was herself again.

I can't stay to narrate every turn and involution of the affair. An invitation from Lady Turnour came in due course. She "hoped I would accompany my cousin, Mrs. Percy, on a visit to Marley." That was all. But Alf represented to me that his aunt was old and stiff, and that, therefore, that was enough.

My mother managed to put a hundred pounds in a handsome purse in Lina's hand a week before we left town, for the cry of poverty had touched her warm heart.

"Your uncle and I both feel that you are going on our child's account, and we wish you to go looking your best, my dear," she said. And Lina pleased them in this respect. She did go looking her best, and her best was very beautiful.

My heart palpitated strangely when I found myself at Marley—at the place of which I should surely be the mistress some day. Sir Lewis and Lady Turnour were both very kind to me in a hearty, cordial way, for which I was not prepared. They were kind to Lina, too, but after a stiffer fashion.

"You see," she said to me, bitterly, "I faced something in coming here for your sake."

Captain Turnour followed us in a few days, and the morning after his arrival, Lady Turnour startled me by saying:

"I was very sorry, my dear, that your mamma could not come with you."

"She was not asked," I blurted out, in my surprise, and Lady Turnour seemed disconcerted for a moment; but she recovered herself, and said:

"I suppose Alfred wanted to have you all to himself. Will you allow me to speak on that subject, dear, or do you indorse the embargo that Alfred has laid upon it?"

"Lady Turnour," I began, in an agony of embarrassment, "I don't quite know what I ought to say. Captain Turnour and I are only friends."

"You are not engaged?" she said, kindly. "Well, dear, honestly, I am sorry for it, and the sooner you are, the better I shall be pleased. Delays are dangerous, especially when Lina Percy is in the way. My child, if I had suspected that the affair was still undecided between you and Alfred, I should not have allowed you to come here under her auspices."

I felt that I was in a perfect quagmire of misconceptions, and as if to illustrate the text she had spoken, at this very moment I caught sight of the figures of Alf and Lina sauntering along a glade of the park.

Concealing my agitation as well as I could, I refrained from calling Lady Turnour's attention to the pair. But I was resolved to clear away as much of the mist as I could, and so I said:

"I have known Alf—Captain Turnour—for two years, and I never heard him mention my cousin till three weeks ago, when he proposed my coming here with her. Will you tell me how long they have been intimate?"

She shook her head.

"My dear," she said, "Lina Percy is a Circe. Now she is here again, I can't think anything but kindly of her; but *how* I wish she had never come!"

At luncheon that day, Alf proposed, with a show of devotion to me, that I should ride with him in the afternoon. And when I had somewhat sulkily acceded to his proposition, I noticed a meaning glance interchanged between him and Lina. Before I had time to conjecture even what it might mean, she was speaking in that dulcet voice of hers, which was one of her most powerful attractions.

"And as I am excluded by mutual consent from the riding-party, will you let me drive you, Sir Lewis?"

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Sir Lewis fidgeted, looked pleased, glanced at his wife, and finally said:

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Percy, an old fellow like me mustn't monopolize you."

"Let me drive you, please do," she said, pleadingly.

"I thought you said you were going to have the carriage and make some calls, didn't you, my dear?" the baronet said, addressing his wife.

"Yes, and I thought Mrs. Percy would go with me; but if she prefers going with you in the pony-chaise——"

"Oh! I dread calls," Lina said, with a shudder; "down about here, too, where Mr. Percy was regarded with such pity for having married me. If Sir Lewis will not have me, I will ask leave to stay home."

But Sir Lewis was far too gallant to allow her to do it, after that speech, and so we went up-stairs to dress together.

I soon had my habit on, and then I went into her room. I went in without knocking, and I was horrified at seeing her down on her knees, her face buried in her hands. She seemed in pain—mental pain I judged it to be, for, as I came close to her, she was muttering:

"Heaven help me!—it is a last chance."

Then I put my arm over her shoulder, and called:

"Lina, Lina, what is the matter?"

She dropped her hands, and raised her white, scared face to mine.

"How you would pity me if I dared tell you the truth!" she said; "and how you would hate me, too!"

"Tell me the truth—tell it to me—try me; I shall never hate you," I said, impetuously, though I felt my own heart swelling with some undefined evil.

But she shook her head, and got up slowly, saying:

"No, not yet, Ella; go and have your ride, and—kiss me, Ella."

I kissed her, and felt her lips were icy cold, and again I begged her to tell her trouble to me as she would to a sister. But she would not.

"It was nothing," she said, "and would soon be over, one way or another."

And then, while I stood by, baffled and silent, she began to dress.

She had on one of those amber-colored Chinese silks, made like a Watteau sacque, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade. I thought as she put on a little Tuscan Tyrolean hat that matched it, and gloves of the same tint, that I had never seen that splendid, luminous, dark beauty of hers so becomingly arrayed before, and I told her so presently.

"I'm glad of it," she said, simply. "I need it all. Now, don't question me, but go for your ride."

So we parted, and went on our respective ways. Alf and I waited to see Sir Lewis and Mrs. Percy start in the pony-carriage, and as we watched them out of sight at the end of the avenue, he turned to put me on my horse, with such a world of anxiety in his eyes, that I asked:

"Alf, what is it?"

"A last chance—and if it fails! Ella, will you be my friend still, if, in the course of this day, I lose friends and fortune, as I may very possibly do?"

"Your friend always and ever, Alf," I said, passionately, giving him my hand, as he looked up, after adjusting my foot in the stirrup.

He grasped it warmly for a moment, then mounted his horse, and we rode away.

"Alf," I said, at last, after we had ridden a long way in ominous silence, "my cousin Lina used the same words as you did just now—'A last chance.' Tell me their meaning, will you?"

"I have brought you out for that purpose," he said. "Bad as I am, Ella, I am not bad enough to deceive you any longer——"

"Deceive *me*, Captain Turnour!" I interrupted, trying to speak with some sort of composure and dignity, and failing, failing miserably.

"Call me Alf still, Ella—you may, dear, for I am your cousin's husband. There, I've blurted out the truth abruptly, after all," I heard him add, as my brain reeled in my head, and my body quivered in the saddle.

I controlled myself presently, sharply as I was suffering; but I saw that he was in bitter anxiety and need, and so loving him as I did, what could I do but control myself for his sake? And as I grew calm, he told me the story—in order to be able to ask for my aid when it was told.

"I knew Lina before her husband died," he said, "and I was awfully taken with her from the very first. Fools said that we were more than friends while the old man was alive; but they lied, Ella—on my honor, they did.

"However, my uncle and aunt got old of the report, and so, when Lina was left a widow, they set themselves against her, and so brought about all this mischief by their obstinacy.

"I was far too fond of her to trust her away from me unbound, and so at last I got her to agree to a private marriage. This was just a few days before I met you at the Sharams' party, two years ago.

"When I found that you were Lina's cousin, and that you had money, I behaved like a blackguard, I acknowledge it now. But what could I do? If I hadn't hinted to Sir Lewis and my aunt that I was thinking seriously of you, they would have bothered me about marrying some one else; and I always fancied that in time I might turn my intimacy with you to account for Lina."

"As you have done," I said, bitterly. "How *could* she——"

Then I remembered that she was his wife, and I would not say hard things of her.

"Well," he went on, dejectedly, "she bore the secrecy and the misery and the degradation of it all gallantly, until the other day. Then she told me that, for her honor's sake, I must acknowledge her as my wife, whatever it cost me. And then we put our heads together, and came to the conclusion that if she could only get hold of Sir Lewis, she might fascinate him into forgiving her. She is so marvelously fascinating, you know, Ella, that she can make a fellow do anything almost.

"The only way to get her here was to get her invited as your cousin—to get her here as your chaperon; and trouble enough I had about it, I can tell you. Lady Turnour was so absurdly punctilious, that she wanted to invite your mother, and I had to say that your mother never left her own home. Then, when I proposed that Mrs. Percy should be asked in your mother's place, they forthwith remembered the scandal about our old flirtation; and I had to vow, before I could get her asked, that I would be discretion itself, and devote myself to—in fact, Ella, I couldn't stick at anything, things had come to such a pass."

"And—and—your wife is to tell this to Sir Lewis this afternoon," I said, gallantly, gulping down a very big sob. Then, I pitied them both so deeply, pitied them so heartily, both for having been guilty of this deception, and for the consequences that might ensue from it, that I mastered my own emotion, in order to be able to give him as much comfort as I might be granted the power to give him.

It was the hardest hour of my life—that hour that I

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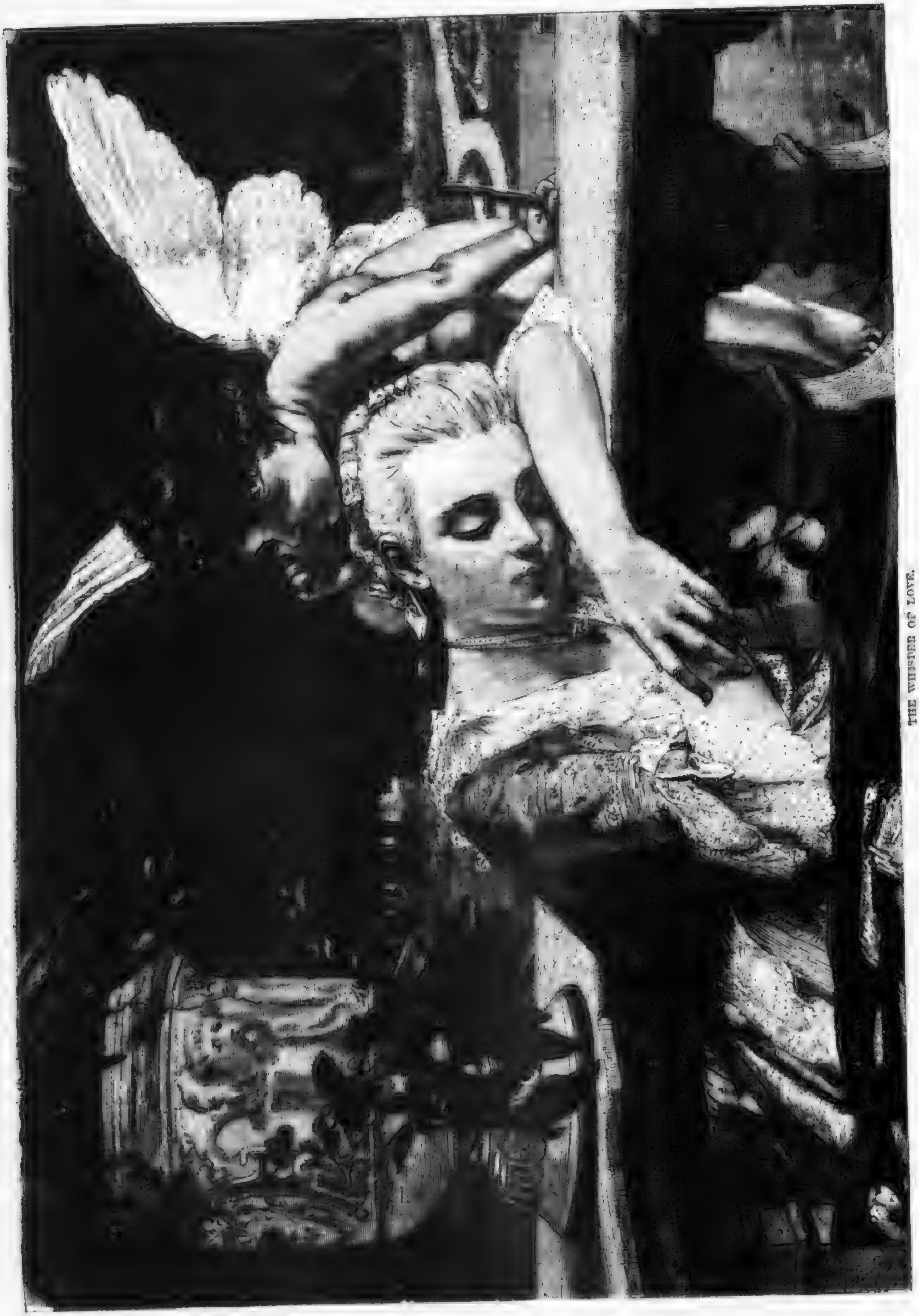


THE WHISPER OF LOVE.

rode with Alf Turnour, and heard from his own lips how false and cruel he had been to me. False and cruel, and utterly regardless of me? And yet at the same moment that I knew him to have been these things, I felt that I could have died to serve him. When we got home, I tore up to my own bedroom at once, and threw myself down in a more bitter abandonment of woe and despair than can ever be my portion again.

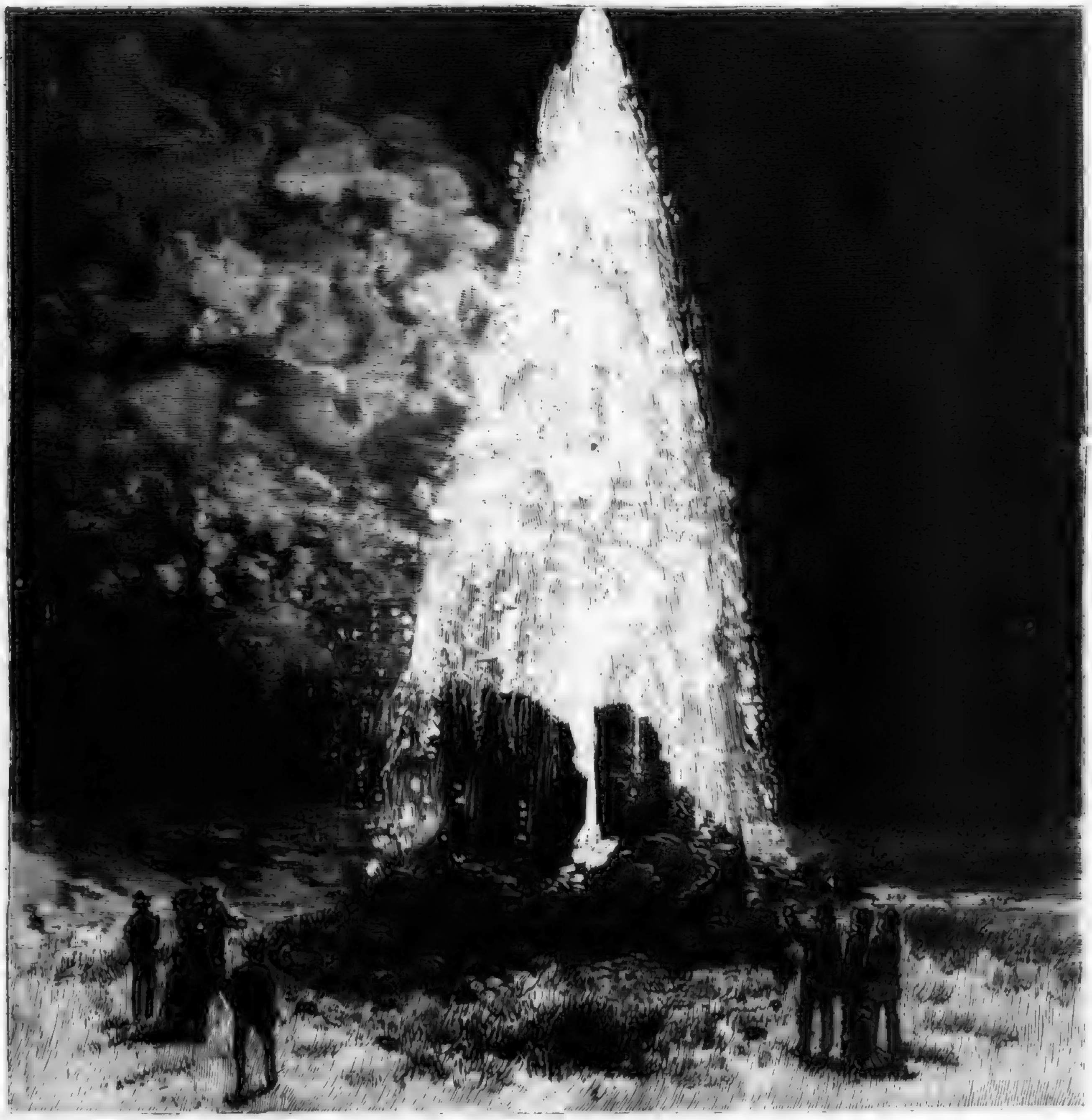
But my first passion was over (I had loved him and believed in him for two years, remember). I recollected that there was one whose troubles would be heavier than mine, if this final appeal, this last chance, failed. If Sir Lewis proved inflexible, and Alf lost his inheritance, the woman he had married would have more bitter cause to rue her love for him than even I had.

My heart gentled toward her in the midst of my own misery. How she had been maligned, poor, pretty, loving creature! When we—her relatives—in our harsh, imaginary superior virtue had been censuring her for some of her apparently flighty ways and unnecessary wanderings, possibly she had only been obeying a mandate of her husband's! How ill she had looked this afternoon, too! In spite of the deception that had been practiced on me by both, I forgave them in that hour from the bottom of my heart.

At length I heard the rumble of the wheels of the pony-carriage, and I got myself to the window in time to see them come up to the doorsteps. She had surrendered the reins to Sir Lewis, and was sitting with her head bent down very low. It gave me a pang and a pleasure to see that her husband was there to meet her. There was no word spoken by any one of the three, and they went in at once, and I waited in agony for the *dénouement.* That night a child was born at Marley, and, while the suffering, beautiful, rash young mother was hovering between life and death, the "old people" relented, and forgave the nephew who was their heir. He had been weak, but she was so strangely lovely and charming, the old baronet allowed that there was no wonder in any man being weak.

"Alf had not been dishonorable." That was their great comfort.

He had not been dishonorable! No; he had only laid my life waste, and that fact being beyond their ken, they said nothing about it. Freely as I forgave them both, it did occur to me to think that they had a little under-



GEYSERS.—FIG. 1.—GIANT GEYSER OF THE YELLOWSTONE IN ACTION.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

valued me in using me so wholly and solely as a means to their end. He need not have made me love him so well! He might have spared me the crowning shame of bringing me away from home under false pretenses.

But the sting was taken out of this fact when I went back to "my own," for "my own" received me as if I were a glory to them still.

Ah! children who haven't needed it, yet believe me that the wound must be mortal that cannot be soothed by parental balm and oil. They never so much as adverted to the possibility of any other result having been anticipated than this one of Lina's being Alf's wife. They restored my self-respect, though they were powerless to restore my happiness.

It is ten years ago that I went down to Marley on that trial trip, which ended in my heart being wrecked, and though I am Ella Leyton still—though I have never tried the efficacy of a second love in removing all traces of a first—still I am not objectless.

The little child who was born on the night of the day when Lina tried her last chance, and won it, is my godson and my darling, and his mother is my friend, and his father is good enough to say that if he hadn't been so awfully fond of his wife, he believes he should have fallen in love with me, while he was pretending to do so.

He does not know that I am Ella Leyton still for his sake; and so often he expresses genuine sorrow that I should be letting Time slip by so. "It will be awkward for you, dear—Lina and I often say so—when you find your last chance gone," he says, little knowing that my last chance was gone when he told me the truth about the two years, that day I rode with him at Marley.

CHIMNEYS OF A CITY.

Looking over a great city from the vantage-ground of some attic-window, what strange reflections rise in the mind! Only to watch the curling smoke of thousands of chimneys is to follow in thought the fate of many a household.

What romance those unpalpable wreaths could tell if only utterance were theirs; what tales of love and truth; what tales of misery and woe. Sometimes the eye, gazing down upon the dwelling-places of thousands, will select one curling smoke-track and follow it in spirit whence it came.

Suppose, under such circumstances, that its origin lay in the furnace-fire of some tenement-house, in some thronged habitations where men and women, girls and boys, old age and infancy, sleep, love and suffer under one roof. If only that roof could be removed for the nonce, and the quaint spirit of the west wind bear us unseen into the midst, what a picture of human life should we find! From cellar to attic, life—and life does not mean pictured show, but terrible reality. In every room, human hearts, throbbing, hoping, fearing, suffering, and, let us hope, sometimes enjoying. What tales would then be ours; what records of endurance, of loyalty under danger, of heroism under humiliation!

There are two modes of establishing our reputation: to be praised by honest men, and to be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will be invariably accompanied by the latter. His calumniation is not only the greatest benefit a rogue can confer upon us, but it is also the only service that he will perform for nothing.

GEYSERS.

By Professor W. F. Barrett.

Perhaps not one of the grander operations of nature awakens more interest in a thoughtful mind than the magnificent phenomenon which forms the subject of this paper. Every one knows that a *geyser* is a gigantic and intermittent fountain of boiling water, found not only in Iceland, where it is best known, but also in New Zealand, and on a vast scale in the Yellowstone Region.

The *glacier*, on the other hand, is a huge river of ice, slowly moving down a mountain side, perpetually renewed by the snowfields above. The present glaciers of Switzerland or of Norway are, however, very much smaller than those gigantic sheets of ice which swathe the interior of Greenland, and that once covered whole regions of this country and the continent of Europe. Not only do these phenomena, in their magnificence and ceaseless unrest, afford a sublime spectacle, but they appeal to the reason as well as to the sight. For the geyser tells us that beneath the ice-clad surface of the ground is a source of unquestionable heat, a hidden storehouse of tremendous energy; whilst the glacier speaks of a realm of perpetual cold that remains unwarmed though traversed by the rays of a tropical sun. Mankind, with all its appliances, cannot alter by the smallest fraction of a degree this inner bosom of heat nor this outer mantle of cold. Nevertheless, in the slow march of ages these conditions have changed, and still are changing, for the tendency of nature is toward uniformity. As the sea rounds the pebble on the shore, and strives to level the surface of the earth, so under the operation of time broad differences of temperature gradually disappear.

Time is, in fact, a most pitiless communist. Thus, the extremes of heat and cold are less than once they were, and hence the glacier, and probably the geyser, of to-day are but pygmies compared with the giants that were in existence in years long past. As if, however, to teach man the humbleness of his reason as well as the smallness of his strength, these ancient and impressive phenomena have as yet received but a partial explanation, and that only at the present day. This much, however, is evident to the most ignorant. In the geyser we have water boiling and boiling over; in the glacier we have water frozen and slipping down the mountain side. Out of the commonest of all things—water—we are presented with the most imposing of appearances and the most puzzling of physical problems.

To the geysers let us first address ourselves. The boiling springs of Iceland are better known than those elsewhere. They are situated near the great glacial plateau in the south central part of the island, some score of miles from Hecla, and some 300 feet to 400 feet above the sea. The Great Geyser is the most conspicuous of the Icelandic group. Observed at rest, all that is seen of this geyser, which may be taken as a typical one, is a saucer-shaped pool of hot water, contained in a smooth circular basin from forty feet to fifty feet in diameter. In the centre of the basin is a tube nearly ten feet across, and from seventy to eighty feet deep, and this, of course, is also filled with water, near its boiling-point. Within this tube lies the secret of the seething fountain that periodically bursts forth, accompanied by vast clouds of steam, and with rumbling sounds and rattling explosions, causing the earth to quake for a considerable distance around.

The word geyser (pronounced "giser") is derived from the Icelandic word *geysa*, "to be impelled"—that is, something gushing forth. It is commonly imagined that if one visits the geyser district, an eruption is sure to be seen within the course of an hour. But this is by no means the case—at any rate, so far as regards the display of the Great Geyser, which is the special object of attraction. Moreover, it is to be regretted that the intervals between the eruptions of this geyser are growing longer and longer.

In 1770, the Great Geyser broke into eruption nearly every hour; in 1814, every six hours; in 1872, only once or twice a week; and now often a week is spent fruitlessly waiting for an eruption to occur. Here is an interesting account of an eruption, given by an eye-witness: "It was a grand display, and well worth all the waiting. Instead of ending suddenly or gradually, the steam salute shot faster and faster; thuds followed each other rapidly, and the whole ground shook; then the sound of dashing water and the music of waves was added to the turmoil. A great dome rose in the middle of the pool, and frequent waves dashed over the edge of the basin, while streams overflowed and drenched the whole mound. Great masses of rolling steam burst out of the water-domes, and rose in the still air, swelling like white cumulus clouds against a hard blue sky. At last the whole pool, fifty and odd feet wide, rose up, a single dome of boiling water, and burst; and then the column in the tube, seventy feet deep and twenty feet wide, was shot out of the bell-mouthed blunderbuss with a great burst of steam. The charge scattered; it rose about eighty feet, and most of it fell back and sank in with a rush; and so the glittering fountain rose thrice, like some mighty growth."

The height to which the column of water is thrown has been variously estimated. The earliest records—a century ago—say 300 feet; but in modern times 100 feet seems to be the general opinion of scientists, and this has been confirmed by careful measurements made by competent observers.

Having thus obtained a glimpse of the phenomena attending an eruption of a geyser, we shall have more interest in searching for the explanation of these wonderful fountains. The clew to their mystery will doubtless be found in a careful study of boiling water. Water, when it boils, turns into an invisible vapor, steam. Incidentally we may remark that most people imagine steam is the visible cloud we see issuing from a kettle or a locomotive. But it is not so. True steam is quite invisible: the white cloud we see consists of water finely divided—a water-dust, as it were—and these impalpable particles of water are for the time suspended in the air by reason of their extreme lightness. Any one can easily illustrate this. Put a kettle on the fire, and let it boil vigorously, so that a good cloud of so-called steam issues from the spout. Now light a torch of paper, and hold it beneath the cloud near the spout. Instantly the cloud vanishes. The steam is there, but it is invisible. The heat has converted the myriads of fine particles of water formed by the cool air of the room into the perfectly invisible vapor of water, or true steam. If we could see inside the kettle, as we can see inside a glass flask in which a little water is boiling, a space as transparent and invisible as air would occupy the interior. As, however, we have no word to designate the white cloud of partially condensed steam, we must understand the limitations under which the word steam is used when applied, as is usual, to the cloud of fine spray. Now when the water is converted into true steam, the latter occupies a volume 1,650 times as large as that of the water. This is easily remembered by observing that a cubic inch of water is converted into about a cubic foot of steam.

A simple experiment will illustrate the large bulk occupied by steam relatively to the water whence it was derived. In the bulb A (Fig. 2) is placed some water, which is kept boiling by means of a spirit-lamp, and thus the upper half of the bulb and the tube A C are filled with steam. When the lamp is taken away, this steam is condensed by the cold water in the vessel C, which is observed to rise slowly in the tube till it has rounded the bend, when it rushes tumultuously into the bulb A, and fills it entirely with water. The steam has been condensed to a very small quantity of water, relatively speaking. An empty Florence oil-flask may be used for this experiment. Boil a little water within the flask, and then, whilst the water is boiling and the steam issuing from the neck, suddenly invert the flask in a basin of cold water. Up will rush the water, and fill the flask with a blow that sometimes drives the bottom right off. The condensation of the steam has made a partial vacuum in the bulb or flask, and the pressure of the atmosphere urges up the water below. This is the principle of Savery's early form of steam-pump; for the water would also have risen if the tube had been any height less than thirty feet to thirty-four feet. A more striking experiment, illustrating the same fact, may be made with a tin canister having a narrow neck. In the canister a little water is boiled, and whilst boiling, the neck is corked. On pouring cold water over the canister, the sides are completely and suddenly crushed in. The cold water condenses the steam within, thus causing a great shrinkage of bulk, and consequent diminution of pressure; so that there is nothing to oppose the external atmospheric pressure, which crushes in the sides of the cylinder.

It is this largely augmented bulk given to the water, this elastic force imparted to it by heat, that drives the steam-engine, and which is evidently the motive force in the geyser. In 1812, Sir George Mackenzie, in his now classical work, "Travels in Iceland," proposed an explanation of the geysers founded on this principle. He imagined that the geyser-tube communicated at its lower extremity with some subterranean cavern, the neck of which was contracted, as shown in Fig. 3. These caverns, partially filled with water by percolation through the soil above, were, he supposed, heated by heat-conducting rocks, which derived their warmth from the internal heat of the earth. The water would thus be boiled, and the steam so generated would accumulate in the space above the water until it gained an elastic force sufficient to blow the water out of the tube. Or, failing this, the steam escaping round the neck of the cavern by pushing the water before it, would condense in the cooler water of the tube, and thus cause merely a rising and falling of the water within the basin above, as is seen in some of the geysers.

To illustrate this theory, we may partly fill an ordinary chemical retort with water, and, turning the neck upward, heat the bulb, which will represent the cavern, as shown in Fig. 4. As soon as the water begins to boil, the column of water in the tube is lifted up, steam escapes round the bend, the pressure is relieved, and the column subsides. By tightly corking the end of the tube, we may, of course, obtain an accumulation of pressure, which ultimately blows out the water with considerable eruption.

Simple as is this explanation, and long as it has held its ground, it probably does not represent the true cause of the activity of the geysers. Fortunately for science, Robert Wilhelm Bunsen, the great German chemist, has

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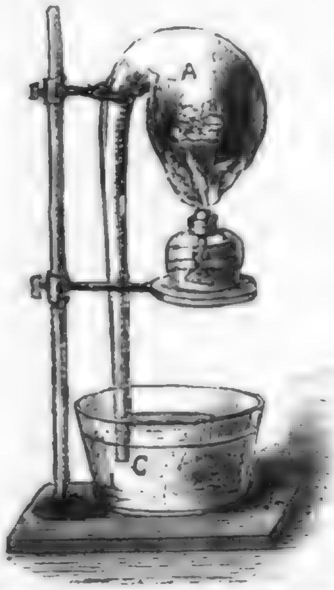


FIG. 2.—SHOWING RELATIVE BULK OF STEAM TO THE WATER WHENCE IT IS DERIVED.

given us a key which unlocks the mystery of the geyser eruption, without resource to any hypothetical subterranean cavern. Just prior to an explosion, Bunsen was able to take the temperature of the water at various depths in the geyser-tube. From these observations he was led to propound an ingenious and satisfactory explanation—one subsequently verified by Professor Wiedemann, who, guided by Bunsen's theory, constructed an excellent artificial geyser simply with a long, straight tube of water, heated at the bottom.

Let us now try to understand the nature of Professor Bunsen's theory, as it probably represents the true explanation of the geyser fountain. Under ordinary circumstances, water boils in an open vessel at a constant temperature, which is 212° upon the Fahrenheit thermometer, at the sea-level. However much heat we may supply to the water, it will get no hotter by continued or violent boiling, so long as the vessel remains uncovered. But the result is very different if a cover be put on the vessel and tightly fastened down. In this case the steam cannot escape, and thus the heat given to the water can no longer be carried away; the consequence is that the temperature rises above the ordinary boiling-point; and if we had a vessel strong enough, we might make the water as hot as molten brass. The high temperature that can be given to water under pressure led to the invention of the "digester," which is commonly employed in the manufacture of soup and gelatine. On the other hand, if we lessen the atmospheric pressure which originally rested upon the surface of the water, it will boil at a temperature below the ordinary boiling-point. In fact,

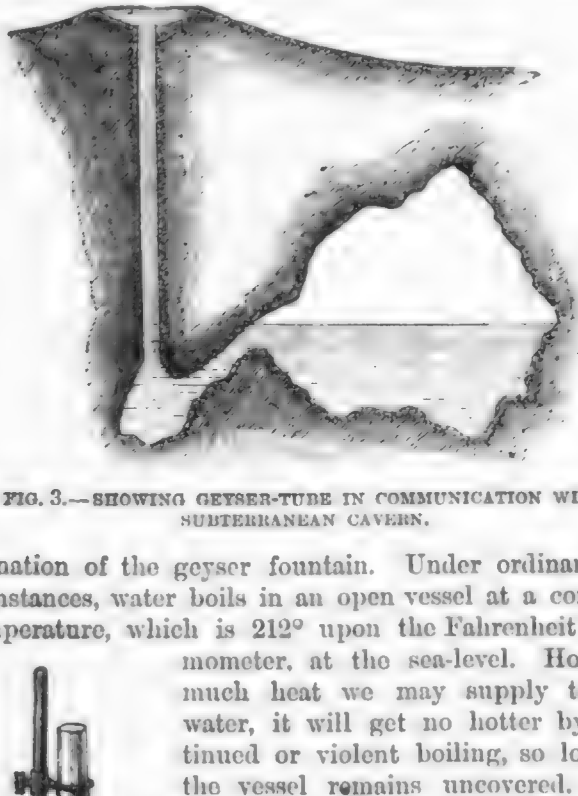


FIG. 3.—SHOWING GEYSER-TUBE IN COMMUNICATION WITH SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN.

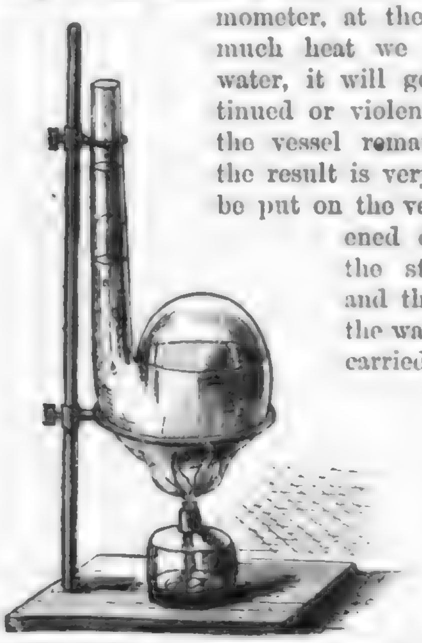


FIG. 4.—ILLUSTRATING THE "CAVERN" THEORY.

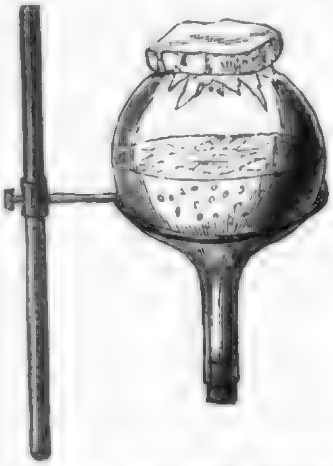
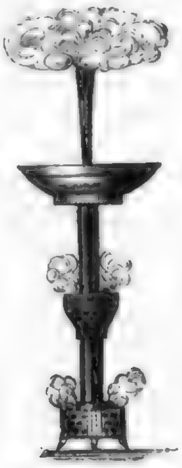


FIG. 5.—ILLUSTRATING THE DEPENDENCE OF EBULLITION UPON PRESSURE.



ARTIFICIAL GEYSERS.

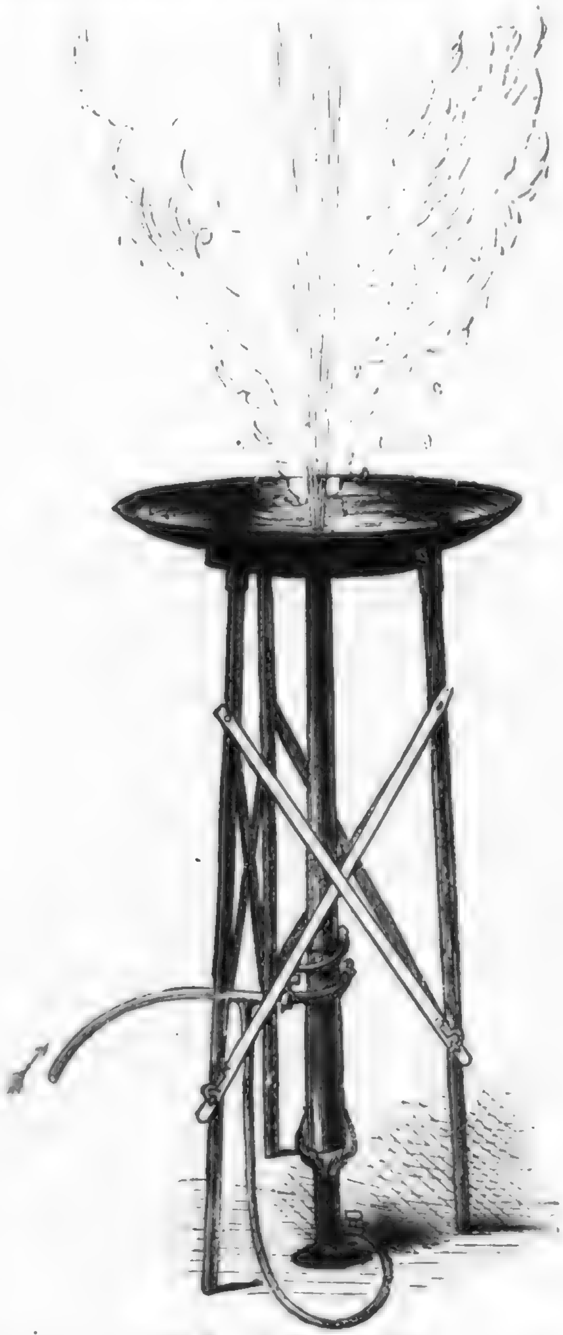


FIG. 6.—MODEL OF GEYSER.

this is one in which the height of mountains can be ascertained—by carefully noting the temperature of ebullition at various altitudes, for it is found approximately that the boiling-point of water is reduced 1° Fahrenheit for every 590 feet we rise above the sea-level. At the top of Mont Blanc, for example, the boiling-point of water is 185° Fahrenheit. Beyond that point we cannot raise the temperature of the water in an open vessel, at this elevation.

A simple and pretty experiment enables us to prove the dependence of ebullition upon pressure. If water be boiled in a Florence flask, the lamp removed, and the flask instantly corked, the water can again be made to boil by simply condensing the steam in the upper part of the vessel with a wet cloth. Condensation of the steam diminishes the pressure within, and the temperature of the water being above the boiling-point at this pressure, it enters into rapid ebullition, which can be renewed from time to time by afresh condensing the steam. By inverting the flask we may use a block of ice to condense the

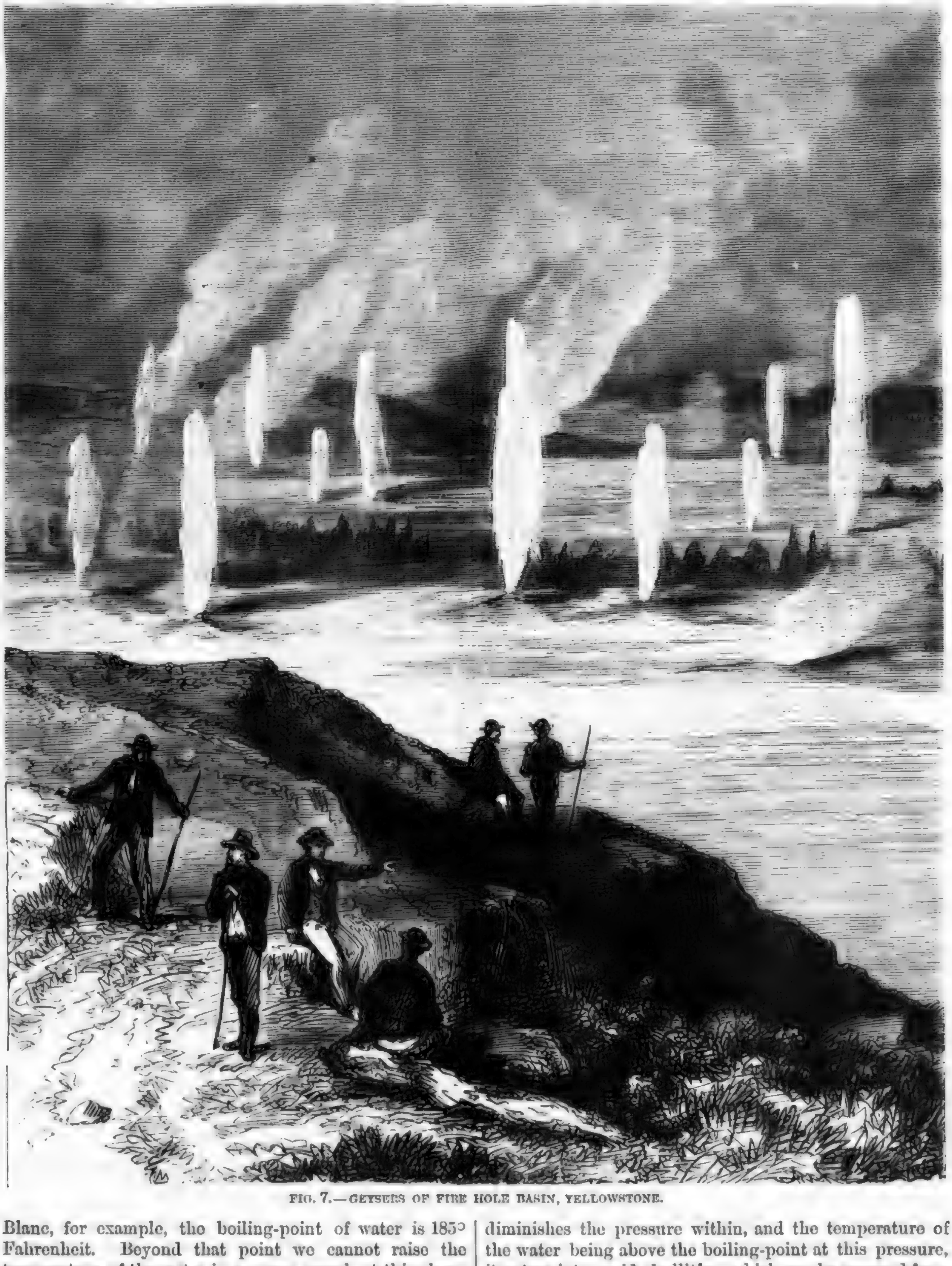


FIG. 7.—GEYSERS OF FIRE HOLE BASIN, YELLOWSTONE.

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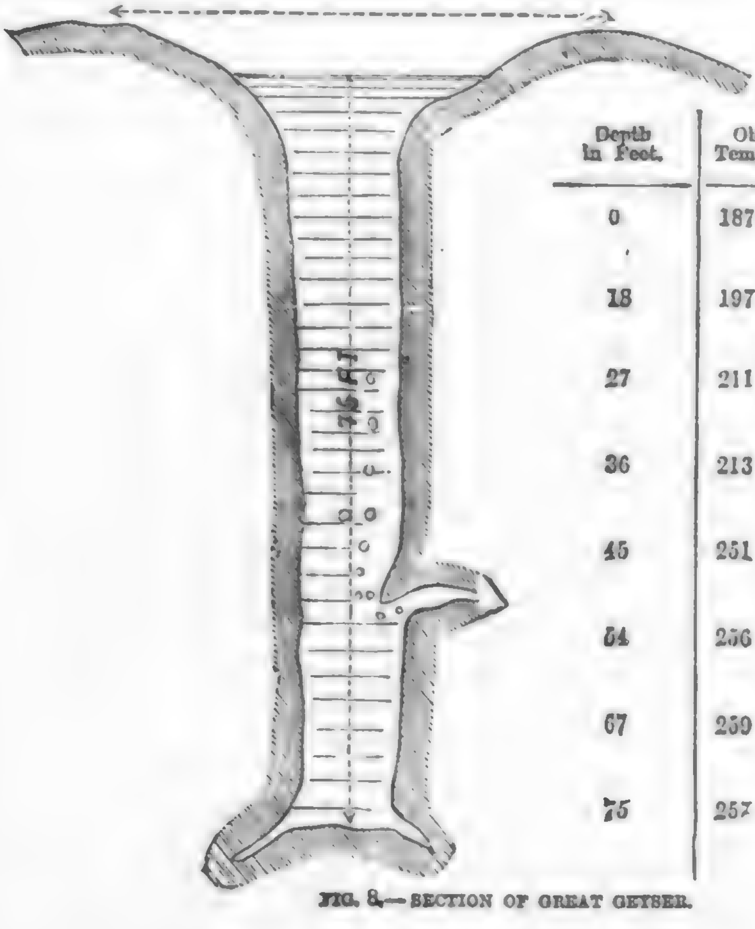
uperincumbent steam, and thus boil the water by the application of cold, as is shown in Fig. 5. It will be understood, of course, that the water, though boiling, is not so hot as if it were boiling in the open air. The following table shows at a glance the boiling-point of water at various places:

Name of Place.	*Height in Feet.*	*Mean Height of Barometer.*	*Boiling Point of Water.*
			Fahr.
Mont Blanc	15,790	16·5 inches	185°
Quito	9,541	20·7 "	194°
Mexico	7,471	22·5 "	198°
St. Gothard	6,808	23·1 "	199°
Briançon	4,285	25·4 "	204°
Madrid	1,995	27·7 "	208°
Moscow	984	28·4 "	210°
Vienna	436	29·4 "	211°
Level of the Sea	0	30·0 "	212°
	Feet deep.		
Bottom of a Lake	34	60·0 " or 2 atmos.	250°
" " Great Geyser.	77	3¼ "	280°
" " Artesian well.	1,000	29 "	453° (Tin melts.)
" North Pacific *Challenger* sounding	23,700	728 "	900° (Bronze melts).
Probable depth of parts of the ocean	32,500	1,000 "	963° (Red heat.)

It should be noticed that as we descend in a mine the boiling-point of water is raised; and if the water could be made to boil at the bottom of an artesian well 1,000 feet deep, the pressure of the superincumbent column of water, together with that of the atmosphere, would be equal to twenty-nine atmospheres of pressure, and under such circumstances water would boil at a temperature of 453° Fahrenheit. Calculated in this way, at the greatest depth of the ocean, water would be raised to a temperature of red heat before it would boil.

We may now apply these facts to geyser eruptions. In the next diagram (Fig. 8) is given in section a view of the Great Geyser of Iceland, and by its side a series of temperatures carefully taken at the depths given in the first column. In the third column is placed the calculated temperature at which the water would boil at those depths. In every case it will be observed that the actual temperature before the eruption was below the proper boiling-point for the particular spot. A ledge was noticed, in the soundings taken, not far from the bottom of the tube, and from under this ledge steam seemed to be issuing. Let us suppose that the temperature gradually rose to the theoretical boiling-point at this spot. Steam would then be formed, and would lift up the column of water to some extent; the pressure in the tube would thus be diminished by the water spreading into or overflowing the basin above. At forty-five feet the water had a temperature of 251° Fahrenheit; even were this temperature not increased, but the depth merely reduced by the surface overflow to thirty-six feet, the water would be at a temperature above its boiling-point at this depth. For here it would boil at 250° Fahrenheit, and the actual temperature is 251°. Having thus an excess of heat above its boiling-point, a sudden generation of steam would take place, which would eject the column of water overhead. Furthermore, the moment the pressure is diminished throughout the tube, the stored heat in the water below would generate large quantities of steam in the lower part of the tube, and the whole mass of water above, with the contents of the basin, would be hurled into the air amid clouds of liberated steam. The water, cooled by its eruption, and falling back into the basin, will be once more heated, and after a time again expelled, producing the periodic eruptions that are observed.



Depth in Feet.	Observed Temperature.	Calculated Boiling-point of Water at this Depth
0	187° Fahr.	212° Fahr.
18	197 "	235 "
27	211 "	212 "
36	213 "	250 "
45	251 "	259 "
54	256 "	266 "
67	259 "	275 "
75	257 "	280 "

FIG. 8.—SECTION OF GREAT GEYSER.

The construction of an artificial geyser, therefore, simply requires a long, straight, water-tight tube fixed into a basin overhead. It is convenient to heat the bottom of the tube with gas, and to imitate the heating a little higher up the geyser-tube by a spiral of gas-flames, fixed about a foot or so from the lower end of the tube. Fig. 6 shows the whole apparatus. The present writer has had tubes of various sizes made, and the following dimensions may be found useful. The large geyser shown in the figure has a tube of galvanized iron five feet six inches long, and four and a half inches in diameter at its lower end, tapering to, say, one and a half inches at the upper. It is convenient to make the tube screw into the basin, which is about four feet in diameter. The wooden supports rest in sockets in the basin, from which they can easily be removed; they are braced together to give rigidity. A smaller geyser may be made of a tin tube three feet long, two and a half inches wide at the bottom, tapering to three-quarters of an inch above, with a basin two feet in diameter. The large geyser erupts periodically about every ten minutes, and the smaller one about every minute. The height to which these eruptions rise is three feet in the large tube and one foot in the smaller one. By corking either of the tubes, we may obtain a magnificent eruption of thirty feet high in the larger tube, and fifteen feet in the smaller one. This corking of the tube is but an imitation of what is actually done to provoke the eruption of a smaller geyser in Iceland, known as the Strokr, or "churn," an amusing account of which is given by Mr. Campbell in his "Frost and Fire": "Strokr is a conical oval pit, eight feet wide at the top, and less than six inches wide near the bottom, thirty-six feet down. The water is always surging, growling, and frothing about within six feet of the top. By turning a barrowful of turf into this pit, this kettle is made to boil over; steam is stopped, the water is stilled for some minutes, and the wad is greatly heated below. Then a dome grows and bursts, and wad and water and steam from the gun are thrown up like a giant sheaf of corn. First the water in the well makes a furious swirl, like an eddy from a stricken whale in shoal-water; and then the column rises and overflows slowly, with increasing swiftness, till the dome rises up and bursts, to make way for a steam bubble as big as a balloon. Up go the projectiles, and down they come in showers and streams, to rise again with furious bursts; and woe betide the spectator who gets within range of this scalding spray."

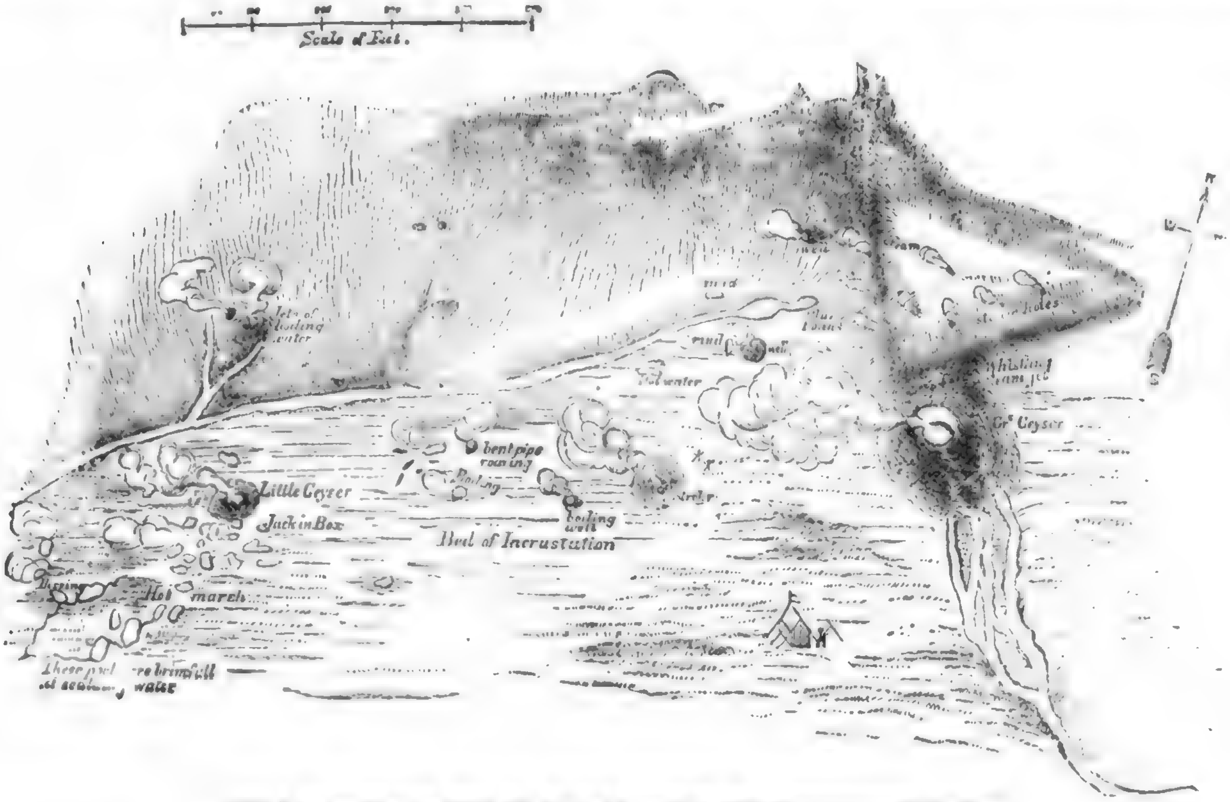


FIG. 9.—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ICELAND GEYSER AND NEIGHBORING SPRINGS.

Another traveler in Iceland (Captain Forbes, of the English Navy), who eighteen years ago published an interesting account of his travels in Iceland, describes how he made use of an eruption of the Strokr to cook his dinner, which he tied in a cloth and threw into Strokr, after administering what he supposed was a forty-minute dose of turf. "Seven minutes after time my anxiety was relieved by a tremendous eruption, and, surrounded with steam and turf-clods, I beheld my dinner in mid-air; down it fell close to the brink. The mutton was done to a turn."

But Great Geyser and Strokr are not the only, though they are the most notable of the, boiling fountains in the geyser-district of Iceland. There is the active spring known as Little Geyser, which is perpetually tossing up jets of water to the height of three feet; its mouth, however, is only some two feet across, and its vertical depth not much more than twelve feet. "Close to the Little Geyser"—and here we quote from Mr. Baring-Gould's "Iceland: its Scenes and Sagas"—"is a puddle of black mud, presenting the most ludicrous appearance. It remained tranquil for about half a minute, and then a bell rose like a thumb, to the height of four inches, and sank back again without bursting, scattering, throwing out steam, or making the slightest sound. I named it 'Jack-in-the-Box.' But Jack was not always so demure; on my choking the throat of the Little Geyser with turf, I found that the slime puddle was converted into a jet of steam and inky water, which played with vivacity till the Little Geyser had relieved itself of its dose. South of these are some limpid pools, so hot that the hand cannot be borne in them for an instant. . . . To the north, on the further side of a scalding brook, is a noisy fountain, which may have played at one time to a considerable height, when it was not choked with stones. Now the water only escapes in hot squirts, which fizz and growl among the encumbering fragments without power of dislodging them. Proceeding northeast from Little Geyser are several splits and holes in the incrusted floor which extend to the Great Geyser. Down them the water can be seen and heard, lashing and sobbing, whilst the steam blows off from the orifices. The largest of these is a tunnel, with a bent pipe, so that the water cannot be seen, though heard roaring angrily in its den." Then, close to Strokr is a boiling well, and other hot springs of water and mud are near the Great Geyser, as shown in the above sketch-plan, from Mr. Gold's work (Fig. 9).

Two lovely and deep pools of still blue water, connected by a stream not far from the Great Geyser, excite every traveler's admiration. Beautiful siliceous petrifications, of which we shall speak presently, are to be seen far down in the water, tinted green and blue, while the edge on which one stands shelves over the water. These pools are much higher than the Great Geyser and Strokr; there is, in fact, a range of fifty feet in the difference of level among the various springs and pools in the

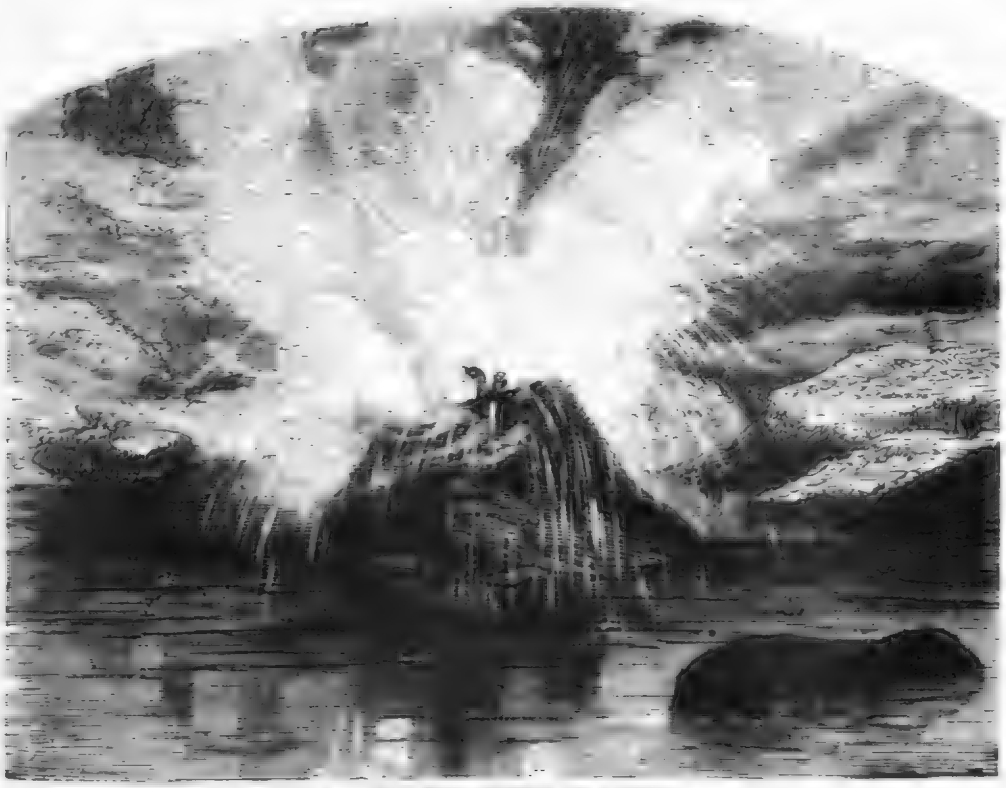


FIG. 10.—MUD GEYSER IN ACTION.

geyser district. The district itself is comparatively small—only some 440 yards in one direction, by 140 in another. Its position is peculiar; to the north a range of hills rises out of the plain, and south of them a volcanic rock—trachyte—has been forced like an island out of the morasses, to the height of 600 feet: on this slope are the geyser-jets. The first springs reached are in a marsh of mud and moss, and lie on the southwest corner of the district. "The Great Geyser," Mr. Gould continues, "is furthest east of all the springs; it is indicated by a mound of sintery deposit, like a heap of dry gray leaves, piled up about thirty feet above the soil." At the summit of the mound is the basin, generally full to overflowing. According to Mr. Gould, it measures fifty-six feet by forty-six feet, and is four feet deep, shelving generally to the bore, which is nine feet six inches across, and seventy-six feet deep. After patiently waiting a couple of days, Mr. Gould saw a magnificent eruption of the Great Geyser, heralded by violent concussions of the ground, and a loud rumbling noise, which made the ground tremble to a considerable distance around. This sound, no doubt, is due to incipient attempts at an explosion, followed by the sudden condensation of the steam within the tube. By leading steam from a small lecture-table boiler to the bottom of a vessel containing water, these rattling sounds may be well imitated, together with a shaking of the whole apparatus following each detonation.

In fact, there is no reason why artificial geysers might not be perfectly well set up, on a somewhat large scale, in places of popular resort. There is one beautiful feature, however, in the geyser which cannot be artificially imitated—at any rate, within reasonable limits of time—and that is the formation of the tube and basin of the geyser. To this let us now turn.

The water that is ejected from the geyser is impregnated with silica, or flint, a substance which every one knows is a most insoluble body. At a high temperature, however, water is able to dissolve silica to some slight extent. Mr. Faraday, moreover, ascertained that the solution of silica is promoted by the presence of soda; and this alkali is contained in the volcanic rocks in the neighborhood of the geyser. When the hot siliceous water is cooled by exposure to the air, the silica is deposited, being no longer able to remain in solution, not only on account of the cooling of the water, but also because a decomposition of the compound of silica and soda takes place, owing to evaporation and the action of the carbonic acid in the air. The silica is thus deposited as a solid crust, which hardens into a rock called *siliceous sinter*. Vast quantities of this sinter are deposited by the hot siliceous springs in St. Michael's, an island of the Azores. Objects placed in these springs become rapidly petrified by the incrustation of the silica, just as in the Derbyshire caves birds'-nests and other things are petrified by the calcareous water, which deposits successive layers of lime. In the geyser-basins, leaves of the birch-

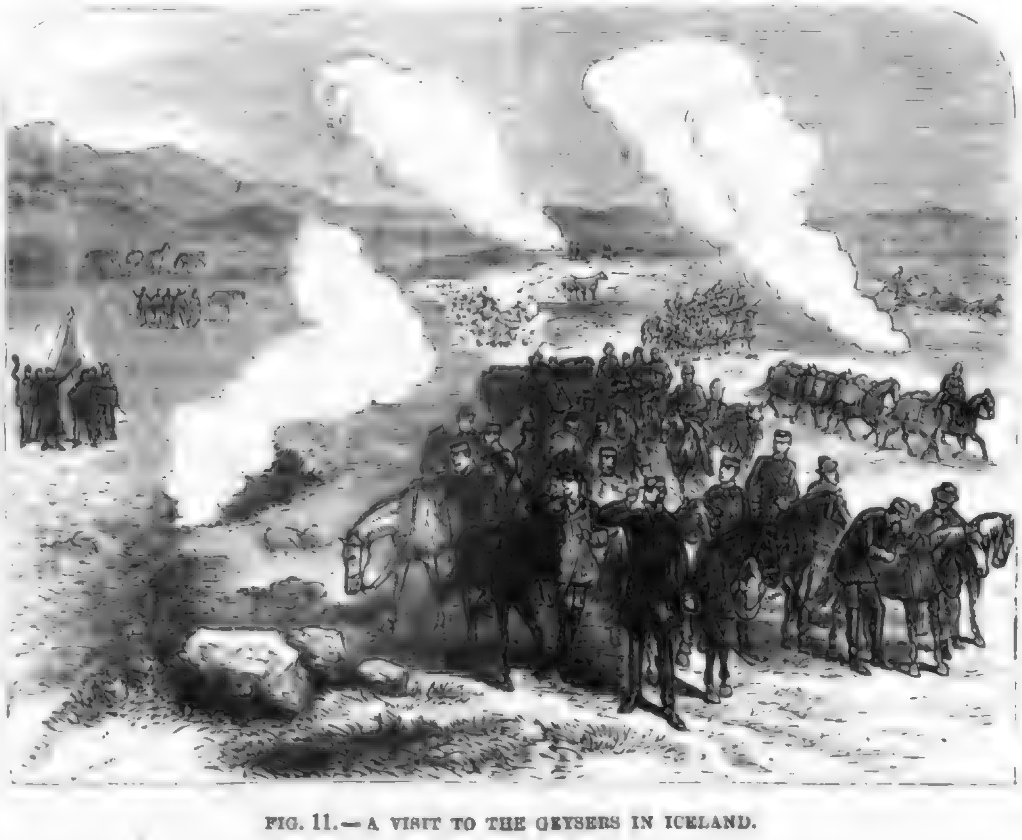


FIG. 11.—A VISIT TO THE GEYSERS IN ICELAND.

tree and various coarse grasses are found in this petrified state; and very beautiful some of these petrifications are, for the precious opal is chemically the same substance as this sinter; and, indeed, the smooth basin of the geyser is lined with a variety of opal, denser and more translucent than the sinter round the edge.

These facts render it easy to understand how a bubbling thermal spring can and does raise up a boundary-wall around itself. Then, as the water flows over the embankment it has made, the walls will grow higher and thicker, until at last a basin, and ultimately even a tube, may thus be formed. Experiment has shown that in twenty-four hours a film of silica as thick as a sheet of thin writing paper is deposited. At this rate, 1,036 years would rear the tube of the Great Geyser. The overflow of the silica-laden water would, of course, gradually form an embankment surrounding the inner tube, and in the lapse of time the *débris* and aqueous deposits from the surrounding hills would tend to diminish the apparent altitude of the hollow cone. Thus we should have much the appearance that is now presented in the geyser districts of Iceland. An interesting confirmation of this theory of geyser growth is derived from history. In the earliest trustworthy records of Iceland, which date back 1,000 years, there is no mention of these fountains of boiling water; and hence, as so striking an object would be sure to have arrested attention, we may reasonably conclude that the geysers were not then in operation. The first notice of the Great Geyser occurs nearly seven centuries ago, when, if the observed rate of siliceous deposit is to be depended upon, its tube must have been about twenty-five feet deep. Two hundred and fifty years ago, we find it recorded as regularly erupting every twenty-four hours. But as the tube grows higher and the column of water within deeper, and the pressure below greater, a more exalted temperature is necessary to reach the boiling-point, and hence longer and more uncertain periods should intervene between each eruption. This is, indeed, precisely what has occurred. At length, if the process of accretion be continued, we should expect to find an eruption at rare intervals; and ultimately the great depth of the column of water would create so enormous a pressure that the temperature of the boiling-point could never be reached by the source of heat below, and the geyser would then cease to erupt at all. This suicidal ending of a geyser's life actually takes place, for, in the neighborhood of the active geysers, there are to be seen mounds containing pools of water or "laugs" of great depth, which are doubtless extinct geysers.

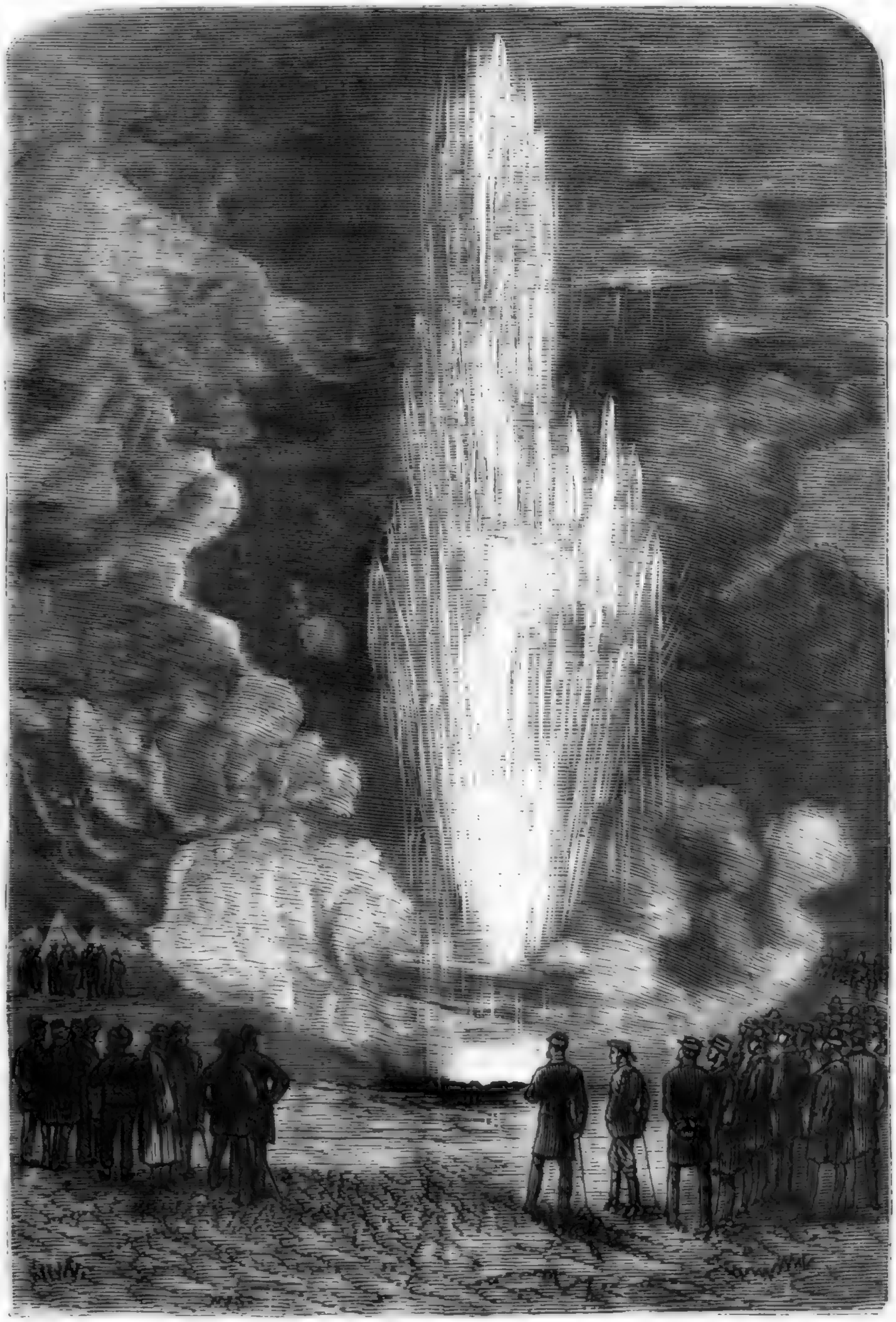


FIG. 12.—THE KING OF DENMARK WITNESSING THE ERUPTION OF THE GREAT GEYSER IN ICELAND.

In fact, an experiment made by Mr. Baring-Gould, which has not received the attention it deserves from its important bearing on this point, experimentally showed the possibility of killing a geyser by suddenly increasing the depth of water in its tube. "We," Mr. Gould writes, "raised the depth of the well south of the blue ponds twenty feet, by turning the stream from these ponds into it, and completely altered its character, converting it from a well of furiously boiling water to a pool steaming tranquilly. Not satisfied with this experiment, we tried another, and dug into a small puddle of hot mud. It was at once converted into a bubbling pool of five jets." This, of course, is the converse experiment—namely, relieving the superincumbent pressure to some extent.

Nowhere are the stages in the growth of a geyser seen on a grander or more perfect scale than in that wonderful region of the United States known as the Yellowstone. This tract, which has been explored in comparatively recent times, lies in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, at the northwest corner of the Territory of Wyoming, in the vicinity of latitude 44° N., and longitude 116° W. Within the last few years a careful survey of the Yellowstone has been made by American geologists. Attention was first drawn to this remarkable region by the report of an exploring party who surveyed the district in 1870: following the Madison River, one of the tributaries of the Missouri, they discovered, on its west bank, a valley literally swarming with geysers and steam jets, which, in volume, number, and height of eruption, far exceeded the Icelandic display. The most prominent geysers were within an area of two miles in length and one in width, and they received the names of the Old Faithful, the Castle, the Grotto, the Giant, the Giantess, the Fantail and the Beehive geyser. The following description is given by the artist attached to the survey-party:

"The most remarkable of all the boiling springs was the beautiful geyser that was appropriately named the 'Giantess.' The ground sloped gently to the mouth of the crater, which did not protrude above the surface, as was the case with the other geysers in active operation. When quiet, it was a clear, beautiful pool, caught in a silica urn with a hollow, bottomless stem, through which the steam came bubbling like the effervescence of champagne from the bottom of a long, hollow-necked glass; the mouth of the vase, represented by the surface, was twenty feet by thirty, and the neck, fifty feet below, was fifteen feet by ten. All at once it seemed seized with a terrible spasm, and rose with incredible rapidity, scarcely affording us time to flee to a safe distance, when it burst from the orifice with terrific momentum, rising in a column the full size of this immense aperture to the height of sixty feet; and through, and out of, the apex of this aqueous mass, five or six lesser jets were projected to the marvelous height of 250 feet, these lesser jets, so much higher than the main column, and shooting through it, doubtless proceed from auxiliary pipes leading into the principal orifice near the bottom, where the explosive force is greater. This grand eruption continued for twenty minutes, and was the most magnificent sight we had yet beheld. All we had previously witnessed seemed tame in comparison with the perfect grandeur and beauty of this display."

Many other extraordinary natural features occur in this wonderful district of the Yellowstone besides geysers, and it is surprising that so unique a corner of the earth should only lately have become known. After the publication of Mr. Langford's account, from which the foregoing extract is taken, Dr. Hayden, Director of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories, organized a scientific exploring party, and made a careful and systematic survey of the entire district. Numerous photographs of the geysers were taken by Dr. Hayden, which confirm the earlier descriptions; in fact, Dr. Hayden states that in the eruption of the principal geyser he observed "a column of water, apparently six feet in diameter, rise to the height of 200 feet, while the steam ascended 1,000 feet or more. So steadily and uniformly did the force act, that the column of water appeared to be held there for some minutes, returning into the basin in millions of prismatic drops. This was continued for about fifteen minutes, and the rumbling and confusion attending it could only be compared to that of a charge in battle. It would be difficult to describe the intense excitement attending such a display."

The last inquiry that suggests itself relates to the source of heat, which is the *primum mobile* of geyser activity. That a high temperature exists beneath the surface of the ground is proved by the gradual increment of temperature which is noticed in deep mines or wells; whilst the phenomena of volcanic eruptions would seem to indicate a molten interior beneath the solid crust of the earth. In fact, the periodic eruptions of some volcanoes, such as Stromboli, very much resemble the action of the geysers. Some have supposed, and with good grounds, that the infiltration of water through minute fissures in the bed of the sea or in the land may be the source of volcanic disturbance. It is this infiltration which feeds the geyser-tube with water, but here only a mere surface-drainage is necessary. If, however, the water can slowly penetrate through successive strata until it reaches the assumed molten interior, steam would be generated, and be unable to escape through the capillary passages, charged as they would be with water. The enormous elastic force of the confined steam thus produced is, according to this theory, the cause of volcanic activity, and in support of this it is observed that bubbles of steam are constantly found entangled in the erupted lava; and, moreover, vast clouds of steam accompany every volcanic discharge. But in the case of geyser activity, we have seen that we need merely a sufficiently powerful source of heat applied to the water in the tube, and the steam there generated will do the rest. Now, this heat may reach the geyser-tube through certain heat-bearing rocks, which may play the part of heat-conductors from below, or there may be local causes which generate a sufficient supply of heat in the proximity of geysers, without reference to any hypothetical central furnace.

In geyser regions, which are also volcanic regions, extensive beds of sulphur and of pyrites are to be found. Decomposition of the latter is readily produced by the agency of water and air, and in the process of decomposition great quantities of heat are evolved. It was suggested by the late Sir Henry Holland that this might be the source of heat in the geyser. So long ago as 1810 this distinguished traveler and physician, after a visit to the Icelandic geysers, wrote that "the source of the heat which can generate permanently so enormous a quantity of steam, must, doubtless, reside below the rock. It certainly seems most probable that the appearances depend upon the action of water upon vast beds of pyrites. The heat produced by this action is sufficient to raise an additional quantity of water in the form of steam, which makes its way to the surface, and is there emitted through the different clefts in the rocks."

This suggestive observation has recently been confirmed by other scientific men. If we compare the surroundings of the geysers of Iceland with the character of the soil in the geyser-district of North America, the probability of chemical action giving rise to this internal heat is much strengthened. Mr. C. W. Vincent in this connection remarks that "the whole of the Yellowstone district (in North America) is covered with rocks of volcanic origin, of comparatively modern date. Boiling-springs,

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mud-caldrons and geysers are found in all parts of the region, and the description given of the Yellowstone Lake and its vicinity in every respect coincides with those of the geysers, mud-caldrons and hot-springs of Iceland. In all cases there was found to be free access of water; free sulphur was widely dispersed, and the steam-jets were invariably accompanied by large quantities of sulphureted hydrogen. The subterranean action in that country seems to have been of sufficiently long standing to build up geyser-tubes of so great a length, that the internal pressure has found other vents, rather than lift the enormous column of water above it."

And now we must bring this lengthy talk on geysers to a close. We have endeavored to trace the history and understand the philosophy of one of the most interesting and curious of natural phenomena. We have seen how, in all probability, the geyser grows, bursts forth into active life, and then comes to an inglorious close. Its life-history, in fact, is well-sketched by Captain Forbes, in the words with which we shall finish this paper: "The geyser in infancy is the bubbling thermal spring; matured in years, the roistering geyser; old age creeping on the tranquil 'laug,' light wreaths of vapor crawl over the still simmering contents of its fiery azure grottos, where it calmly awaits the fleeting of its once restless spirit, which is finally diverted amid the thunders of natural convulsions, leaving its sepulchral mound and ruined shaft as mementoes of its former vigorous existence."

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

For several years a British society has been carefully surveying and exploring Palestine, in spite of much opposition from Turkish officials. One of the most recent results of this work is the discovery of rude stone monuments and dolmens, the existence of which was known, it is true, though no sufficient data had been obtained to indicate their relations to similar structures in other countries, or even to the Arab stone erections of ancient and modern periods. It is curious that none have been found in Judea, and only half a dozen in Samaria and Galilee, whilst no less than 700 were found in Moab, of which over 200 were either measured, sketched or photographed. These seemed to occur in distinct groups, the intervening country being destitute of even single examples. Captain Conder, the leader of this exploration, thinks that in these structures he has found something resembling the early altars and pillars mentioned in Scripture, still existing at places which, on entirely independent grounds may be identified as the Mizpeh of Jacob, and the holy mountains of Nebo, Baal and Peor. The absence of them in Judea is attributed to the zeal of Hezekiah and Josiah in sweeping away "the tables of Gad."

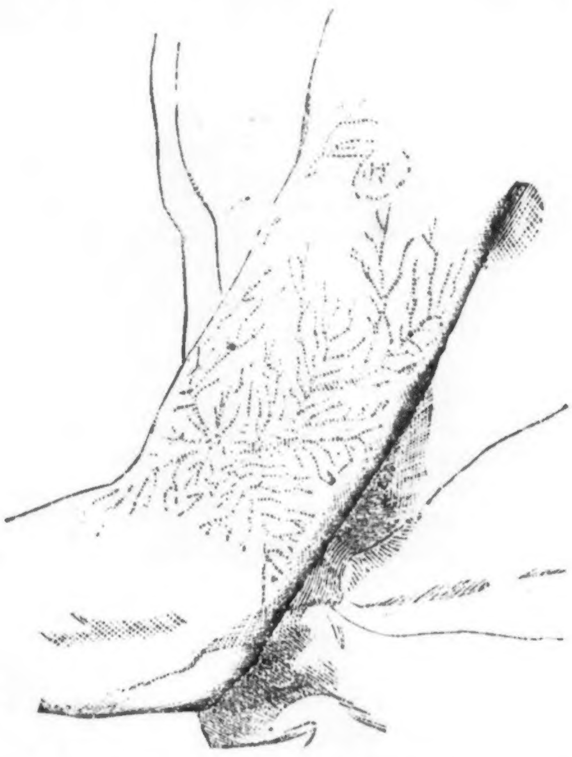
An English gentleman who is annoyed by the smells arising from the fields of an unfeeling neighbor who spreads town-gathered manure, proposes to protect himself by planting a row or grove of eastern turpentine-trees to windward of his house. This may prove effective, as all terebinthinate trees are air-purifiers, owing to the volatile resinous matters given off by them becoming, in the contact of air and sunshine, changed into camphoric acid and peroxide of hydrogen, both of which are disinfectants.

The prevailing rock of the District of Columbia is stated by G. P. Merrill, in the "Proceedings of the National Musuem," to be an extremely variable hornblendic, chloritic or micaceous schist, sometimes somewhat gneissoid. This rock is used for building purposes in its finer varieties, which are composed of quartz and biotite, with a silvery white mica, magnetite, apatite, etc. Besides quartz and biotite, the coarser varieties contain a large variety of other minerals, including infiltrated calcite.

A German chemist reports very favorably upon the value of a cake made from sunflower-seeds as fodder for milch-cows. The effect of feeding was to produce more milk, and an increase of fat in the milk. This should be a hint for American farmers on the Plains and in the Rocky Mountain regions, where the sunflower is the commonest of weeds, and with wonderful quickness overruns any ground which is left uncultivated, and is regarded as a great nuisance.

Professor C. V. Riley, of the Agricultural Bureau, Washington, is devoting his attention and high abilities to studies upon the *Phyloxera*—the germs of insects so destructive to the grape. In this country they are represented chiefly as galls upon the hickory, and are little known; but it may be inferred that greater information concerning these side-forms will help us to understand and combat the grape-pest.

Lightning Prints on the Human Body.—A photograph by Mr. G. Boner, of Duns, N.B., shows the impression found on the arm of a boy who was recently struck by lightning; it is most vividly reproduced. The popular idea is that the delicately traced figures, so very like fern fronds or branches of trees, are caused by the imprint of a near object on the surface of the body. But a writer in the *Photographic News* arrives at the conclusion that the markings are caused by the direct action of the electric fluid in paralyzing the nervous system, by causing congestion and redness in the capillary vessels, and his experimental explanation of the tree-like form is regarded by the *Lancet* as clear and satisfactory.



ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"Are you fond of tongue, sir?" "I was always fond of tongue, madam, and I like it *still*."

What is the difference between the North and South Pole? Why, a world of difference, to be sure!

Why are young ladies generally bad grammarians? Because few of them are able to *decline* matrimony.

Curious, that when we should aim to improve, the horse that lowers his record most is most commended.

A bore, meeting Douglas Jerrold, said: "Well, what's *going on* to-day?" "I am," said he, as he passed him.

What class of people is that whom it is necessary to urge to *take more interest* in their business?—Pawnbrokers.

"No, sir, my daughter can never be yours." "I don't want her to be my daughter!" responded young hopeful. "I only want her to be my wife."

A ruler, passing a lenient sentence on two rogues, ordered one of them to leave the country as fast as he could, and the other to try and catch him.

Said V——, smarting under the hands of the barber, "I wish you were where your razor is." "Where is that, sir?" asked the tonsorial artist. "Under ground," replied V——, with a snap.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block*, *Rochester*, *N. Y.*

Send your address on a postal cord for 100-page Book on the Liver. Dr. Sanford, 24 Duane Street, New York City.

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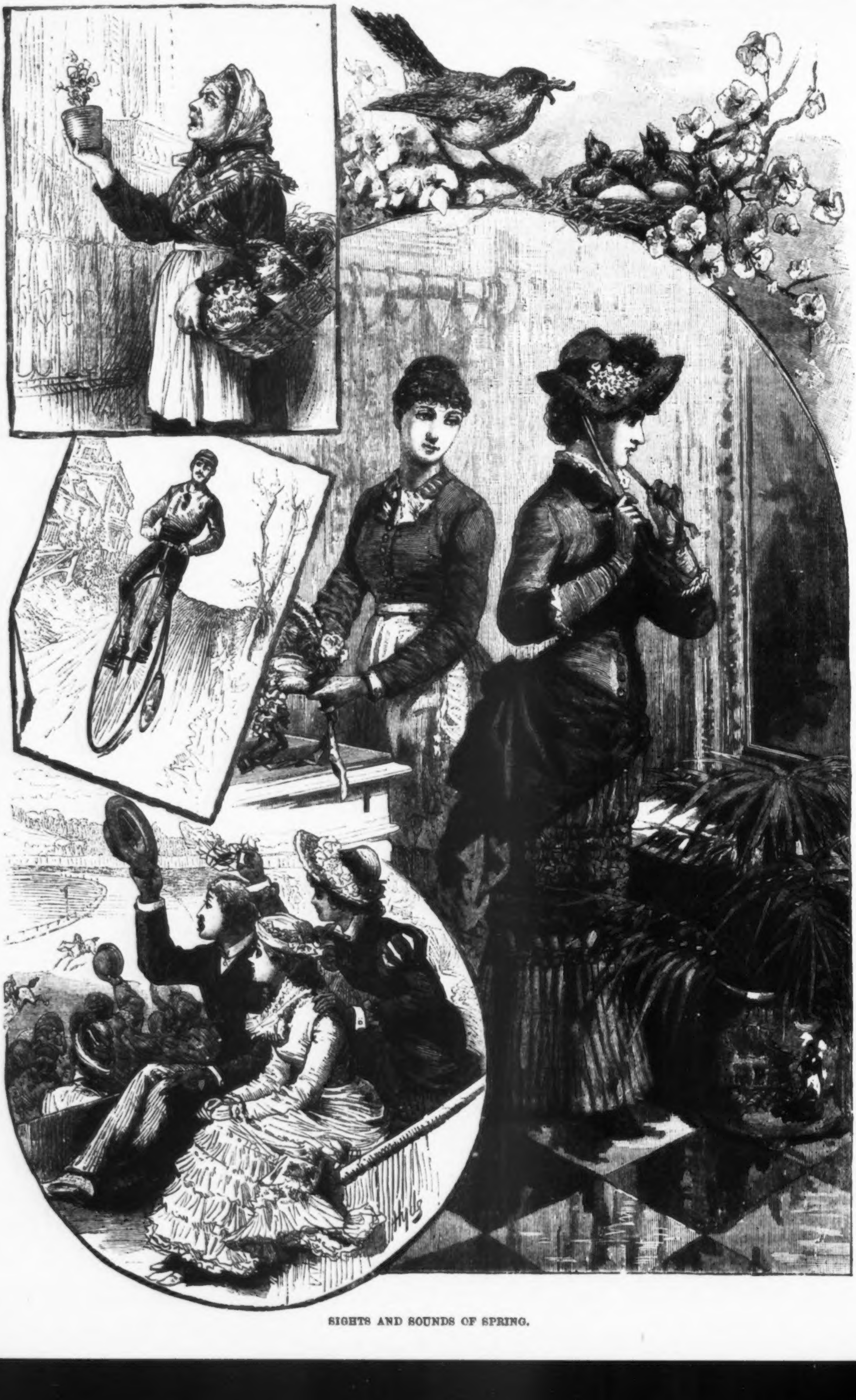

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF SPRING.

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